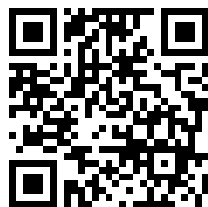

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Our little ones. W.T. Adams, ed

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NOVEMBER.

Vol. III.

No. I.

1882.

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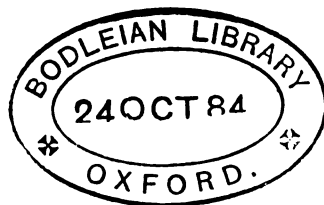
LITTLE PEOPLE.

WILLIAM T. ADAMS

(OLIVER OPTIC),

Editor.

WITH 370 ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.



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1883.

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BY
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With many original Head and Tail Pieces, by Garrett, Merrill, Halm, and other artists.





IN THE SWING.



IN THE SWING.

BERTHA and Reinie, Susie and May,
Out in the sunshiny weather, —
Four little loves, with eyes like doves,
All in the swing together.

Dresses of white, pink, amber, and blue,
With many a tinkling bangle, —
Ribbons and curls, ruffles and girls,
All in a rainbow tangle.

Away they go high, 'mid bending boughs
That sweet May blossoms cover,
Down they come low where daisies grow,
And round pink heads of clover.

Laughing and chirping, singing like birds, —
Birds without ever a feather, —
Swiftly they fly; then "let her die,"
All in the swing together.

NELLIE M. GARABRANT.



JOSIE AND HIS PIGEON.

DID you ever see a ruff-necked pigeon? When Josie was six years old his Aunt Margaret brought him one, and Josie named him Billy. He had a ring of feathers round his neck which looked like the collars we see in old pictures.

Aunt Margaret cut the ends off the long feathers on Billy's left wing, so that when he tried to fly he went round and round, but could not get over the fence. By and by the feathers grew out long again, and then Billy flew up on Mr. Davidson's barn, and would not let the children catch him any more.

Mr. Davidson has chickens, and Billy flies down and helps them eat the crumbs and scraps that are thrown out to them every day. But he did something worse than this last summer: the chickens had a pan of fresh water every day to drink, but Billy would fly down and bathe in the pan. Was not he a bold fellow?

J. J. P.

CALLIE TO THE RESCUE.

It was such a lovely day. Callie had been up and out since six o'clock in the sweet air.

First he had a splendid swim. Then he played ball, fed a pet horse, and was all tired out.

He sat down on the piazza railing to rest, and watch the beautiful river which flowed past the house. Little Rose came to him with her hands full of flowers, begging him to play with her. Callie was none too tired to amuse his little sister Rosy Posy, and began to tell her a story about the fairy who lived in the clover blossom.

Just then they heard a cry from some boys who were under a tree near by. They watched for a moment before they could tell what had happened. Then Callie took baby in his arms and ran to the spot. What do you think they saw?

A dear pussy cat, the pet of the children, had a family of five kittens. They were the delight of the house. Pussy had climbed



into a high tree. I am afraid she meant to steal a bird. She had fallen right on a kite-string which had caught there, and it had twisted around her neck till it nearly strangled her.

The boys were much excited, but the tree was too high for them to climb. Poor Rosy dropped upon the ground sobbing and crying, while Pussy kicked and kicked but could not escape. Callie at once saw that something must be done, and ran for the gardener. The man brought a ladder and cut the string, lifting the cat so that she should not fall. He gave her to Rose, who hugged and kissed her till she almost choked her again. She took her back to her kittens; but they did not know what a narrow escape their dear mamma had had.

You may be sure there was nothing too nice for Pussy to eat after this. Rose went without a peach, to give it to her; but she would not eat a bit of it. Her saucer was always full of rich milk, and if she was not made sick by candy, it was because she had the good sense not to eat it.

KITTIE BROWN.



“I wonder what my dolly is thinking about.”



LITTLE round Robin, as plump
as a plum,
Sits quietly sucking his fat
little thumb,
And thinking, and thinking,
and thinking away,
Forgetting for once about play-
things and play.
But presently up to the mirror
he goes,

And wisely examines his little pug nose.

"My nose is broken, nurse says, but it's just the same
As it used to be before the new baby came.

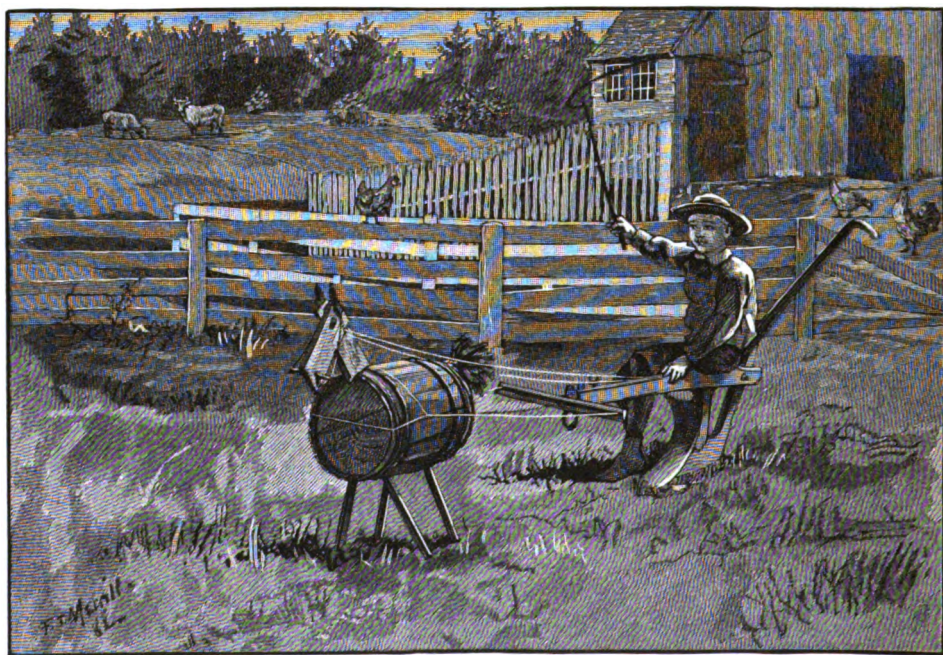
"But Robin will go to mamma's room, and she
Will kiss it and make it all well then for me."
Then up-stairs he toddles with anxious blue eyes;
"Mamma, Robin's nose is broken!" he sobs and cries.
Then mamma's fond arms round her little boy meet,
And on the pug nose fall her kisses so sweet,
Till little round Robin is sure it "may be
He'll never in future be jealous of baby."

MARY D. BRINE.

MORTON'S HORSE.

THERE lives for two or three months every summer, on a farm, away from any neighbors, a little boy named Morton.

He is a contented little fellow, and knows how to make his own enjoyments, so that he is never lonesome. He thinks his father is as good as half a dozen boys. To do what a grown-up man does, is always a great pleasure to a boy of eight.

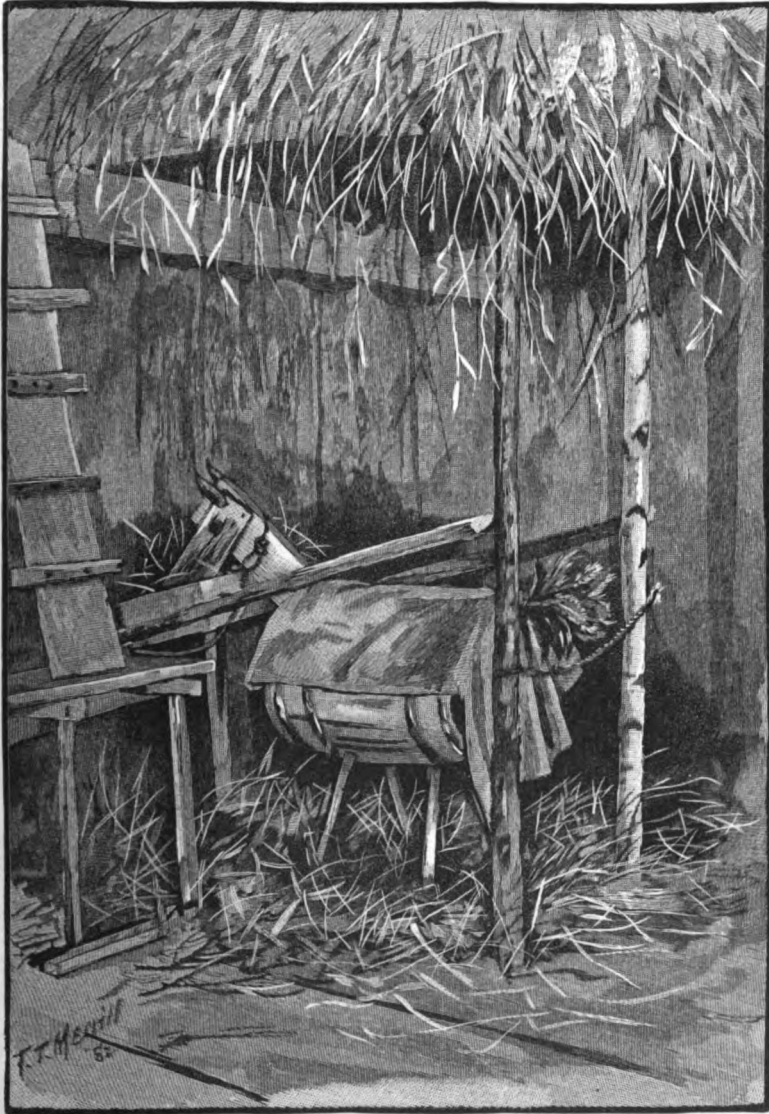


Morton has his little garden, like his father's big one. He raises corn, peas, and beans. He has his own little workshop, in which he can saw and pound to his heart's content.

He is always ready to drive the cow home, feed the hens, and help take care of the horses. Of course, being a boy, he wanted a horse for his own, that he could harness and drive. As he couldn't get one any other way, he thought he would make one.

In the first place he took an old nail-keg and bored four holes, in

which he stuck the legs, made of broom-handles. There was the body complete. Now a horse must have a head; so next a piece of a clapboard was nailed on one end of the barrel for the neck, and



another piece on the end of that, pointing down, for the head. Two pieces of leather tacked on for ears, two eyes painted in black, and a tail made of an old feather-duster, made a very good looking horse.

A horse must have something more than good looks to be of much value to its owner. As he was not a fast horse, Morton decided that he must draw the plough. A harness of twine was made, and he was driven out to the field.



He proved to be very steady and patient. He never did anything worse than to lose his head off, and such a good creature deserved to be well taken care of. Morton made a stall in the corner of the barn, and nailed up an old starch-box for a manger, filling it with oats and hay.

Above it was the little scaffold. It was full, and showed very plainly that the little farmer had a good grass-crop that year.

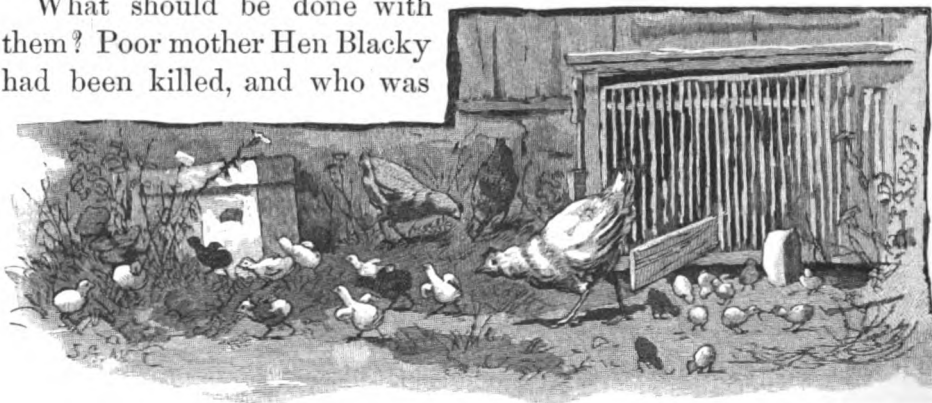
Every night, when the tired horse was brought in, he was covered with a bright red blanket, and tied in the stall, which had been nicely bedded down for him.

J. A. M.

A FUNNY LITTLE MOTHER.

PEEP! Peep! Peep! Ten little orphan babies all crying at once, and each one trying to cry louder than the other.

What should be done with them? Poor mother Hen Blacky had been killed, and who was



to take care of her ten baby-chickens? Hen Speckle had twelve children of her own,—as many as she could cover. No room for the

orphans there. Hen Whitey's eight children were so large and so ill-natured they would not let the downy little new-comers so much as look in their coop.

Hen Topknot, who had but four in her brood, would not hear of adopting any more, and taking care of the little strangers. She pecked at them so sharply that the poor things ran off, and stood in a group by themselves in a corner of the chicken-yard, crying as loud as they could cry.

Susie felt like crying too. She was so sorry for the motherless ones. She took up the chickens in her apron,



where they cuddled down, glad to get warm, and glad to hide away from cross Hen Topknot.

"I'll be your mother, myself," said Susie.

And a good mother she was, too. She soon taught the ten little black and white and speckled chickens to scratch for worms. She put them to bed every night in an old basket, and covered them up warm. In the morning how glad they were to see their new little mother! They ran to her wherever she was when they were tired. And such a funny sight it was to see those ten chickens fly into Susie's lap, creep under her apron, and cuddle against her neck with little cooing sounds!

They never knew any other mother, and they never wanted a better one. Susie never forgot to feed her babies, and they grew as fast and were as fine-looking as the other chickens, who had hen-mothers to take care of them. And Susie learned how to be thoughtful and kind to helpless things. But one does not often find a little girl who is mother to ten little chickens.

LUCY RANDOLPH FLEMING.

WHO GOT THE CRUST?

I WENT out of doors with a nice crust of bread,
And before I had scattered a crumb,
The chickens, who thought it was time to be fed,
Began from all quarters to come.

First Johnny, the rooster; then pretty Miss Brown,
Who in that one color was drest,
With Ellie, and Jackson, and Speckle the clown,
And I don't know the names of the rest.

And as on the step of the porch I sat down,
And smiled at the trick I had planned,
Behind me stole cautiously saucy Miss Brown
And snatched the crust out of my hand!

Away she ran with it, but hotly pursued
By all her companions, until
The great greedy Johnny, who always was rude,
Snatched boldly the crust from her bill!

Then after him went every chicken and hen,
Determined that he should let drop
The nice tempting morsel he carried, and then
There might be a crumb for each crop.

How Johnny did trot! and how Johnny did strut!
'T was easy to see he felt proud,
Not of having the prize they all coveted, but
Because he was head of the crowd!

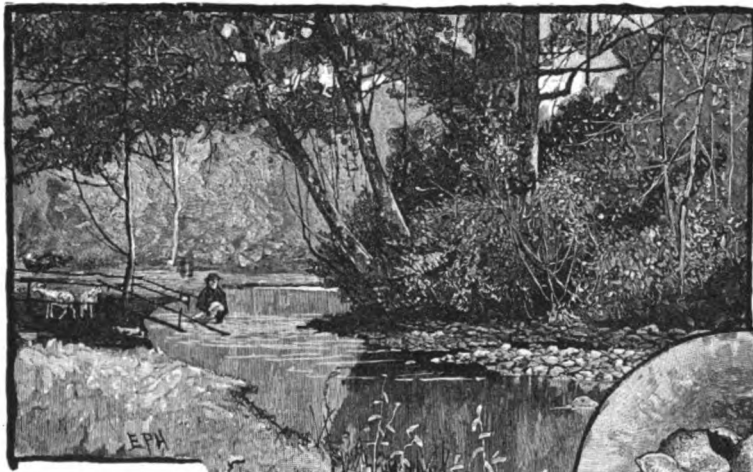


While gingerly, stingily strutting along,
With vanity filled to the brim,
Brave Speckle went darting ahead of the throng,
And stole the nice morsel from him!

And so it continued — first one, then another
In haste with the crust taking flight,
Until they all had it ; yet, somehow or other,
Not one had a chance for a bite !

I watched them and laughed at the comical show,
Until they had passed from my view,
And I'd feel better satisfied if I could know
Who ate up that crust, wouldn't you ?

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.



TWO
LITTLE
LAMBS.



THEY were not really lambs. They were dressed alike in frocks and aprons, and both had long curls. Such beautiful curls ! One was Robbie and the other Bertie.

Robbie Lane lived in the city. He had come with his mamma to visit his cousin Bertie Collins, who lived in the country.

That morning the little boys had been to see the sheep sheared. Do you know how it was done?

The sheep were driven down to the brook, where the hired man took them into the water, one by one, and gave each a washing. Then, with a large pair of shears, he cut off the clean white wool.

Bertie and Robbie liked to watch the lambs capering about. When they went back to the house, they played at being lambs. How they ran, and frisked, and cried "ba-a-a! ba-a-a!"

By and by Robbie said, "Let's we have a shearing." But Bertie shook his head. "Oh, no, we're only lambs."

"Never mind," urged Robbie; "our wool is long enough to cut." So he stole into the kitchen, and took a pair of scissors that Aunt Elsie had left on the table.

The cousins ran around to the back of the barn. They wet their heads in the big cattle trough; and then Robbie cut off all

Bertie's beautiful yellow curls! Then it was Bertie's turn. He took the scissors, and snipped away at Robbie's hair. The last long brown curl was just falling to the ground, when the two mammas came to call them to dinner.

"For pity's sake!" That was all Mamma Collins could say. The tears gathered in her eyes. She had felt so proud of those yellow curls!

Bertie looked up half frightened, as he explained, "We are two little lambs."



"Two little lambs! You look more like two little monkeys!" It was Mamma Lane who spoke. Then she couldn't help laughing, as she looked at the two funny heads; for you must know that Robbie and Bertie had never learned to cut hair nicely.

"Never mind, Elsie," she went on. "It can't be helped now; and to tell the truth, I think those boys have been made girls of quite long enough."

The next day they all went to town. The little lambs were taken first to a barber's shop, and then to a clothing store; and before they returned, had been changed into real boys in pants and jackets.

JULIA A. TIRRELL.



"O hush!" I cried. "O hushaby! Now to their nests the Robins fly.
And homeward stray the Sheep!
The laughing Baby on my knee. He shook his yellow curls at me.
And would not go to sleep.
His dimpled hands above his head. He reached to grasp the Apples red.
He babbled pretty baby words. And watched with dancing eyes the Birds
While Hush my Child! O hush!" said I.
"Now lulla lulla lullaby!"



WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

“ PLEASE Will-o'-the-Wisp,
 Don't hurry away!
 The rays from your lamp
 Must light my lone way!”

“ Ah, poor, little child!
 Return, I entreat!
 My path is too wild
 For your tender feet.

“ I dance all night long,
 Through blackest morass,
 And where my lamp leads
 Your feet cannot pass.”

MOTHER CAREY.



THE day was very dark. Little Meta was lonely, for her mamma was out. She was wondering what to do, when who should come in but Miss Louise.

Miss Louise was a young German lady, so pleasant and kind that every one loved her. She knew many pretty stories. She had travelled in many countries, and she always had something new or bright to tell children.

"Oh, dear Miss Louise!" cried Meta, running to her, "please amuse me!"

The young lady thought for a moment, and then she said, "Did you ever hear the bells of Cologne?"

"Why, of course not," replied the little girl. "But I have seen a picture of the Cologne Cathedral in my papa's Rhine album. My mamma has some Cologne water in a big bottle."

Miss Louise laughed. "Wait two minutes," she said. "Be very patient, and when I come back you shall hear the bells of Cologne."

She left the room, and soon returned with a large silver table-spoon. Then she took a piece of cord about a yard long and tied it in the middle, in a hard knot, around the slim part of the handle. She turned up the cloth so that the edge of the table was exposed. She next asked the wondering Meta to hold out her two forefingers. Around these she wound the ends of the cord.



"Now put those two fingers in your ears," she said, "and swing the spoon so that the bowl will strike the edge of the table."

Meta obeyed. "Oh, bells!" she cried, "beautiful, deep-sounding church bells! How wonderful and how sweet! Oh, Miss Louise!"

Meta liked it so well that she would have gone on swinging the spoon for an hour, but her friend stopped her after a few moments. Meta ran off to get the

Rhine album to show the picture of the Cologne Cathedral. Miss Louise related many curious and interesting things about it, so that the afternoon passed off very quickly. When the young lady went away it was time to get dressed for tea.

"I fear my little girl has had a dull time of it," said her mamma, when she came in from her long drive. "It has been such a gloomy day."

"Oh no, mamma! Miss Louise came. She's as good — or 'most as good — as sunlight. After tea, if you'll let me, I'll show you and papa what she showed me, — how to hear the bells of Cologne. May I?"

"Certainly, my pet."

But Meta could n't wait until after tea. When they sat down at the table the sight of the spoons made her so impatient that her papa and mamma thought she had better get it off her mind. So she showed them then, and they were both delighted with the bells of Cologne.

EDYTH KIRKWOOD.



HOW A MOUSE WENT TO SCHOOL.

ONE Monday morning Arthur Strong and his sister Jennie were getting ready for school. They had to walk a mile. Arthur said, "Hurry, Jennie, or we shall be late." Jennie wanted her coat, which was in a dark closet under the stairs. She found it on the floor. "My careless little girl must hang her coat up," said her mamma.

Jennie put it on, and ran after Arthur. When they reached the school-house the teacher had her shawl on. "Our stove smokes," said she, wiping her eyes. "Keep your coats on, children, until the room is warm."

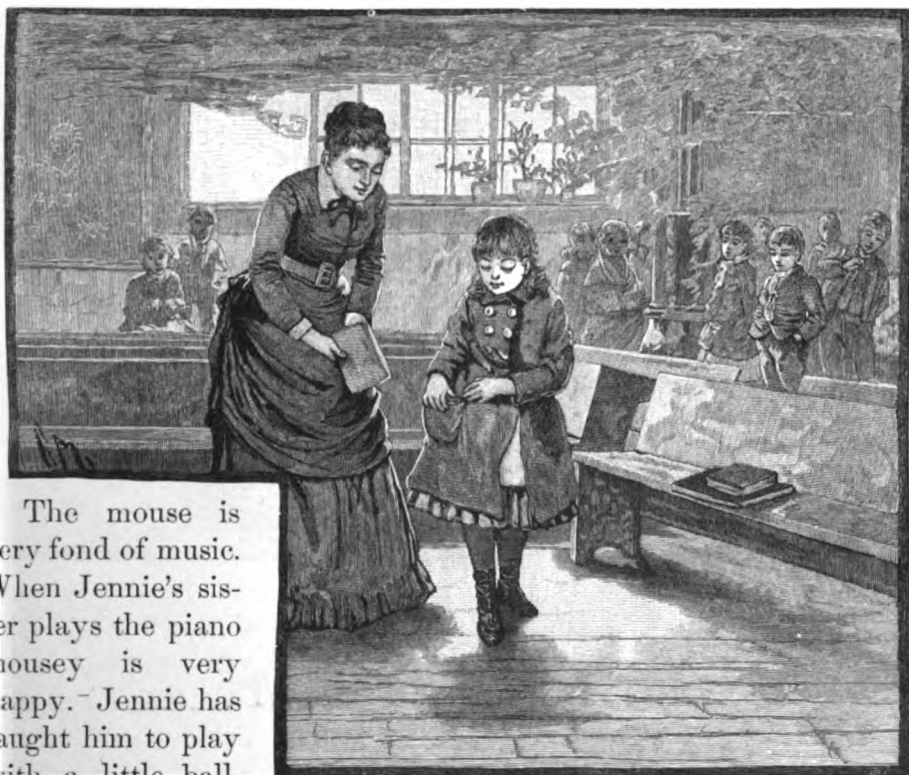
Jennie put her mittens in her pocket and sat down. When school was out, she put her hand in to take out the mittens. Jennie cried out, "Oh, oh!" and the teacher ran to her.

"There is something warm and soft in my pocket," said Jennie. "I can feel it move."

"Let me look," said the teacher. And sure enough, there was a dear little mouse cuddled down in one corner! He had heard the children read and spell. He had heard them sing. He had heard

them say the Lord's Prayer. Perhaps his bright eyes saw them all standing up with their hands folded.

The teacher put him in a box. Jennie carried the box home. One day Arthur made a little cage for him. The mouse is alive now, and you can see him at Jennie's home. The children feed him every day.



The mouse is very fond of music. When Jennie's sister plays the piano mousey is very happy. - Jennie has taught him to play with a little ball.

It is about as large as a marble. He rolls it about. He tosses it up in the air and carries it in his mouth. Jennie says he must go to college one of these days.

Mousey looks very wise as he sits in the door of his little house. When children visit Arthur and Jennie they always want to see "the mouse that went to school."

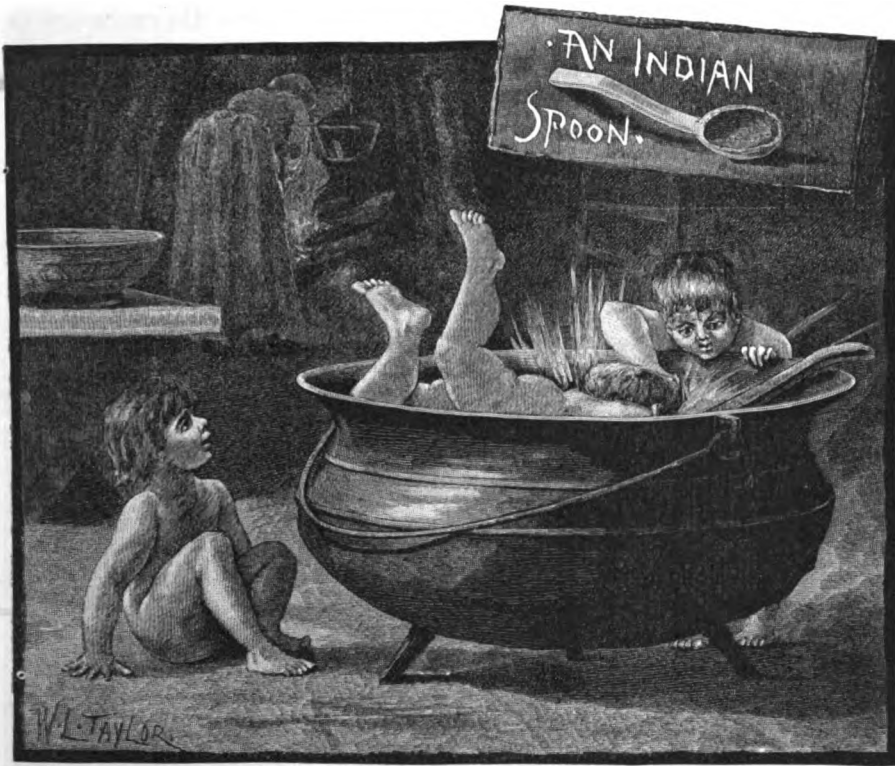
KATE TANNATT WOODS.



LITTLE MISS TUCKETT.

LITTLE Miss Tuckett sat on a bucket
Eating some peaches and cream ;
There came a grasshopper
And tried hard to stop her ;
But she said, "Go away, or I scream !"

DOTTY DIMPLE.



A SPOON with a handle a foot long, and with a bowl as big as your head, is what I saw in an Indian camp. It was not made to look at, either, but for use. It stuck up out of a black iron pot. Indian babies who could hardly walk were trying to use it. They would climb up on the sides of the pot, and try to reach the stew at the bottom with their fingers; but they could n't quite do this, so one larger than the rest took hold of the spoon. It was heavy, but he got it full of the stew, and then drew it up to the edge of the pot. By pulling hard he drew it out, and the stew went all over his face. He was then in a pretty stew. It did n't soil his clothes, because he had n't any on.

Another baby thought he would try too. He had an idea that he could do better than number one. But he did n't do so well. He tugged at the spoon which the other little boy had put back in the pot. The spoon stuck. The boy stuck to the spoon. Instead of

pulling the spoon out, he pulled himself in ! Then there were two in the pot, the spoon and the boy. They were both standing on their heads. But the spoon had the best of it, because it was used to such a position, while the boy was not. He tried to scream, but his mouth was full of stew. All he could do was to kick. The other boy had his mouth full too, so he could not help him.

It was well for the boy in the stew that he had a mother ! She was making a fire a little way off, and looked up just in time. She ran and pulled her darling out. As soon as he had got his breath and seemed all right, his mother pulled out the spoon and held it up. The boy cried, for he knew what was coming. When the spoon fell he cried harder than ever. Some children are born rich, and are said to have a silver spoon in their mouths. One silver spoon in the mouth is worth two wooden spoons on the back. So this little boy thought.

FREDERICK A. OBER.

THE WELCOME GUEST.

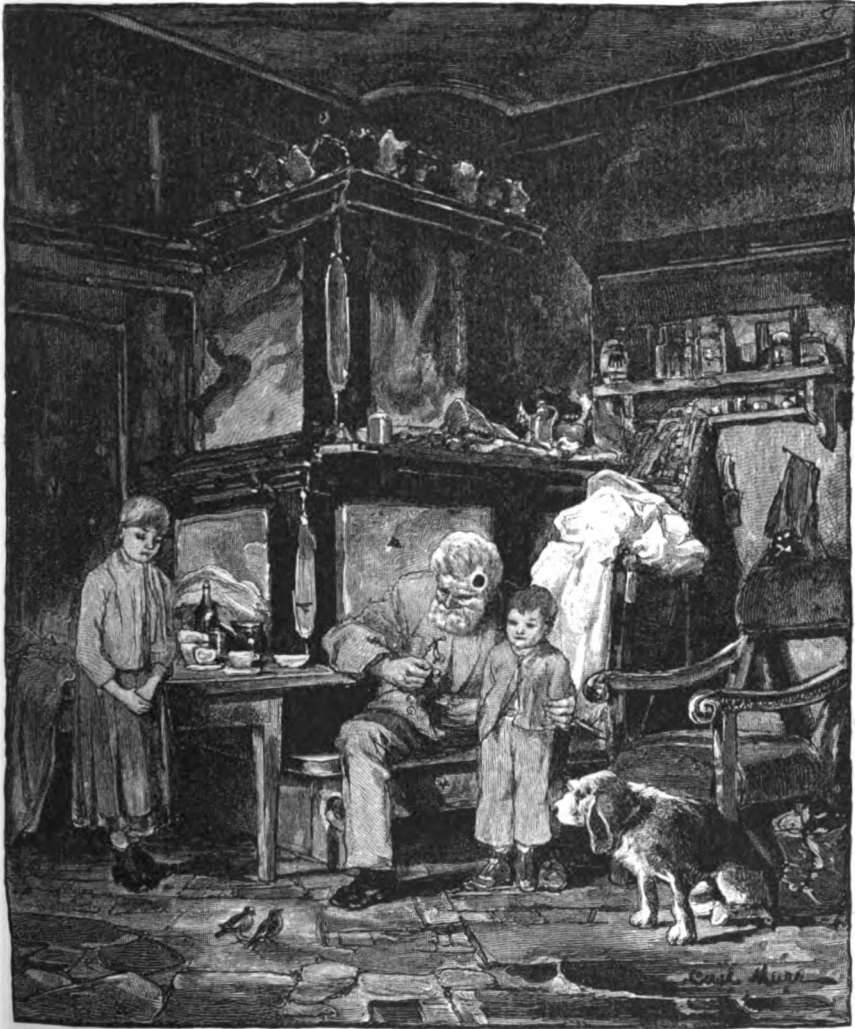
FROM THE GERMAN.

ONE day a farmer who lived away over the ocean in Germany, on the edge of a forest, saw a little robin redbreast fly to the window of his cottage. The bird looked around as if he wanted to be let in. It was a cold day in winter. The farmer opened the window and gladly took the trusting little bird into his dwelling.

It soon began to pick up the crumbs under the table. The children, Hans and Bertha, loved birds, and took care of little robin. They gave him bread and water through all the winter days. When spring came and the trees began to grow green, robin was restless in his cage. The kind farmer let him out, and opened the window. Away flew the little guest into the forest, singing a joyous song.

When the days grew cold again and snow covered the ground, robin came back to the cottage. He was not alone this time, but

brought his little mate. The children and their father were happy to see them. The two robins looked out of their bright eyes so pleased that Hans and Bertha cried, "They look at us as if they



wanted to say something." Their father said, "If they could speak they would say, 'We trusted you, and you were kind to us. You loved us, and we love you.'"

MARY L. HALL.



A LITTLE LASS.

CHASING the butterflies
Through the long grass ;
Dirty, but happy,
Gay little lass !



Dressed up for company,
Dull hours pass ;
Clean, but so wretched,
Poor little lass !

KAYBER.



DANDY AND DOT.

DANDY was the name of a pretty black pony. A little boy rode him every day.

When Dandy was brought up to the gate for Arthur to ride, a little kitten always came out. She was a pretty, gray kitten. Dandy would look at her and shake his long black tail.

The kitten's name was Dot. She was fond of Dandy, and he seemed to understand her looks. He would shake his tail several times and then stand perfectly still. Dot would get on the fence and then climb on Dandy's back.

When Arthur came out to ride he always found Dot in the saddle. She would move a little to make room for him. When he was seated, Dot sat behind him. Away they would ride down by the garden.

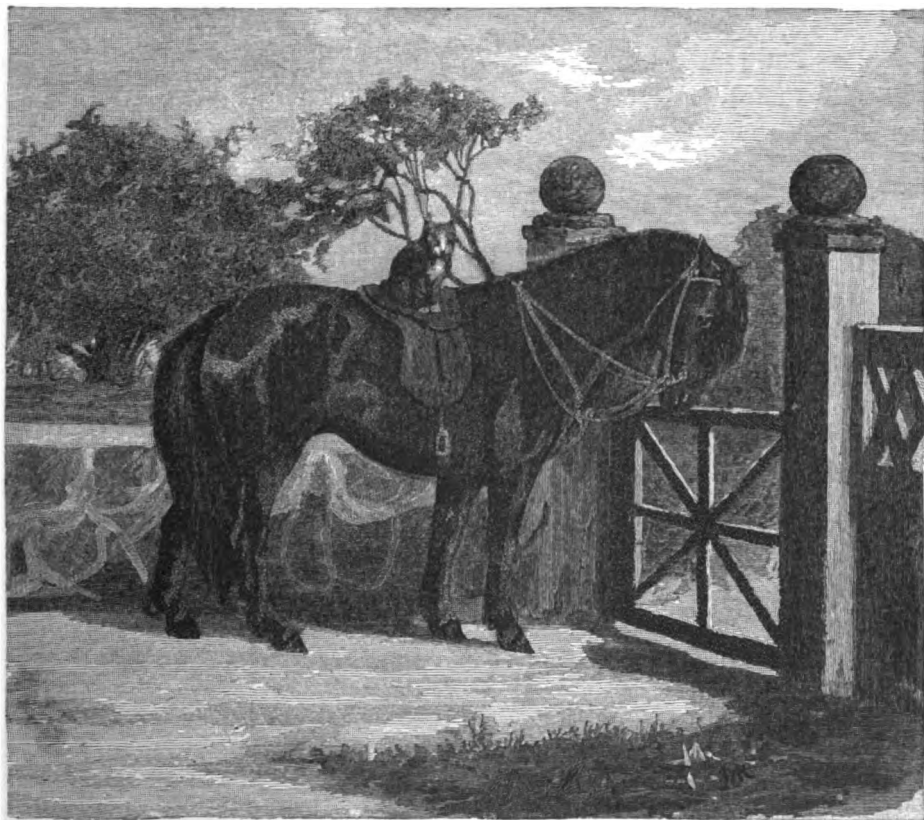
When Dandy reached the front gate he would stop and look behind him. Dot knew what that was for, and she would get down on the fence and scamper back to the house.

Then Dandy would trot away with Arthur. After they had taken a long ride they would come back to the garden gate. Arthur would then give a low whistle, and Dot would run out and climb up to her seat. Then Arthur, the pony, and Dot would go to the stable.

Every day, when it was pleasant, they were sure to ride

out. Dandy would not stir without Dot, unless his master punished him.

Once Arthur was sent for the doctor and Dot was not there. The next morning, before breakfast, the groom found her in a queer place. Where do you think it was?



In the stable, curled up on Dandy's back. She winked her eyes and seemed to say, "You shall not run off without me this morning."

Dandy looked very proud and wise. He was always pleased to have Dot near him. Arthur called Dot and Dandy his "Great Circus Company."

MRS. W. T. KATE.

HOW SALLIE SCoured THE LITTLE BLACK GIRL.

ONE day grandma said to Sallie, "Dinah's little girl is here. Can't you show her your dolls?"

Sallie was glad to have a little girl to play with.

Pretty soon she came back and said, "Why, grandma, she's black!"

"Well," said grandma, "she's a good little girl."

"But I'm afraid of her," said Sallie, "she's so black."

"But Dinah's black."

"Dinah's a grown-up woman," said Sallie. "I did n't know that little girls were black."

"She is as well behaved as if she were white," said grandma, "and you can have a nice time playing."

So the two children went to Sallie's room, where the dolls were.

"My name's Sallie; what's yours?" asked the white girl.

"Marionette," said the little black girl.

Then they began to play house; but Sallie suddenly said, "What makes you black?"

"I don't know," said Marionette.

"Won't it come off if you wash it?"

"No," said Marionette.

"Did you ever try soap and sand?" asked Sallie.

"No," said Marionette.

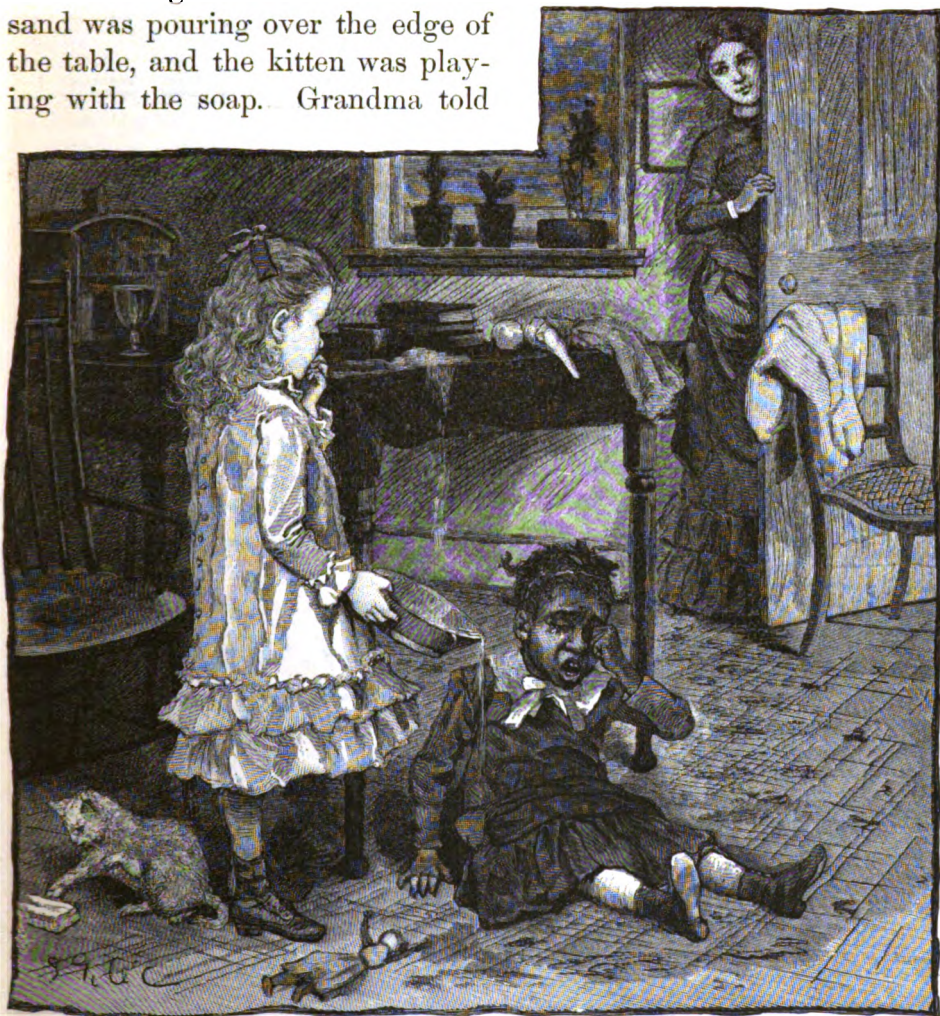
"Then let's try," added Sallie. She brought a basin of water and some soap and sand and began to rub Marionette's hand.

"I guess I'll try your face," she said after a while.

Marionette was a little afraid in the strange house, and had not dared to cry, but now the soap got into her eyes and the sand into her mouth, and she began to scream with all her might.

"What are those children doing?" said grandma to Dinah; and they both ran up-stairs.

There was Marionette crying as loud as she could cry ; and there was Sallie looking as frightened as Marionette, for she had not meant to hurt her. She held the basin in one hand, and the water was running over the floor. The sand was pouring over the edge of the table, and the kitten was playing with the soap. Grandma told



Sallie that Marionette's skin was made black ; she could not make it white any more than she could make her own black.

Sallie often laughs about scouring the little black girl ; for this is a true story, and Sallie is now a grown-up woman.

EVA M. TAPPAN.

Autumn Berries.

Words by JAMES THOMSON.

Music by T. CRAMPTON.

Andantino.

Voice

and *p Legato.*

1. Autumn berries all a-glow, Some like gold and
2. Trailing low up - on the ground, Bramble - ber - ries

Piano.

cres.

some like snow; Some like diamonds brightly shine; Some like ru - bies in the mine.
black are found; Bright as coal dug from the seam, In the autumn sun they gleam.

Where the goss'ner loves to play, And stretch his threads across the way, There bright ro - sy
Here the schoolboy loves to stray, As he homeward wends his way; Na - ture spreads for

lips are seen, And hawberries standing out be - tween. *p* *pp*
him a feast, That richer children nev - er taste.





VOL. II.

LONDON: GRIFFITH AND FARRAN.

No. 14.

POP CORN.

Oh, the sparkling eyes,
In a fairy ring!
Ruddy glows the fire,
And the corn we bring.
Tiny lumps of gold
One by one we drop;
Give the pan a shake, —
Pip! Pop! Pop!

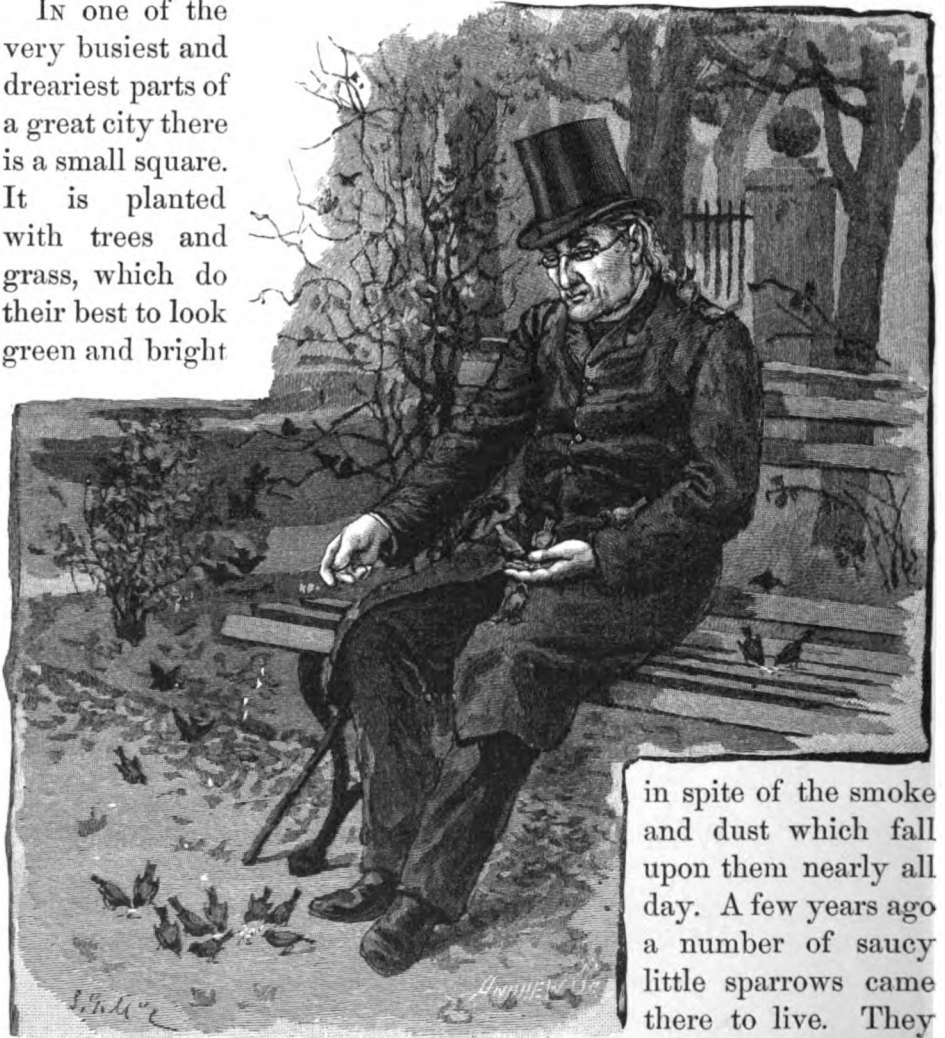
Pussy on the mat
Wonders at the fun;
Merry little feet
Round the kitchen run.
Smiles and pleasant words
Never, never stop;
Lift the cover now, —
Pip! Pop! Pop!

What a pretty change!
Where's the yellow gold?
Here are snowy lambs
Nestling in the fold;
Some are wide awake,
On the floor they hop;
Ring the bell for tea!
Pip! Pop! Pop!

GEORGE COOPER.

WISE LITTLE SPARROWS.

IN one of the very busiest and dreariest parts of a great city there is a small square. It is planted with trees and grass, which do their best to look green and bright



in spite of the smoke and dust which fall upon them nearly all day. A few years ago a number of saucy little sparrows came there to live. They built themselves nests

high up in the dusty trees, where naughty boys could not easily get at them.

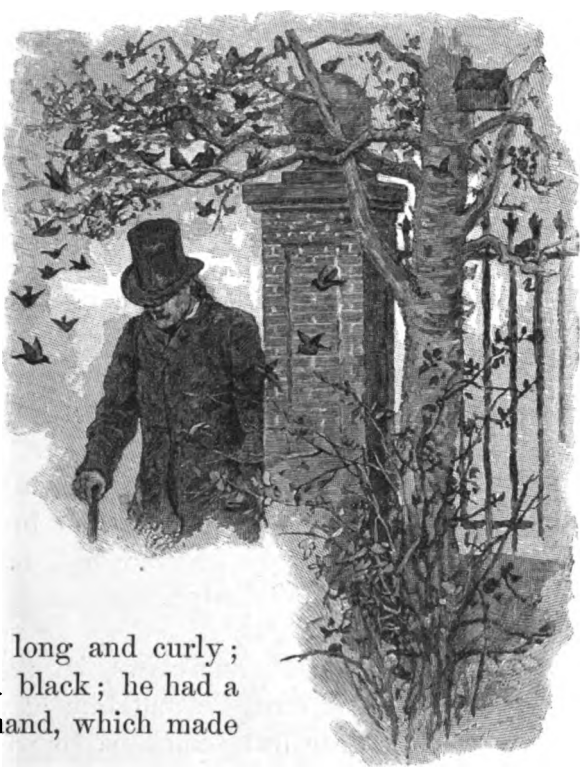
The keeper of the square was a rough, red-faced man, but he grew to be very fond of these little birds. He took such good care

of them that no bad boy dared to throw stones at them while he was near.

They knew this so well, that they hopped about the paths, looking for worms, or took their baths in the fountain without fear, while he was cutting grass or cleaning up leaves. When he was away, they kept up in the trees, only flying down once in a while, when nobody was in sight.

One morning, very early, a tall, straight old gentleman walked through the square. He was a very odd-looking man. The little birds noticed it, and talked a good deal about him, up in their trees.

He was so large that the red-faced man looked like a little boy beside him. His gray hair was long and curly; his eyes were bright and black; he had a heavy cane in his right hand, which made him look quite fierce.



He saw the little birds, and whistled to them; but they had lived too long to trust anybody but their red-faced friend.

Every day after that, at five o'clock, when the keeper opened the iron gate, the tall man walked through the square. As he did so, he took some bread from his pocket and scattered crumbs along the broad walk. At first the little birds paid no attention to him; then they began to come down after he had gone; next they ventured after a crumb before he was well out of the square. As they found he never hurt them, a few of the boldest began to eat their breakfast at his very feet. The saucy sparrows had grown so

bold that they would perch on his head, his shoulders, and his hands, and even tangle their claws in his long gray hair.

The sparrows learned to know his figure as he came down the street. They would wait for him by the gate, eager for their breakfast and morning frolic. He was a very wise old man, for he had studied all his life. But none of the greetings he had all day pleased him so much as that of the wise little birds who knew him as a friend.

CLARA G. DOLBEARE.

MADAM OWL AND THE CHICKENS.

Ho, ho! Madam Owl, not so fast,
Your feathers all dripping with dew;
I fear, from your hurrying past,
The tales that are told must be true.

I heard a great cackling, just now,
Where my Bramah hen broods her soft chicks;
By the looks of your bill, ma'am, I trow
You've been playing some more of your tricks.

Now open your claws, let me see,
Don't struggle and bite at me so;
My dear little chickens so wee
You've taken, I very well know.

"Dear lady, pray listen a bit
Before you condemn us outright;
Oh, could you but hear the tu-whit
Of our babies so bonny and bright,

"Where far in the depths of the wood
Is their nest in a hollow birch-tree;
'Tis there that our callow young brood
Are waiting their breakfast from me.

“Pray think of your own little pets
Safe gathered within the home nest,
And save yourself idle regrets
Because I do just like the rest.



“The household of many a
worm
Madam Bantam destroys
for her brood,
Nor heeds how they wriggle
and squirm,
But only regards them as
food;



“While you, when the chickens are grown,
Take them for your children to eat.
Thus every one thinks of his own;
And my owlets say chicks are so sweet.”

ELIZABETH A. DAVIS.



A THREE-MULE COACH.

THREE mules harnessed abreast to a coach. Where do they do it? In some countries of Europe they drive horses and mules in this way. The people of Mexico would laugh to see horses driven in pairs, or one ahead of another, because it is not their custom.

It was in a country called Yucatan that I travelled in this manner. Yucatan is far south of the United States, and is a portion of Mexico. The land is low and flat, like a great broad table of coral rock. It is very hot there.

Being so hot by day, people travel by night, when it is cool. The roads are dusty, but you don't mind the dust so much at night. I hired a driver, and this coach with three mules, to take me forty miles from the city I was living in, to a *hacienda*. This is a Spanish word meaning an estate or farm.

As you may know already, a large part of America was once owned by Indians. The first people who visited them were the Spaniards. They were not willing the Indians should have so much good land, and so they took it away from them. Then the Indians had nothing to do, and the Spaniards set them to work. They worked so hard that nearly all of them died.

Why did the Indians allow them to make slaves of them? Because the white men were stronger than they, and had guns, powder, armor, swords, and cannon. The poor Indians had nothing better than bows and arrows. Little by little the white men from Spain took the best part of America. But they have lost nearly all again, for they are not so strong as they were. They own only two islands now, in America. These are Cuba and Porto Rico. But in the countries they once conquered, the people speak Spanish. Even the Indians, most of them, have forgotten their own language

and speak Spanish. This is the reason why we find large estates in Yucatan and Mexico called *haciendas*, and small farms called *ranchos*.

The estate I visited was very large. Its owner had forty square miles of land. This was planted with only one kind of plant. For miles and miles you could see nothing else. A great sea of green was spread out on every side.

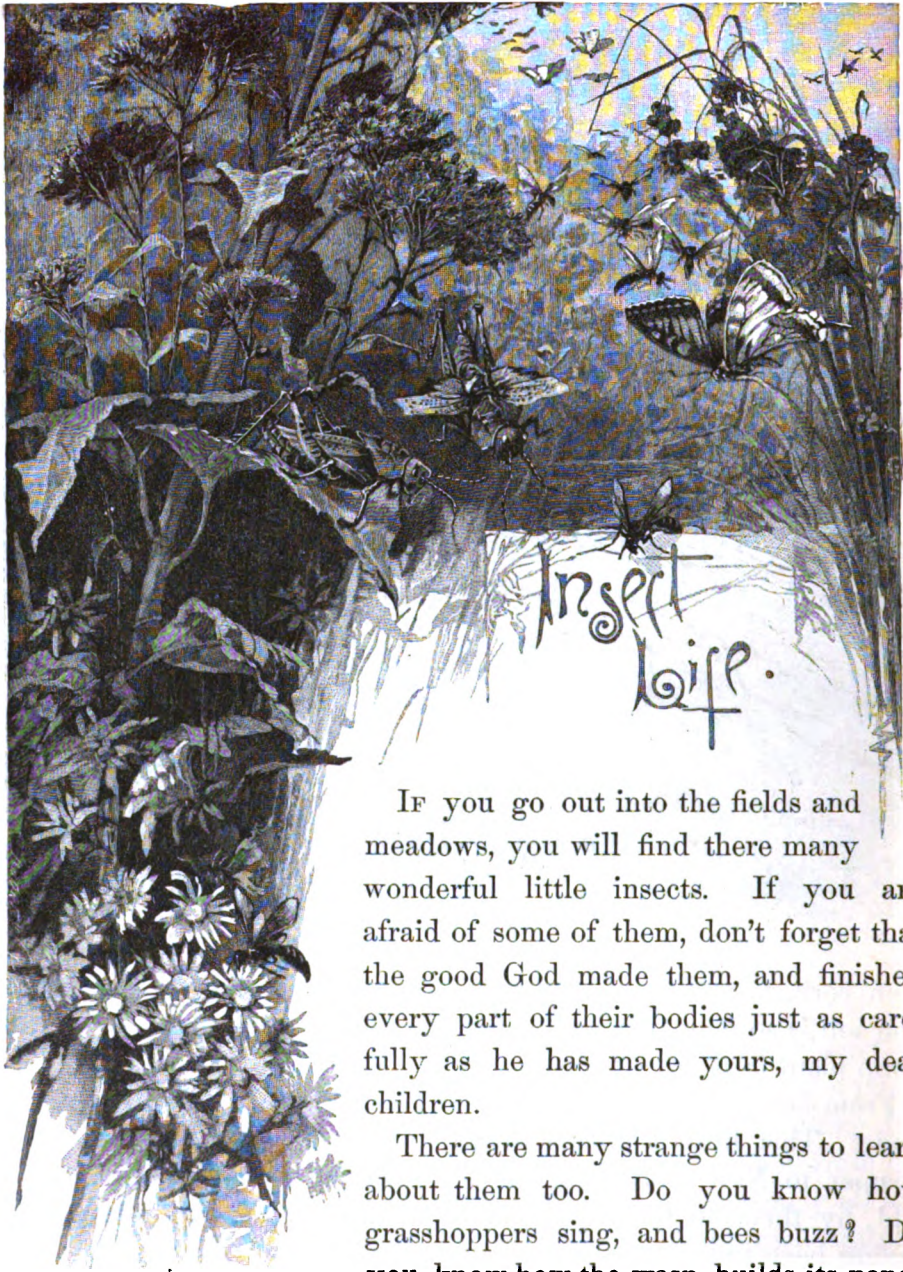
What do you suppose was so profitable in Yucatan that they planted nothing else? It was not wheat, or barley, or oats, or



even corn, though corn will grow there. It was the hemp plant. The soil is so poor that few other things will grow there. But the hemp plant is at home here.

From hemp is taken a fibre from which twine and ropes can be made. This fibre is cleaned, and packed in bales, and sent by steamer to New York. There it is bought by the merchants and sold by them to the rope-makers. Perhaps this very fibre, after having been twisted into ropes, may visit the land of its birth again. Thus the world is kept moving. We buy of other people what we need, and send them our products in payment.

FRED A. OBER.



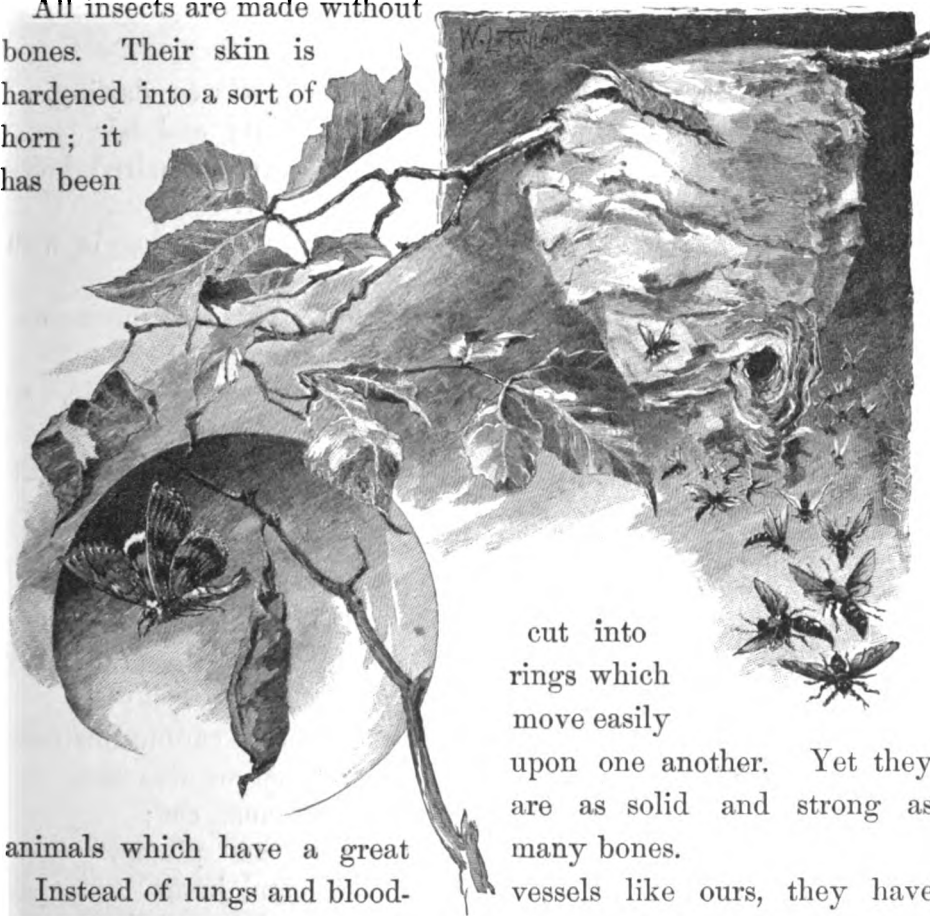
If you go out into the fields and meadows, you will find there many wonderful little insects. If you are afraid of some of them, don't forget that the good God made them, and finished every part of their bodies just as carefully as he has made yours, my dear children.

There are many strange things to learn about them too. Do you know how grasshoppers sing, and bees buzz? Do you know how the wasp builds its paper nest? How the cricket beats its little

tambourines all night long? Or how the tiny ant builds such wonderful houses, some of them many stories deep?

The ugliest worms, too, will change by and by to most beautiful butterflies and silvery moths.

All insects are made without bones. Their skin is hardened into a sort of horn; it has been



cut into rings which move easily upon one another. Yet they are as solid and strong as many bones.

animals which have a great

Instead of lungs and blood-curious little breathing places have small air veins which are filled from these and make the whole body light.

MRS. G. HALL.

PAPA'S DRESSING-GOWN.



THERE was a wee darling, —
oh, dainty and fair
As ever a golden-haired baby
could be!

There was a wee doggie with
soft, curly hair,
And never a doggie more cunning
than he!

This baby and doggie, so
friendly were they,
That always together they
were through the day.

Together they breakfasted,
dined, and took tea, —
Baby Grace at the table, and
Snip at her feet;
And the three-year-old mistress,
so generous was she,

That full half of her dainties her doggie must eat;
And together the playmates grew healthy and plump,
And the hours went by on a hop, skip, and jump.

Now it happened that Gracie and doggie one day
Grew tired and sleepy, and lay down to rest,
And played they were birdies, safe hidden away
In papa's warm dressing-gown for a snug nest;
And soon on the nursery floor in a heap
Lay those wonderful "birds," all so soundly asleep.

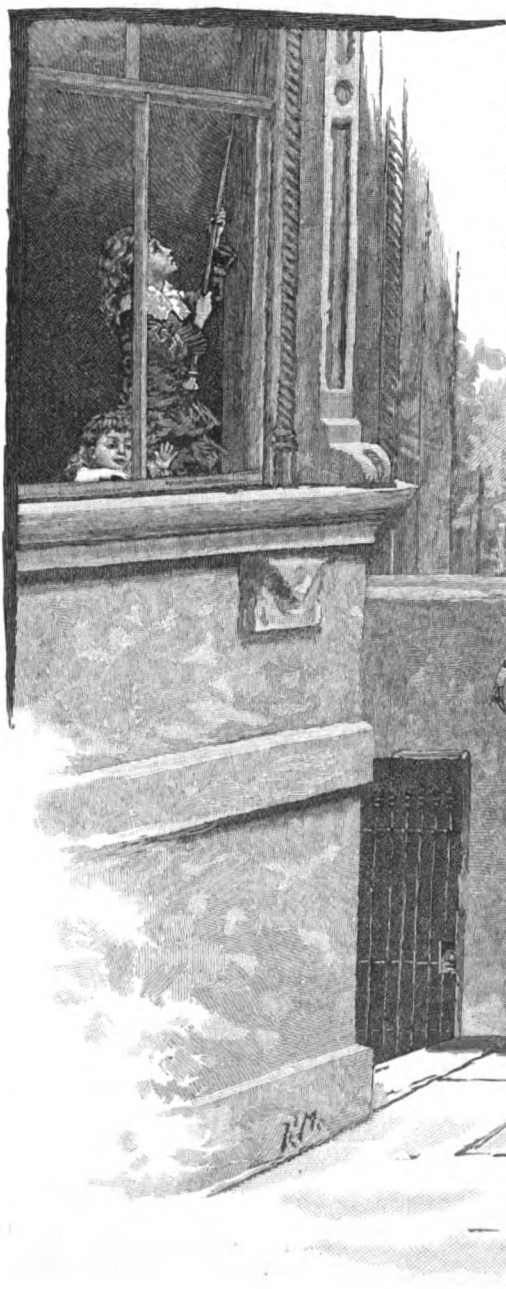
The shadows were gathering all over the room,
When nurse came to look for her darling once more.
Oh, the litter of playthings! She stooped in the gloom
To gather the well-scattered toys from the floor, —
This, that, and the other fast putting in place,
Thinking, meantime, "Why, where is my dear little Grace?"



Then, seeing the dressing-gown there in a heap,
She raised it, and shook it right there in the dark;
When out rolled the playmates, awakened from sleep,
One beginning to cry, and the other to bark!
While nursie jumped back with a regular scare, —
"The mischief is in the old thing, I declare!"

MARY D. BRINE.

TAMBOURINE DON.



THERE was a sound of music under the window. Two little children were looking out; their little noses were pressed against the glass.

"He is a dirty boy," said Jennie, looking at the player.

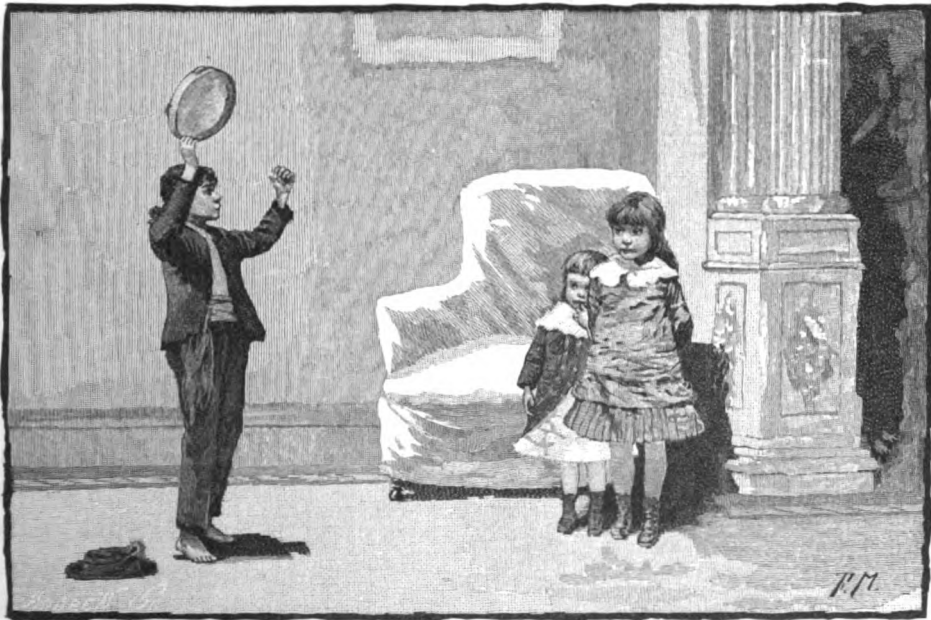
"Very, very dirty," said Daisy.

"I wonder if he has a mother."

"Open the window and ask him."

The window would not open. Daisy took papa's cane to push with. Jennie pushed too. Away went the cane through the glass. It fell down on the sidewalk below.

The little girls began to cry. The tambourine player looked up and saw the little faces. He picked up the cane and ran up the steps. The servant opened the door. She said: "Get out; no beggars allowed at the front door."



"I am not a beggar; see the cane."

"How did you get master's cane?"

"It fell. The little girls know."

"Oh, let him in!" called Daisy.

"Come up, you nice little boy," said Jennie.

"Well, well, those children are always in mischief," added the servant.

The boy went up-stairs. He had never seen such a fine house.

"What is your name?" asked the servant.

"It is Don."

"Have you a father?" said Daisy.

"No, miss, he is long dead."

"Where do you live?"

"In Boston, miss."

"You don't look like a Boston boy."

"I came from Italy, over the sea."

Then Daisy looked sharply at him. Jennie put her hand on his arm. It was so strange to see a little boy from over the sea.

When their mamma came home Don was there. The little girls sat on the sofa looking at him. The nurse and the cook were there too. Don played the tambourine for them. The tunes were very queer.

Daisy's mother said he was a good boy to return the cane; it cost a great deal of money. She was very kind to Don. Every Saturday he goes to the house and works for the lady. She pays him money, so he can buy shoes. When the children see him coming they say, "Oh, here comes our Tambourine Don!"

KATE TANNATT WOODS.

WHERE THE PRETTY PATH LED.



LITTLE Fred went to spend his long vacation with his grandpa and grandma in the country. Fred's grandpa had an old white horse named Betsy. He had owned her ever since mamma was a little girl, and Fred and Betsy soon became great friends.

Every day grandma would give Fred two biscuits, two apples, and two lumps of sugar in a little basket, and he would take them over to the pasture.

Betsy soon learned to expect him, and waited for him at the

bars. She knew that half of what was in the basket was meant for her.

A very pretty path came in at one end of the pasture. Fred often wondered where it went, but he never dared to go in very far alone. One day his two cousins, Alice and Frank, came to make



grandma a little visit. Grandma told Fred he must show them all over the farm. The next morning, after he had taken them out to lunch with Betsy, he thought it would be a good chance to go down the little path. Alice and Frank said they would like to go very much. Fred was still a little afraid, and kept very near Alice. But

he forgot everything else, when, at the end of the path, they came upon a lovely little pond. It was all covered with great white lilies and their green pads.

They wanted to get some lilies to take home. They tried to reach them from the bank, but lilies have a provoking way of growing just out of reach. Then they tried to hook them in with sticks, but got only three or four, without stems. Then they looked for a board to use as a raft.

At last Frank said they must wade for them. He and Fred took off their shoes and stockings, pulled up their trousers, and went in. Fred used a long stick to feel the way before him, so as not to get into water too deep.

This time they were successful, and got just as many lilies as their hands would hold.

Grandma was delighted with them; she said she had not had any lilies from that old pond since grandpa used to bring them to her years and years before.

MRS. F. T. MERRILL.



GOING TO BED.

THE little brown sparrows have long ceased to sing.

They're each fast asleep in his nest;

The chickens are quiet beneath the hen's wing;

The cow-bell has hushed its ding-a-ling, ding,—

'Tis time Bertie-boy was at rest.

I'll take off his pretty kilt dress and blue tie,
And put on his wrapper instead ;
Then, after his sweet good-night kiss to dear Guy,
And low-spoken prayer to Heaven on high,
I'll cover him nicely in bed.



And all the night long an angel will keep
A loving watch over his rest ;
While in through his window the bright stars will peep,
And dreams soft and pretty around him will creep,
Till morn wakes each bird in its nest.

MOTHER CAREY.



MOLLIE AND THE SPARROWS.

It was snowing very hard. The white flakes came tumbling down as though they were in a hurry to get here. The wind blew, and the air was very cold. But little Mollie did not care for the cold. She sat on the rug by the fire playing with her kitten.

Mamma sat close beside her, knitting, and Mollie felt very warm and comfortable.

Pretty soon she heard a great chirping. She ran to the window and looked out. On the rose-frame, by the piazza, sat six pretty birds. They looked right in at the window at Mollie, and did not seem at all afraid. Their feathers were ruffled by the wind. They drew up first one foot then the other under them, as if trying to get them warm.

"Cheep, cheep, cheep," chirped the sparrows, looking at Mollie.

"Dear little birdies!" said Mollie. "May they come in and get warm, mamma?"

"Their pretty feathers keep the cold out, but they are hungry," said mamma.

"May I feed them, mamma?"

"Yes, Mollie; run and get a piece of bread."

Mollie soon brought the bread, which she broke up into small bits. Then mamma raised the window softly and threw out the crumbs. The birds all flew away.

"Keep very still, Mollie," said mamma; "they will soon come back."

Mollie stood by the window as still as a little mouse.

Soon the sparrows came flying back. They looked first at the bread, then at Mollie. Finally they decided to eat their supper. So

they flew on the piazza and began picking up the crumbs very fast. Mollie clapped her hands, but they were too hungry to hear her. When they had eaten all the crumbs, they were tired. Then they



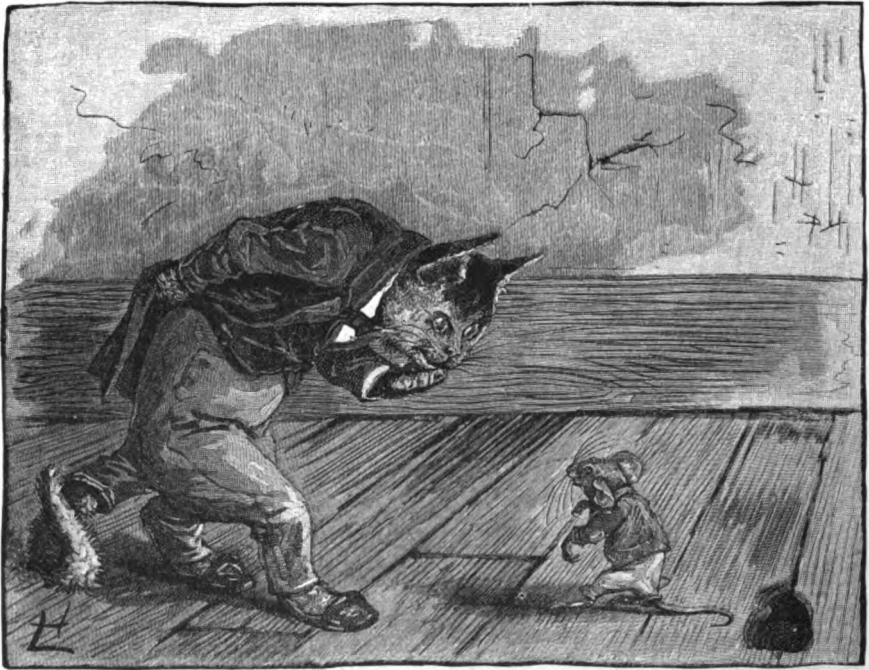
went to sleep on the rose-frame with their heads under their wings. Mollie fed them every day until the snow was gone and there was plenty for them to eat.

MARY B. FERRY.

THE WISE OLD MOUSE.

A WISE old mouse went on tiptoe into the kitchen, to see if Jane had swept up all the crumbs. There, to his surprise, he met Buzz, the cat.

"Oho," cried the cat, "this is lucky! Now I shall have a fine



dinner." The mouse saw that he was caught. So he said: "Thank you, Mr. Buzz; but if I am to dine with you I should like first to put on my red Sunday coat. My old gray jacket is not nice enough."

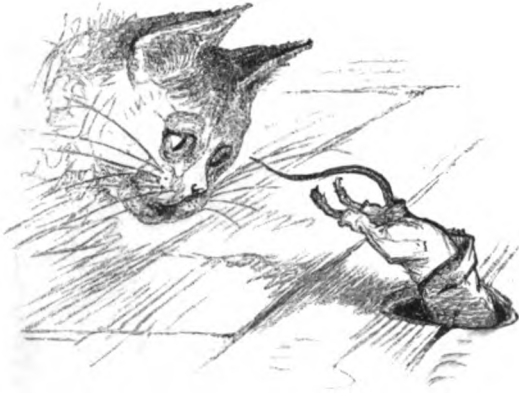
This amused the cat. He had never seen the mouse with his red Sunday coat. "Perhaps he will taste better," thought he. "Very

well, Mr. Mouse," he said, "do not be long, for I am hungry. I will wait for you here."

The mouse lost no time, but at once popped into his hole. The cat waited all day, softly singing to himself; but the wise old mouse did not come back.

Since then there is a new proverb in cat-land. It is this: "A mouse in a gray jacket is sweeter than a mouse in a red Sunday coat."

UNCLE FELIX.





WHO WILL WINK FIRST?

UPON the wide arms of grandpapa's chair
Little Sir Trotty and Polly the fair,
Like two little rabbits, sit perched on each side,
And stare at each other with eyes open wide.
Don't whisper, don't laugh, don't disturb them, I pray;
For "Who will wink first?" is the game that they play.

Little pug noses, tip near touching tip,
A frown on the brow, no smile on the lip;
They're as sober as owls, which they surely should be,
For this is a trial of great skill, don't you see;
And grandpa is judge, and he will tell true
Which one will wink first, — the brown eyes or the blue.

NELLIE M. GARABRANT.

RAGGED JOE'S THANKSGIVING.

THANKSGIVING was Freddy Ray's birthday. Fred, with his little sister Eunice, had just gone out to try his new sled, when his father called him to do an errand. "Leave Eunice to play with Rob Roy," he said (Rob Roy was the sled's name), "and return as soon as you can."



It is not pleasant to be sent away when about to try a new sled. But Fred did not allow such things to vex him. He ran off laughing, and in about ten minutes he came round the corner again, panting in his race. Then he saw something that made his heart thump.

There stood little Eunice, white with snow, and with the tears streaming down her rosy cheeks. By her side, holding the sled, was a boy; and such a ragged boy! He seemed to wear more

holes than clothes. His bare toes peeped out of his shoes. He was pale and thin. You would say he did not know what turkey was.

Fred ran up to him. "How dare you," he shouted, "push my sister into the snow, and take my new sled!" The boy began to cry. Then Fred noticed his pinched face. He drew back; he had learned to govern his temper.

"Oh, you did n't mean it, I think," he said.

"No, I did n't," cried the boy; but I did want a coast so much. I never had a sled. And the little girl held on so that I pulled her over. Don't strike me, please! I did n't mean any harm, and I will drag her on the sled if you will let me."

This was too much for Fred. He pitied the poor, eager boy. "So you may drag her, and have a coast too if you like!" he cried. And he ran into the house to report to his father.

Now Mrs. Ray had watched the whole scene. I will not tell what she thought, or how she found out about ragged Joe, for that was the poor boy's name.

All is, at dinner Fred broke the wish-bone with his father. "I wish Joe had a sled too," he cried.

"And I wish," said his father, "that my Freddy may always act like a little man, as he did to-day."

And I must tell you that, after dinner, Fred found ragged Joe in the kitchen. He had a great basket of goodies, and Fred's old sled to draw them home with. **It was a happy day for Joe when he first saw the Rob Roy.** So it was for Fred too, for he became more of a little man than ever.

KHAM.

DUKE AND THE KITTEN.

DUKE was a large black and white dog. He had long silky ears and large bright eyes. When he was a pup, he was so full of mischief that his mistress used to say, "We really shall have to send Duke away; we cannot have any peace of our lives while he stays here." Somehow Duke was never sent off. Every one thought too

much of him. Even his mistress, for all she scolded him, would have been sorry to have him go.

Duke was very fond of a little yellow kitten, and the kitten was fond of him. Although Duke teased the kitten, he was very careful not to hurt it, and they had some lively times together.

They used to play hide-and-seek together. The kitten would run under an ottoman; it came so close to the floor that there was just room for the kitten to get under. Duke would lie down and

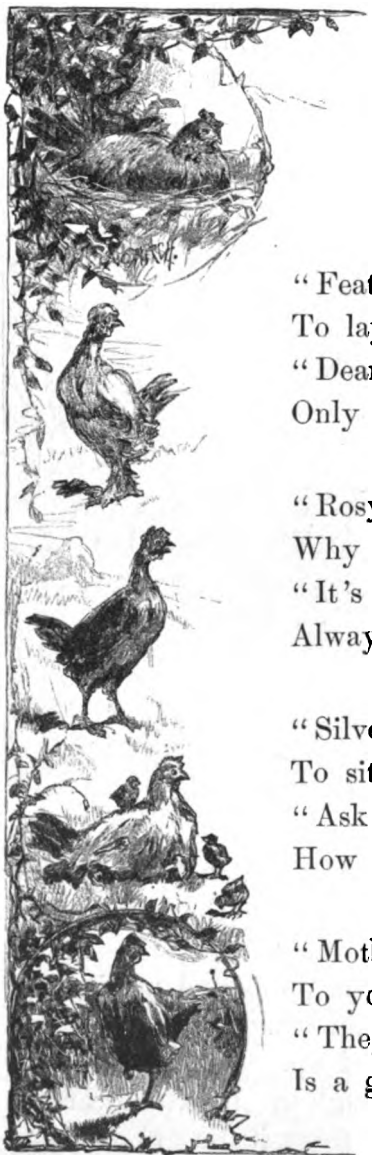


put his head close to the floor. The kitten would stick out its yellow paw, and Duke would try to catch it; after a while the kitten would run out, and they would play up and down the walks.

Sometimes the kitten would run under the porch and put its paw up through a hole in the floor. Duke would come and put his paw on it; then the kitten would put its head up. Duke would take its head in his big mouth, pull it up through the hole, and carry it around the garden. They both seemed to think it fun.

L. A. FRANCE.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.



“SPANGLE-NECK, Spangle-neck, where
will you lay

Your pretty white egg this lovely day?”

“Off in the bushes, where I may, —
Off in the grasses, — there I’ll lay.”

“Feather-leg, Feather-leg, where do you go
To lay your smooth egg, as white as snow?”

“Dear little master, where I go,
Only my mistress, sir, must know.”

“Rosy-comb, Rosy-comb, tell me, I pray,
Why do you cackle when you lay?”

“It’s been our rule, this many a day,
Always to cackle when we lay.”

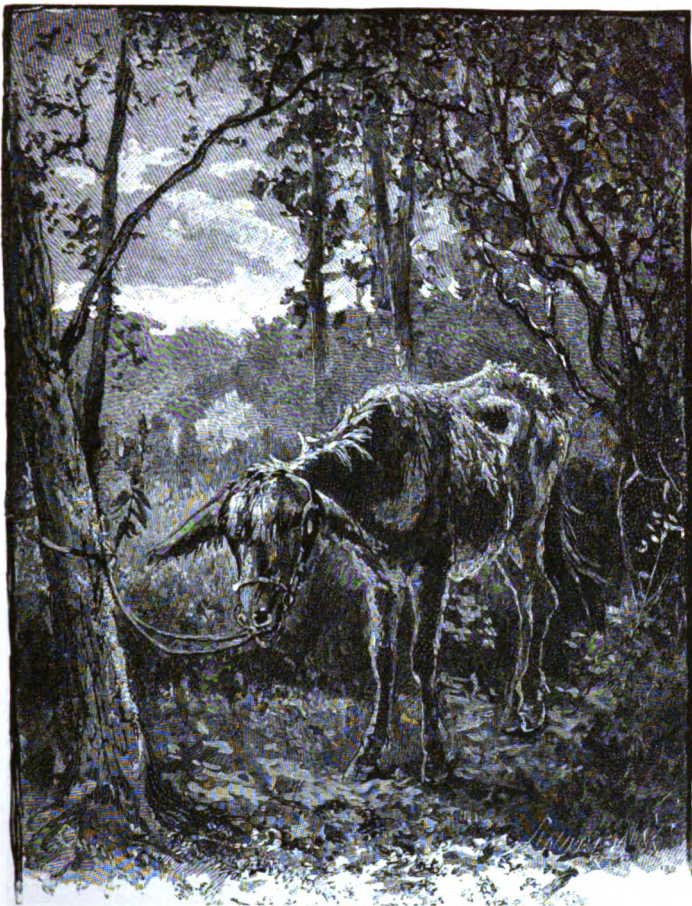
“Silver-bill, Silver-bill, how do you tell
To sit and hatch so true and so well?”

“Ask Mother Hen, Miss Belle,
How we learned it all so well.”

“Mother Hen, Mother Hen, before you go
To your roost this evening, I’d like to know.”

“They saw *me* do it; and that, you know,
Is a good deal better than *talking so*.”

R. W. LOWRIE.



OUR JENNY.

Our Jenny was a small brown donkey, which we used to torment with kindness. She had long, brown shaggy hair, and we often combed it with a curry-comb; but Jenny was always dusty.

We had a little buggy, painted green, just light enough for her to draw, and three or four of us would get in to it at once. Then poor Jenny had a hard time, for she had to draw us up and down the road until we were tired.

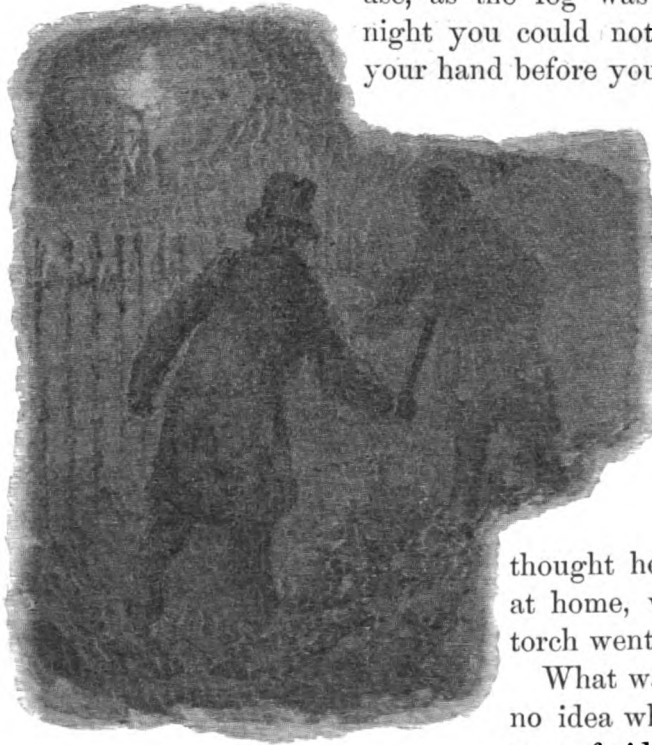
They call donkeys patient; but they are obstinate, too. Jenny would take it into her head to stand still, and then nothing would make her go. We might push and whip, and call to her. Nothing would do; she would only shake her long ears now and then, as if she would say, "I hear you, but I don't heed."

Once, after Jenny was very old, and the children had all grown up, she strayed away from home. The family had gone away; and, when they came home, Jenny had been missing for weeks. Poor thing! Some cruel people had tied her in the woods, and given her nothing to eat. When she was found, it was too late to save her. She had starved to death.

PINK HUNTER.

IN A LONDON FOG.

SOME years ago a very dense fog settled in London and its suburbs. For four days people made their way about as well as they could by the aid of gas and torches. This aid was of little use, as the fog was so very thick. At night you could not, as they say, "see your hand before you."



A gentleman was going home from a friend's house on the first night of this fog. He could get no sort of carriage, and had to walk more than two miles. He groped along for the first mile by the help of a torch, and thought he should soon be safe at home, when all at once the torch went out.

What was he to do? He had no idea which way to go. He was afraid to go forward, afraid also to turn to the right or to the left.

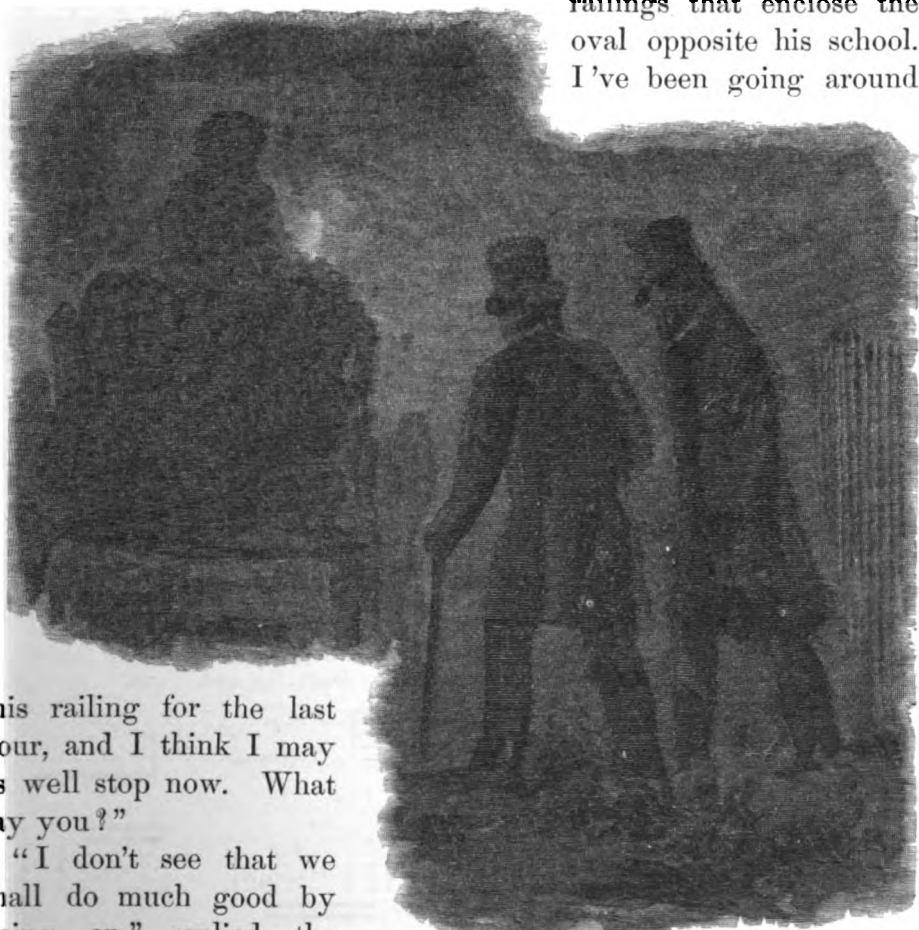
After a step or two he came to some railings. "Now," said he, "I'm all right. I can feel my way along by these railings, and

when I get to the end I will try and find some wall or other help to guide me."

So on he went, thinking the railings extended a very long way. Suddenly he came against another man, also plodding along by keeping a hand on the railings.

"Can you tell me, sir, where I am?" asked the gentleman.

"Well," said the man, "I think we are walking around Dempster's railings that enclose the oval opposite his school. I've been going around



this railing for the last hour, and I think I may as well stop now. What say you?"

"I don't see that we shall do much good by going on," replied the gentleman. So there they stood laughing at their situation till a wagon came along, and by the light from the driver's torch they managed to find their way home.

T. CRAMPTON.

Song of the Sea-Weed.

Words by JANET KELSO MUIR.

Music by T. CRAMPTON.

Grazioso.

Voice and Piano.

p *p*

1. Gems of the o - cean - cave, Blooms of the
2. Though the long sun - ny hour Gleam on our

f *f*

sea, Fresh from the foaming wave, Fair things are we. Far o'er the
view, We seek no summer shower Us to re - new ; Through the lone

ff *p*

darksome deep, Nursed in a - larms Down where the bil - lows sleep,
star - ry night, Tran - quil and calm ; Swell - ing with soft de - light

ritard.

Safe from all harms. *pp* ✽
O - cean's glad psalm.



ROUND THE CHRISTMAS TREE.



ROUND THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

THE Christmas bells in many a clime
Their joyous peels are ringing,
And sweet in cot and palace chime
The children's voices singing.
While here we see the Christmas tree
Its gay fruit bending o'er us,
We, glad of heart, will bear our part,
And swell the Christmas chorus.

We bless his birth, who came to earth,
And in his cradle lowly
Received the earliest Christmas gifts, —
The Christ-child, pure and holy.
To him we raise our thanks and praise
For all the love he bore us;
For his dear sake our hymn we make,
And swell the Christmas chorus.

And while we strip these laden boughs
Of all their shining treasure,
He from above will look with love
Upon our harmless pleasure.
He gave our friends, our joys he sends,
He ever watches o'er us;
He bends his ear our song to hear,
And loves our Christmas chorus.

Still, "Peace on earth, good will to men,"
The heavenly choirs are singing;
And, "Peace on earth, good will to men,"
Through earth to-night is ringing.
We catch the strain with sweet refrain
That angels sung before us,
And join the song with heart and tongue,
The holy Christmas chorus.

E. F. F.

SANTA CLAUS'S LETTER.

CHRISTMAS was coming. Jamie and Ted had already begun to write long letters to Santa Claus. But one thing was rather queer: both boys asked him for the same things.

Each little letter ended with, — “Just like Brother’s.”

They agreed to ask for only one sled. They would rather ride together. Now was not this very sweet and loving?



One night, after they had gone to bed, Jamie said, “Ted, if Santa Claus brings us skates, Jim can teach us how to use them.”

“O yes, and if we get fur mittens, it will be such fun to make a fort.”

“And a snow-man,” Jamie answered.

Ted went on. “I’ll always ride the sled down a hill, and you can ride it up.”

“I guess you won’t,” Jamie said, speaking loudly.

"Why not?" Ted asked.

"Because it 'll be as much my sled as yours."

"Yes, 'course," Ted replied, "but I chose it first."

"You are a selfish boy!" said Jamie.

"Well, then, so are you!"

"I don't care. I won't sleep with you. I'll ask mamma if I can't have the first pick; I'm the biggest," roared Jamie, bounding out of bed.

"You're a big, cross cry-baby," Ted shouted, jumping out after his brother.

Away ran Jamie to mamma, with Ted at his heels. Both were angry. Both talked at once.

Mamma was grieved. Her dear little boys had never been so unkind to each other before. She kissed their hot faces and stroked their pretty hair. She told them how their naughty words hurt her. She showed them how displeased God was to see two little brothers quarrel.

That night they went to sleep in each other's arms, full of love and forgiveness.

Christmas morning came at last. Very early the boys crept out of bed just to "feel" their stockings.

Papa heard them, and, remembering that he was once a boy, lighted the gas.

Each little red stocking was full from toe to top. Boxes and paper parcels were piled around them. Such shouting! Such a good time! It seemed as if all their letters had been answered.



Suddenly Jamie cried, "O Ted, here's a letter!"

They put their little heads together, and with papa's help spelled this out:—

MY DEAR BOYS,—No sled this year. It quarrelled so, I was afraid to bring it. I dropped it off the load about a week ago. Get ready for it next year. Merry Christmas! SANTA CLAUS.

C. EMMA CHENEY.



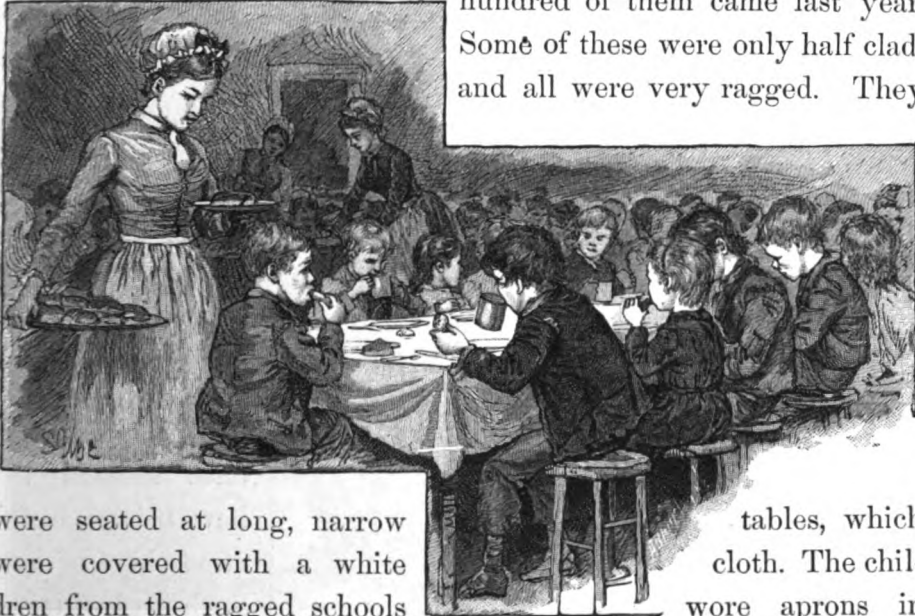
A RAGGED CHRISTMAS FEAST.

ON Christmas day there is a great feast in Dublin. This, you know, is the chief city of Ireland. The feast is made for the children. There are in that city a great many little ones who are very,

very poor. There are kind people there also, who look after these poor children. They have what they call "ragged schools," where many of them are taught to read, and to sew, and other useful things.

Dr. Nelaton is a famous minister in Dublin, and every year he, with other good people, gets up this great feast for the children. About eight hundred of them came last year.

Some of these were only half clad, and all were very ragged. They



were seated at long, narrow tables, which were covered with a white cloth. The children from the ragged schools

wore aprons in bright colors, to hide their rags. Each school had a color of its own. These aprons were only lent them for the day, and the children felt very fine in them. But there were two long rows without any aprons. These were little ones who had been picked up along the streets. Each ragged scholar had permission to bring all the children he could find. And oh, how ragged and dirty these two rows were!

But they brightened up, just like the children with aprons, when they saw the feast. A huge mug of steaming tea and an immense bun to each child! Rarely did they have such a treat as this. And how they did eat! Each child had all he wanted. It would have

done you good to see their poor, pinched faces beam with delight. During the meal a large throng of orphan children in the gallery sung some sweet songs. Then after the feast there were small gifts, and little speeches, and prayers, and more songs. The little ragged



ones seemed like new beings, in this atmosphere of love. Such a glad day as that Christmas was

a rare event in their sad lives. Children who live in happy homes know little about the sufferings of the poor. Perhaps if they knew more, such little ones would try harder, by gifts and kind acts, to carry sunshine to sorrowful hearts.

C. BELL.





THE GOOD LITTLE CHINEE.

THERE is a lad
 Who's never bad,
 Nor can he mischief do.
 His almond eyes
 Look very wise:
 I've christened him "Hop Loo."

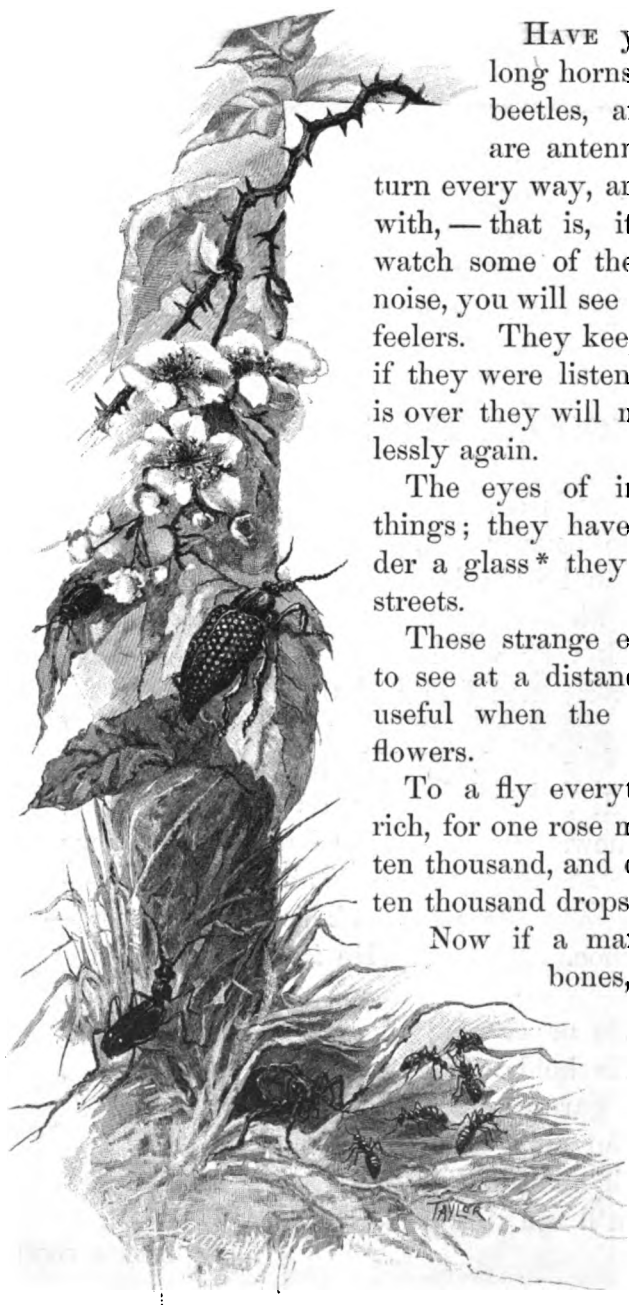
He's always still;
 His screams don't fill
 The air with terrors new.
 He never grows,
 And turn-up toes
 He wears on either shoe.

He's well behaved;
 His head is shaved;
 His hair is in a queue.
 While he is here, —
 This fact is queer, —
 He is in China too!

He never ran;
 He holds a fan;
 His garments are sky-blue;
 But on a plate
 Of ancient date
 You'll see this good Hop Loo!

GEORGE COOPER.

HOW INSECTS SEE AND HEAR.



HAVE you ever noticed the long horns on the grasshoppers, beetles, and the like? These are antennæ, or feelers. They turn every way, and are what they hear with, — that is, it seems so. If you watch some of them when they hear a noise, you will see them stretch out these feelers. They keep them motionless, as if they were listening. When the noise is over they will move them about carelessly again.

The eyes of insects are wonderful things; they have many in one. Under a glass* they seem just like paved streets.

These strange eyes do not help them to see at a distance, but they are very useful when the insects go inside of flowers.

To a fly everything must look very rich, for one rose may appear to him like ten thousand, and one drop of honey like ten thousand drops.

Now if a man were made without bones, breathing out of his sides, with a head almost all eyes, would n't he be a funny looking object?

MRS. G. HALL.

* A microscope.



Santa Claus at the South.

THE NEW BABY.

"How do you do, little Mary?" said I.

She put her finger in her mouth, but did not speak. I sat on the sofa, holding the new baby. Mary did not like the baby, and that was why she stood ever so far away and frowned.



"Is your dolly pretty well?" I asked.

She blushed, and hung her head. Then she ran and climbed upon mamma's bed with that big, big wax dolly, and began to cry.

"Dear little Mary!" said mamma, putting her arm about her, and holding her close to her heart. But little Mary only cried the more.

"O mamma," said she, "I love you, I love papa, I love all the folks, but I don't love the baby! Baby is naughty!"

Mamma looked sad. She knew Mary had not been happy since the little brother came. She did not like to have any one rock him, or sing to him, or kiss him. She wanted all the kisses herself; and then, too, she was so afraid mamma would forget to love *her*, now that the new baby was here.

Poor little Mary! This was a sad mistake. Her mother's heart was very large, — large enough to hold and love two darling children just as well as one.

I went away, thinking how dear and sweet that baby was, with his soft blue eyes, and smiling mouth, and cunning hands; but I did not like to think his sister Mary had frowned at him, and said such unkind words.

Four weeks after this I saw the pretty baby again. He was pale and weak, for he had been very ill; but the doctor said he would soon be well. He lay in his mother's arms, and Mary knelt beside him, kissing his dear little hands, and face, and feet.

"Mary loves her brother now," said mamma.

"Oh, yes; I knew that the moment I saw her."

"She was very sorry when she thought God was going to take him away," said mamma, "and she means now to be always good to him if God lets him stay here with us."



"Oh, how glad I am!" said I.

And then little Mary hid her face in her baby brother's bosom, and I heard her whisper: "I love mamma, I love papa, I love you, and I love God!"

Tears came in mamma's eyes, but she kissed her little daughter with a tender smile; and I thought I had never, never seen her look so happy before.

SOPHIE MAY.

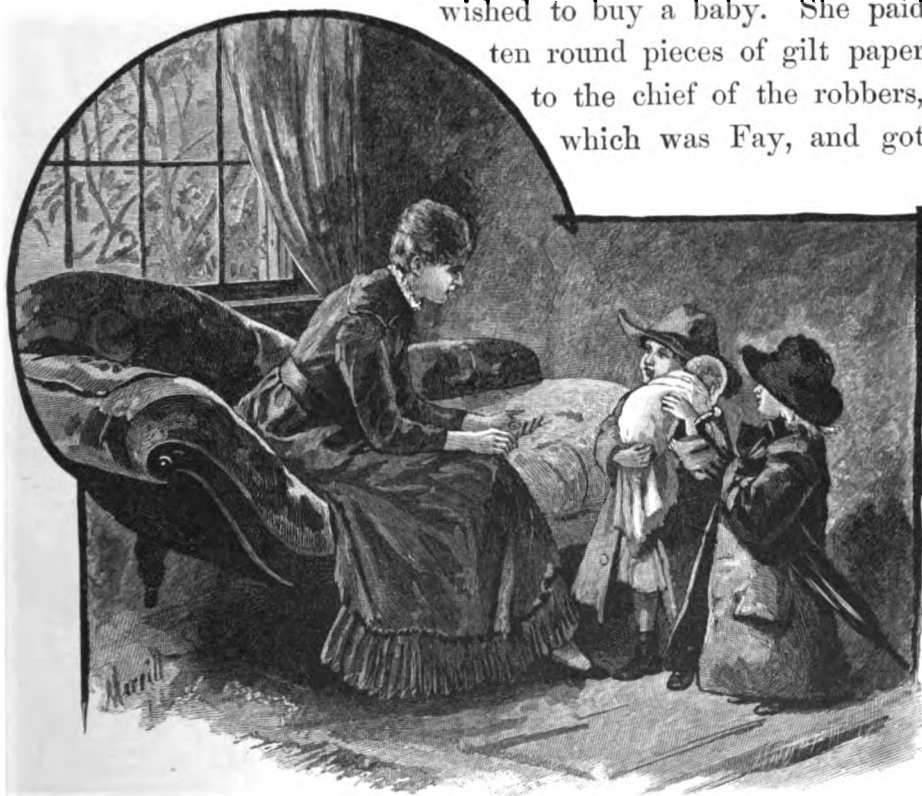


PLAYING GYPSIES.

MABEL and Fay thought it would be nice to play gypsies and steal their baby brother away from mamma. Then they would make her pay piles of money for bringing him back. So they dressed up, and were dreadful-looking gypsies, in slouched hats and long coats. They hid little Georgie carefully on the front porch behind some chairs and an open umbrella.

Mamma was listening, and soon she said: "Where is Georgie? I saw some gypsies near here to-day; I am afraid they have stolen him." So she looked in all the wrong places she could think of. Then she sent Dinah, the cook, and told her to offer ten dollars for the lost baby.

Presently the two dreadful gypsies came in and asked her if she wished to buy a baby. She paid ten round pieces of gilt paper to the chief of the robbers, which was Fay, and got



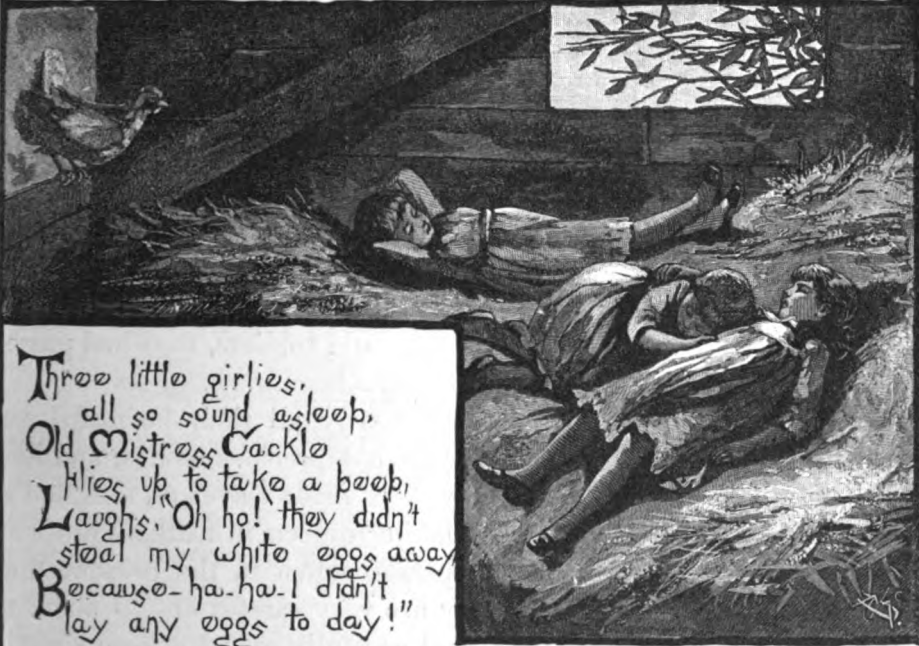
her dear stolen baby back. Then she "made believe" she had been very much frightened about Georgie. The gypsies broke down, and one of them wept, because she thought mamma really had been troubled. Then Mrs. Godwin kissed the terrible gypsies and told papa all about it when he came from the office.

R. W. LOWRIE.





One little girlie
looking here & there
Cannot find the white eggs,
no, not anywhere,
Grows so very tired—
tumbles down to rest.
And then there is no girlie
to look for Biddy's nest



Three little girlies,
all so sound asleep,
Old Mistress Cackle
lies up to take a peep,
Laughs, "Oh ho! they didn't
steal my white eggs away
Because—ha-ha—I didn't
lay any eggs to day!"





FEATHER PICTURES.

THE Aztecs, the people who ruled Mexico four hundred years ago, were very clever. They could copy any object in nature that they saw around them. Frogs, birds, leaves, ducks, lizards, serpents, foxes, wolves, and dogs, — of all these they made images in gold, silver, clay, and stone. Many of these they adored as gods, but most of them they used as ornaments. The Spaniards, who took their country from them in 1521, wondered at their skill. They said that no silversmith in Spain could make such fine work.

But what they most admired, and what they had never seen before, was the feather-work. Even the old soldiers, who had passed all their lives in war, were struck with its beauty.

When the Aztecs were conquered, nearly all their beautiful arts were lost. They soon forgot how to cut precious stones, and how to mould silver and gold, for they were made slaves of, and had to labor in the fields. The art of making objects in feathers is about the only one they have kept and passed down to the present time from father to son. Even this they are very careful not to show to strangers. They work in secret, and carefully guard it from sight.

When in Mexico I tried hard to find out how they made the lovely birds on cards, which they offered for sale on the streets. A friend took me to the house of one of these artists. It was a little hovel, where he sat on the mud floor and toiled. But when he heard us coming he put away all his work and would not let us see it.

He was an Indian, with brown skin and black, straight hair. He wore ragged clothes, and had an old blanket to keep him warm at night. Poor as he was, no money would tempt him to show us the

secret process he had learned from his father, which had been kept in the family for hundreds of years.

Great skill is required to produce a perfect picture. First, the Indian traces on the card the outlines of the body of the bird in wax, just enough for the feathers to stick to. Then he begins at the lower part and places them on, one at a time, one row lapping over the other, as a slater lays slates. He works very slowly and patiently.

Perhaps this is the secret of his perfect



work, and the reason that no other people have been able to equal him. The result is, a bird that looks as though it might sing or fly.

The eyes are made with small glass beads, and the bill and feet are painted so nicely that they appear to be part of the bird. Then he paints a twig or branch for it to rest on, or makes one from a feather, and his work is done.

The finest pictures are made from the bright feathers of the humming-bird. These are found only on the throats of these living jewels, and it takes



several birds to yield feathers enough for one picture. When in the sun, or strong light, the feathers glow like bright gems. They gleam like rubies and emeralds, and seem like live birds perched in the sunlight of their native tropics.

As works of art, these feather pictures are admirable. As the last remains of a gifted people, they take us back to the storied past.

FREDERICK A. OBER.



SIX YEARS OLD.

WHAT do you think, doll Rosa?
Look sharp at me, and say!
What do you think has happened?
I'm six years old to-day.
Yes, this is why my dear mamma
Has dressed you up so gay,
And brought you here to visit me, —
I'm six years old to-day!

You see how fast I'm growing?
Oh, I forgot, you know,
That you had only met me
An hour or two ago!
I've grown a year since yesterday!
My papa told me so.
I'm sure I didn't feel so tall
A day or two ago!

And, don't you think, doll Rosa,
I'm 'most too old to play?
I really feel quite busy,
Because I'm six to-day.



I guess I'll help mamma a while!
I wonder what she'll say.
And after that we'll celebrate!
Because I'm six to-day.

UNCLE FELIX.



ROBBIE AND THE MOOSE.

THE moose, which is now never seen except in Northern Maine, is a strange looking animal. He is large, with great spreading horns, and is very ungraceful and clumsy.

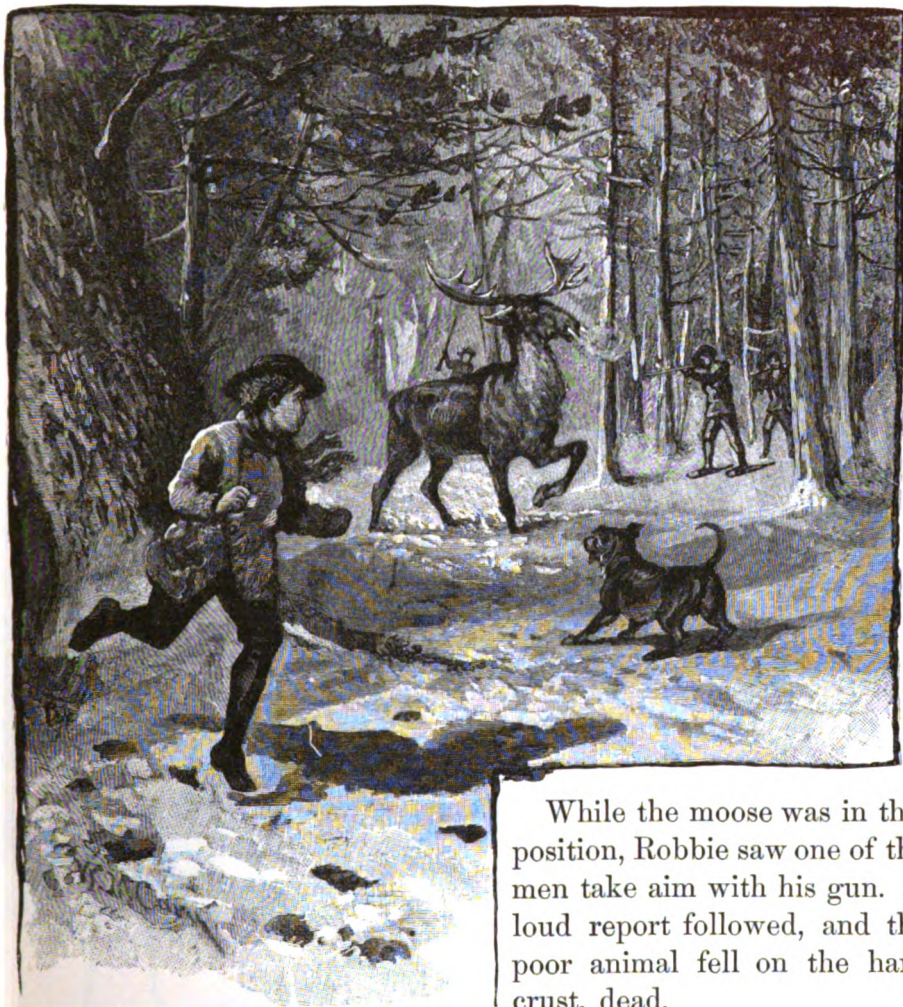
Most little boys and girls would be frightened to meet so queer an animal in the woods. And Robbie True, a little friend of the writer, was much scared when he first saw one.

Robbie was on a visit to his uncle in Caribou, a town near the border of Maine. One clear morning in March, Robbie and his dog Scott went out of doors to walk on the hard crust that had formed on the snow.

They walked to a large forest not far from the house where Robbie had set a trap for a rabbit. He was looking in the trap to see if one of the little fellows was there, when he heard a noise not far away. The sound was like something breaking through the snow. Suddenly a large animal came in sight, panting and almost tired out, for he broke through the crust at every step. Robbie was frightened and ran toward home, but Scott stopped to bark at the tired animal.

Robbie had run but a little way when he heard men shouting, and turned about to see what it meant. He saw three hunters with guns a little way behind the moose. The men wore snow-shoes, and were running quite fast.

Soon the men got nearer to the moose, when the animal turned and stood up on its hind legs. If the hunters came too near he was going to defend himself with his fore feet.



While the moose was in this position, Robbie saw one of the men take aim with his gun. A loud report followed, and the poor animal fell on the hard crust, dead.

Robbie gave a little cry of pain, and, calling Scott, quickly ran home.

He told his uncle of the strange animal he had seen, larger than a cow, with great horns, and that it had been shot by a hunter. His uncle told him it was a moose.

ARTHUR STACY.



WILLIE'S FIRST POCKET.

FIVE happy years have swiftly passed away;
Willie has got his first pocket to-day;

Ha! Ha!

Oh, how my baby is slipping from me!
What a big man my darling soon will be!
Next year a vest and suspenders we'll see;

Ho! Ho!

Proud, very proud of his pocket is he;
See, he has stuffed it as full as can be;

Ho! Ho!

Now toward his mother he turns his brown eyes,
And, though like a melon it looks from its size,
"My pocket ain't big enough, ma!" he cries.

Ha! Ha!

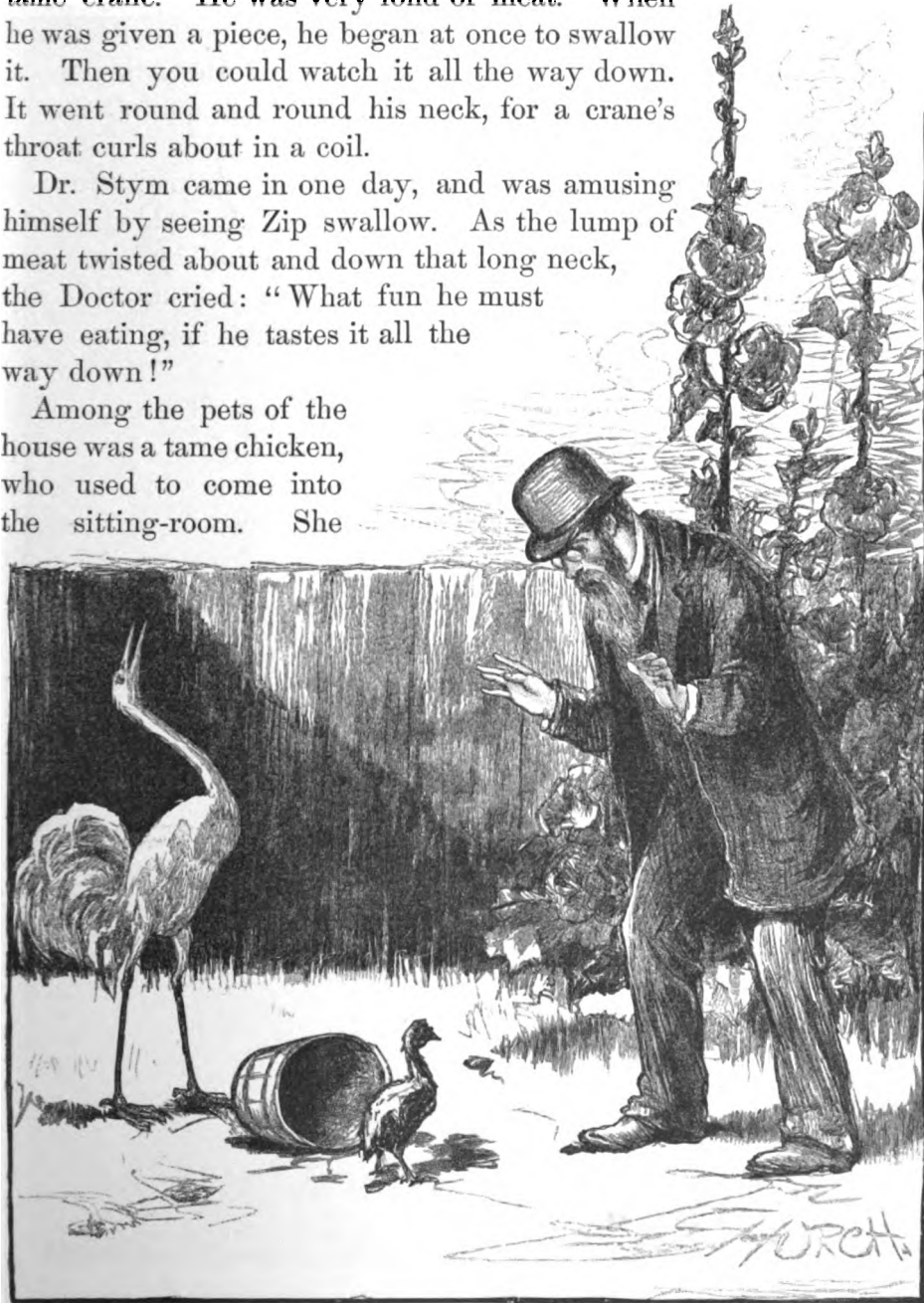
ABRAM LENT SMITH.

ZIP AND BETTY.

It was "as good as a show" to see Zip eat. Zip was Uncle Will's tame crane. He was very fond of meat. When he was given a piece, he began at once to swallow it. Then you could watch it all the way down. It went round and round his neck, for a crane's throat curls about in a coil.

Dr. Stym came in one day, and was amusing himself by seeing Zip swallow. As the lump of meat twisted about and down that long neck, the Doctor cried: "What fun he must have eating, if he tastes it all the way down!"

Among the pets of the house was a tame chicken, who used to come into the sitting-room. She



would jump upon Uncle Will's knee, and eat corn from his hands. One morning when Dr. Stym was there he said he would like to see this famous chicken. So Uncle Will went to the door and called, "Betty! Betty!" but no chicken came. He called again and again, but no Betty was to be seen. He looked all about the yard and stable. It was all in vain.

Then the Doctor ran out to help in the search. To make fun, he began to look in all sorts of odd places. He felt in his pockets. He peeped under the door-mat. He looked into the key hole. He made everybody laugh with his jokes. At last he said that Zip must have swallowed the chicken, and he would look down his throat.

Zip was standing on one foot, as usual, upon a small wooden pail; it was upside down, and made a fine perch for the crane. As Zip saw the Doctor coming near, he stepped down to run away. As he did so, he turned the pail over. Then, lo and behold! out walked the missing Betty. The pail was so small that the poor chicken's tail was bent square about. How they all laughed at her odd figure!

"Now did Zip hide that chicken in there?" asked Dr. Stym. Nobody knew. Zip looked wise enough to have done it. But no doubt Betty did it herself, when she hopped upon the edge of the pail, hoping to find some corn inside.

KHAM.





from the Christmas Tree.

The New Year.

LITTLE children, don't you hear
Some one knocking at your door?
Don't you know the glad New Year
Comes to you and me once more, —

Comes with treasures ever new
Spread out at our waiting feet?
High resolves and
purpose true
Round our lives to
music sweet.



Ours to choose the thorns or flowers.
If we but mind our duty,
Spend aright the priceless hours,
And life will glow with beauty.

Let us, then, the portals fling,
Heaping high the liberal cheer ;
Let us laugh, and shout, and sing, —
Welcome ! Welcome, glad New Year !

ELIZABETH A. DAVIS.



TONG WING.

TONG WING is a little Chinese boy. He has long, narrow eyes and a round face. His hair is shaved off his head, except on the crown, where it grows long, and is braided with red silk into a long queue.

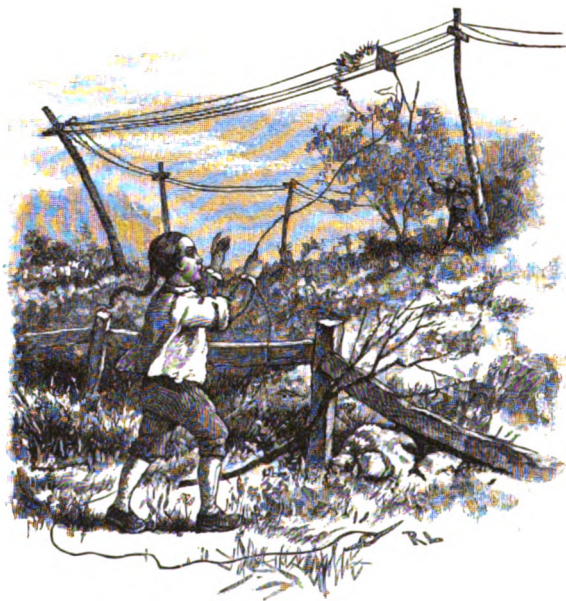
Tommy's mother keeps Tong to wash dishes, and help her about the house. He is only eight years old, and so small that he has to stand up on a box to reach the dish-pan ; but he is very quick and handy, and hardly ever breaks anything.

He says he has a dear mother away off in China, and he hopes to save enough money some time to go back and see her.



Nobody seems to care for him except a tall, cross-looking Chinaman, that he calls his cousin.

This cousin comes to see him every Sunday, and little Tong always looks glad when he goes. I do not wonder, for he always says to Tommy's mother: "This boy no good, play, bleak (break) dishes, you tell me; I whip him." And then he scowls until poor little Tong trembles in his wooden shoes.



But Tommy's mother always says, "Oh, no! he's a very good boy;" and she wonders how her own Tommy would get along washing dishes in some rich Chinaman's kitchen.

When his work is done, Tong loves to play with Tommy; and a very pleasant playmate he makes, too.

He once made a wonderful kite for Tommy. It was the best kite in town, until it fell in love with

the telegraph wire, and refused to come back to earth. Tong and Tommy were in despair.

Tong made a new one, in the form of a bird. It had gold eyes, and red, blue, and yellow feathers. It was done on Friday, and on Saturday morning the wind was just right. Tong wanted to go right out, for the wind might go down; but he had his dishes to wash, and it would take him an hour.

"Leave 'em on the table, Tongy; ma won't care!" said Tommy.

But Tong shook his head, and looked sad.

"You go up stair; me do 'em welly (very) quick," he said. And when Tommy had gone, he piled them up in the closet, on the floor, and covered them over with the big clothes-basket. Then he coiled

his queue around his head, called Tommy, and off they skipped, holding the kite between them.

When Tommy's mother came down stairs to see about lunch, she saw the basket in that unusual place. She was very much surprised to find the dirty dishes underneath.



Tong stayed out longer than he intended, and when he came in he was frightened to find the basket gone and the dishes washed.

His round face was very long, as he said to Tommy's mother, "You tell my cousin?"

"No," said his kind mistress, "but you must not do that again, Tong."

And Tong never has been naughty since.

CLARA G. DOLLIVER.

Christmas Carol.

Words by JAMES THOMSON.

Music by T. CRAMPTON.

Andante moderato. *mf*

Voice

p Legato.

1. Let us now our voices raise,
2. Thus his in - fant life be - gan,

Piano.

f

In a joyful song of praise, Sing to hail the happy morn when the Saviour
Thus God's son became a man; Humble was his lot be - low, To re - deem us

p

Christ was born. In a low - ly, hum - ble shed Was his man - ger cra - dle bed;
all from woe. When we deck each home this day With the hol - ly and the bay,

mf

There with oxen of the stall Lay the in - fant Lord of all.
Let us think where Christ was laid In a low - ly man - ger bed.

mf





VOL. II.

LONDON: GRIFFITH AND FARRAN.

No. 16.

MY VALENTINE.

I'LL tell you of a little maid
I've chosen for my Valentine;
She is not very wise or staid,
And numbers years from seven to nine.
But truth looks from her eyes of blue,
And oh, her voice has music in it:
I'm speaking only strictly true;
You'd surely think 't was lark or linnet.

She always does just what she should,
Without a fuss or bother;
So nice, so loving, and so good,
You scarce could find another.
And so for my sweet Valentine
I choose this little darling maid, —
My dearest daughter, seven to nine,
Who is not very wise or staid.

ELIZABETH A. DAVIS.



THE BUG WITH A MASK.

THERE is a funny little creature that wears a covering all over his face just like a mask. And what do you think it is for? Let us see.

Perhaps you have seen the beautiful dragon-flies that look so much like humming-birds and butterflies too. They have broad wings, as thin as a fly's, that glitter like glass in the sunshine. Their backs are just like blue steel.



You will always find them in the hot summer months flying through the fields, or over ponds and rivers. In the country they are called "devil's darning-needles," because they are so slender, perhaps. The French people call them "demoiselles," which means ladies.

Now this handsome, swift creature grows from an ugly bug, that crawls over the mud at the bottom of the pond. And this is the way it comes about.

Little white eggs are laid on the water, the ripples carry them far away, and then they sink into the mud.

The warm sun hatches them, and from each egg creeps a tiny grub of a greenish color. They are hungry creatures, with very bad hearts. They eat up every little insect that comes in their way.

They are very sly, too. They creep towards their prey as a cat does when she is in search of a rat.

They lift their small hairy legs, as if they were to do the work. It is not the legs, but the head that does it. Suddenly it seems to open, and down drops a kind of visor with joints and hinges.

This strange thing is stretched out until it swings from the chin. Quick as a flash some insect is caught in the trap and eaten.

This queer trap, or mask, is the under lip of the grub. Instead of being flesh like ours, it is hard and horny, and large enough to cover the whole face.

It has teeth and muscles, and the grub uses it as a weapon too.

It is nearly a year before this ugly-looking grub gets its wings. A little while after it is hatched, four tiny buds sprout from its shoulders, just as you see them on the branch of a tree. These are really only watery sacs at first. Inside of them the wings grow slowly until you can see the bright colors shining through.

Some morning this hairy-legged little bug creeps up a branch. Then he shakes out his wings and flies away into the air, a slender, beautiful dragon-fly.

I have told you of the only creature in the world that wears this curious mask.

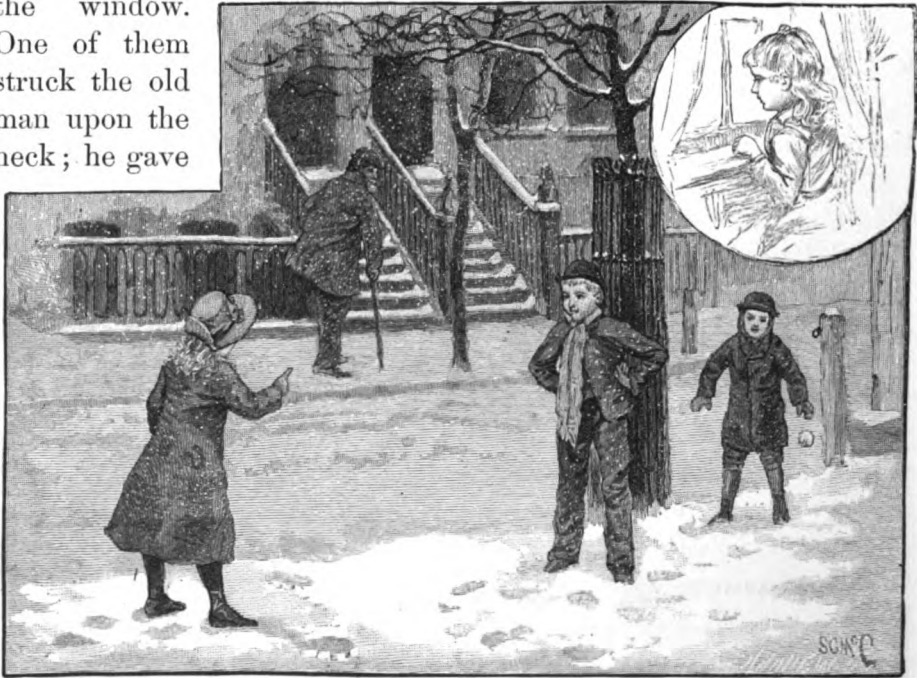
MRS. G. HALL.



A LITTLE GIRL'S REBUKE.

ALICE was sitting all alone in the parlor. She grew tired of playing with her doll Chirp; so she went to the window to look out. It was snowing fast, and all was still in the street. After watching a few moments she saw a lame old man go by. He walked with crutches, and limped as if in pain.

"Poor man," sighed little Alice, "how I do pity you!" Just then she heard a shout of laughter, and two snow-balls flew past the window. One of them struck the old man upon the neck; he gave



a cry of pain. Then the two boys who threw the snow-balls began to laugh and hurrah. The lame man turned and spoke to them, but they only laughed the more. Then they began to pelt him again.

"You bad boys," said Alice to herself; "how I wish my papa was here to give you a good whipping." Saying this, Alice started up. She had a sudden thought. She slipped on her little cloak and hat

in a hurry, and ran out the front door. The boys were just about to throw some more snow-balls at the poor man.

"Little boys," cried Alice, as she ran up to them, "how would you like it if your papa was lame, and some bad boys threw snow-balls at him?" The boys stared. They did not know what to make of this. Alice spoke very sweetly to them, and they were ashamed. They turned about and ran away as fast as they could. The lame man looked back and said, "God bless you, little Miss," as Alice went up the steps. Just then she saw the two boys watching her from the corner.

The next day Alice was sitting with her mother, when the door-bell rang loudly. Then they heard steps going swiftly away. "It must be those bad boys again," said Alice.

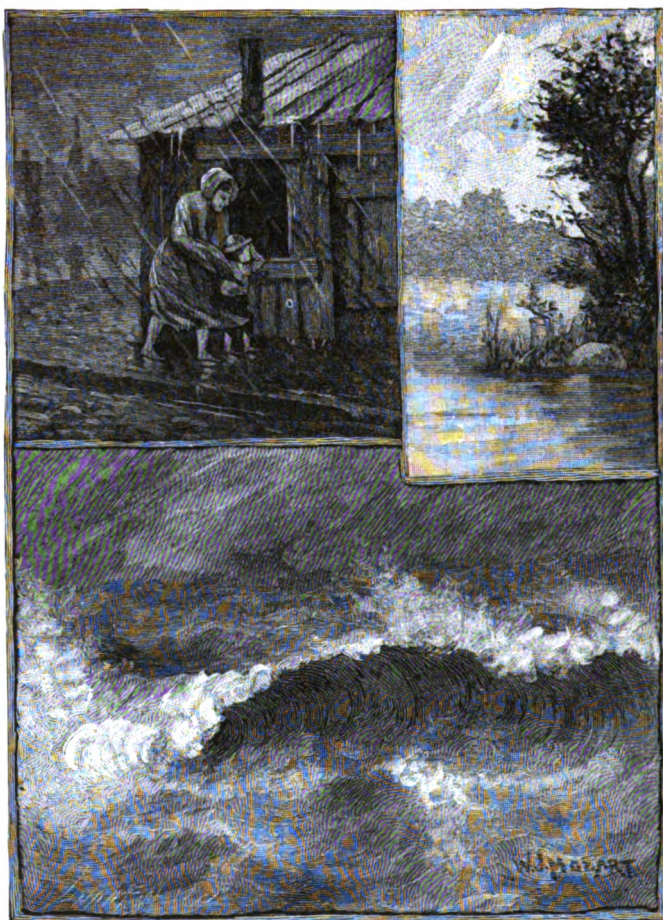
Her mother went to the door, and came back smiling.

In her hand she held a little wooden puppy that barked. "I think you gave the boys a good lesson, little daughter," she said. Around the puppy's neck a card was tied, and on it these words were printed: "For a nice little lady. From Tommy and Dick."



C. BELL.





A STORMY DAY.

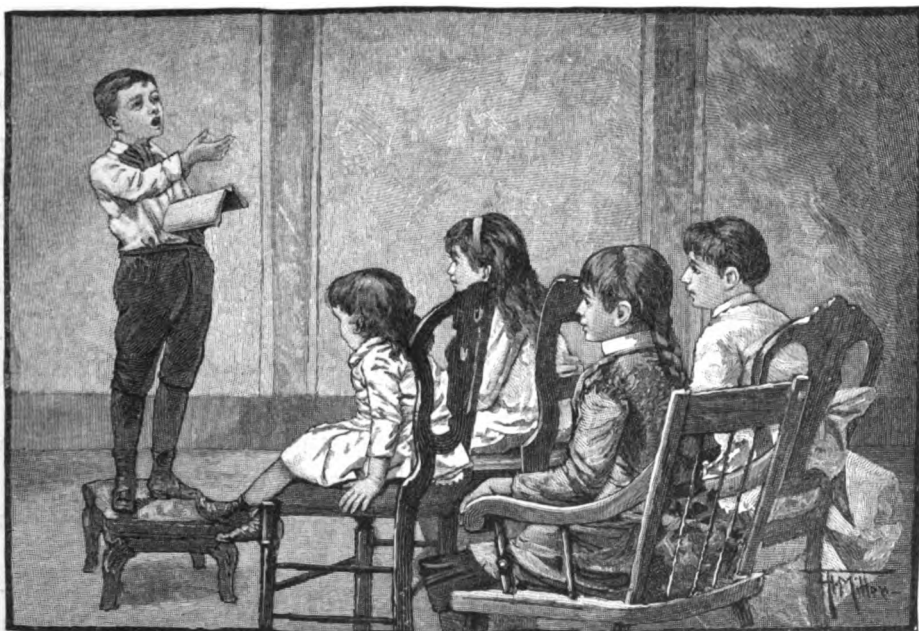
HARK, how the rain is pouring!
Hark, how the north winds blow!
Think of the poor, poor children
Who have nowhere to go,
But crouch in sheltered corners
To keep from wind and rain.

Do you thank God, dear little ones,
That you know not such pain?
Then think of them with pity,
And try what you can do
To make the poor, poor children
Both warm and happy too.

MARY E. GELLIE.

THE YOUNG PREACHER.

ONE Monday Steve, who had been to church the day before for the first time, thought he would have a church of his own. The four sisters were to be the people in the pews. Steve stood up and tried to look as much like old Doctor Brown as he could, but I must say it was not very much like him. Any how, he was satisfied, and his people too.



He got on a stool, and that was the pulpit. The others were in chairs. And if the young preacher did not speak very well, he spoke very loud, and seemed to think that that was all the same. He read from an almanac upside down, and gave out some hymns from his little sister's spelling-book. Nobody sung them, so he said he would preach some more.

I think he gave them, in all, some five sermons, all very much alike. He then carried a lunch-box around for the pennies. The girls all put in spools, and he seemed quite as well pleased. He wanted to preach again next day, but nobody came.

REV. R. W. LOWRIE.

SHUFFLE, THE BABY ALLIGATOR.

A QUEER name for a baby!

But this baby was an infant alligator. One of the "Pike-nose family," and a native of Florida.

Mamma alligators build their nests among tall reeds by the banks of rivers or shallow ponds. The nests look like small tents about four feet high. First, mamma alligator makes a circle on the ground about as large round as a wagon-wheel.

A mud floor is smoothed over this circle. As soon as it is hard, she packs on it as many eggs as she can crowd together. They are larger than a hen's egg, and have very hard shells. Then comes a second mud floor, a little smaller than the first, and more eggs. And so on, until the peak of her house is reached, and there is no more room.

Sometimes a hundred eggs are in one house. Mamma alligator keeps careful watch over them. She fights if enemies come near. Baby alligators follow the mother in water just as ducks swim out after their mothers.

When baby alligators lie on the shore in the sunshine they whine and yelp like little dogs. At first they are not very strong. If large birds peck at them, or ugly turtles poke them, they cry out for the mother.

One day a mamma alligator went off fishing, and a black boy caught one of her babies. It was about six inches long. He sold the little creature to a lady. Master Pike-nose slipped about the house easily, but was awkward running on the ground. So, in fun, he was called Shuffle. He had a small bath-tub for his home. There he was happy, and every one petted him.

One day Shuffle was missing. Oh, what hunting there was! All the boarders looked through closets, and under beds and sofas.

Nothing was heard of Shuffle all night.

Little Daisy Fenn, waking early, peeped through the bars of her crib.

"O mamma, — see, the paper is moving!" she cried.

"In the fireplace," added Jack. "See, see!"



“Ha, ha, I see his nose,” said mamma, now wide awake. Master Pike-nose popped out, quite as much surprised as any one.

It did not take long to catch the rogue and put him into his bath-tub home.

“Just to think of it,” said all in a breath; “we all slept in the room with an alligator, — a tree alligator!”

"And nobody was hurt," added Jack. "That's the funny part of it."

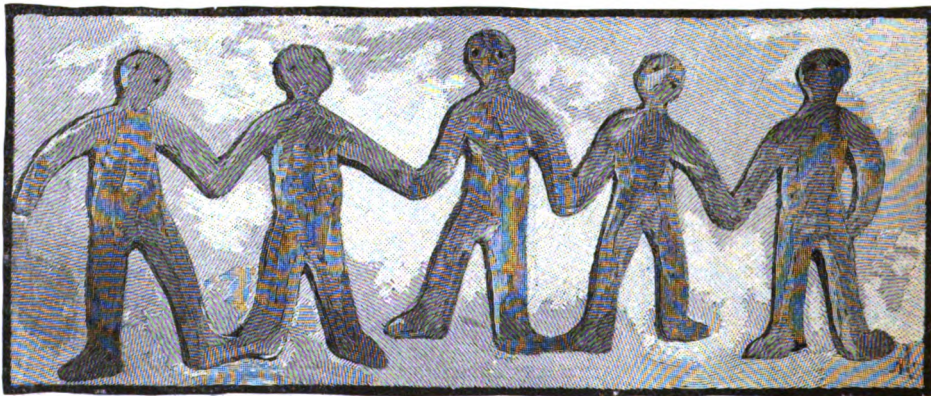
Shuffle was a very small eater. A bit of raw beef the size of a pin-head, fastened to a quill, was given him. This was all he wished for a day, and sometimes he would not eat even that. Old alligators go whole days without food.

In the spring, when Jack returned to his Northern home, he brought Shuffle with him in a box, a present from the landlady.

F. P. CHAPLIN.

THE LITTLE COOKIE BOY.

ABBIE's mamma made a little cookie boy. He had a head and body, legs and arms. She made two little places for eyes. Then she put him in the oven, with some other little cookie boys, and baked them all to a pretty brown color.



Our little cookie boy was taken out of the oven and laid upon the table. He saw Abbie and her brother and sister playing. He wondered whether he was like them. He thought he would ask; but Abbie's mamma had forgotten to give him any mouth, so the question could not get out.

He wondered next whether his hair was curly like Abbie's auntie's. He tried to feel, but Abbie's mamma had forgotten to give him any elbow joints, or to make his shoulder blades loose. He tried to get

up; but, poor fellow, he had no knees or hips. All he could do was to lie still and look around, and wonder what he was made for.

While he was wondering, Abbie's mamma took him up and tied a blue ribbon around his neck. She hung him up on a green tree, with little lights shining all over it. It was loaded with pretty things. He now began to feel quite vain. He thought he too must be very beautiful to be put among them.

One by one the things were taken off the tree. Little faces grew brighter as the little arms became fuller. At last our little cookie boy was taken off and given to a merry little girl. She squeezed him so tight that he wanted to scream.

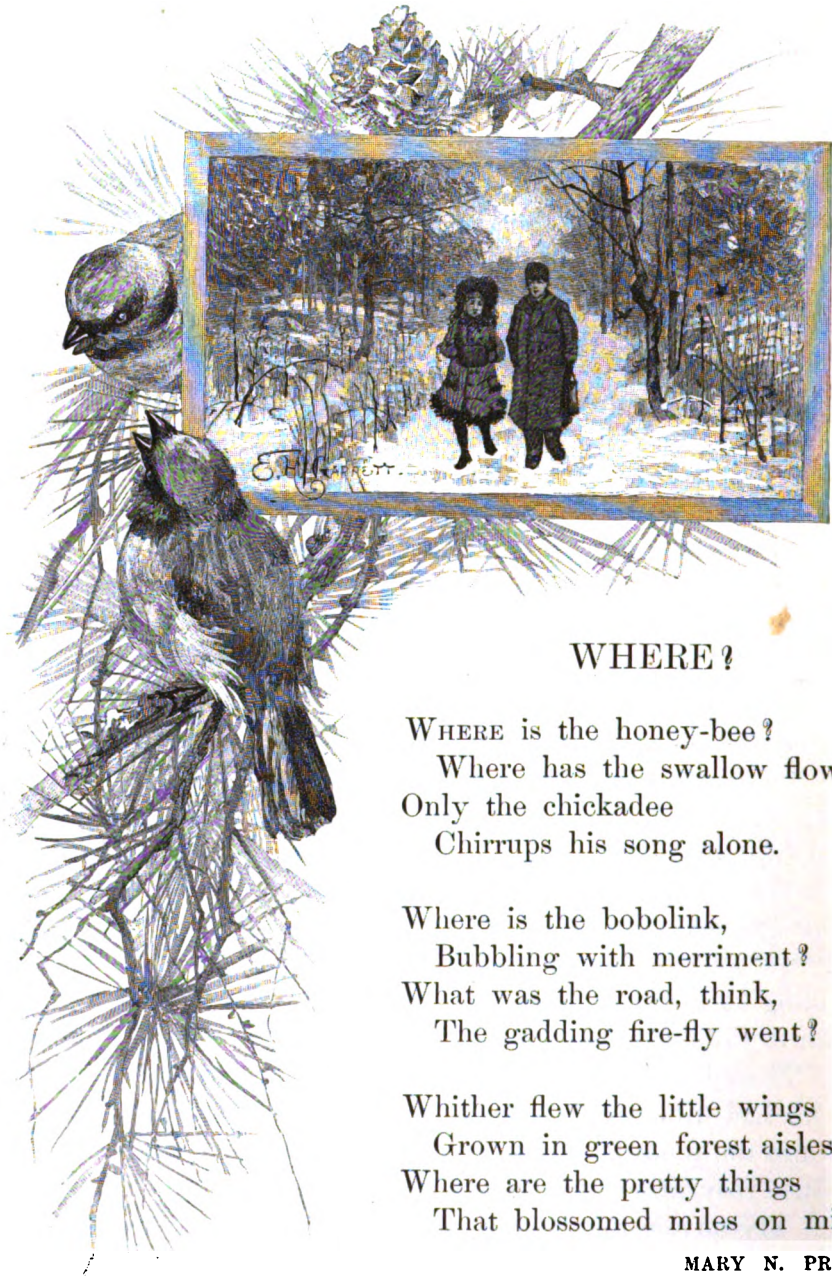
He did not think she meant to kiss him, but she did put him up toward her mouth. He did not know what to do. He could not faint and turn pale, he was too brown. He could not get away, for he had no joints. He was looking at the rosy little mouth so near him.

He saw one of his own arms go into that mouth. Then he saw the other arm go in. He wanted to cry. Before he had time to be sorry that he could not, his head was popped into the mouth. He knew no more.

The little rosy-lipped girl thought he was the best cookie boy she ever ate. My advice to mammas, when they make little cookie boys, is not to give them any eyes. Then they need not look on and see themselves eaten up.



MARY FERGUSON.



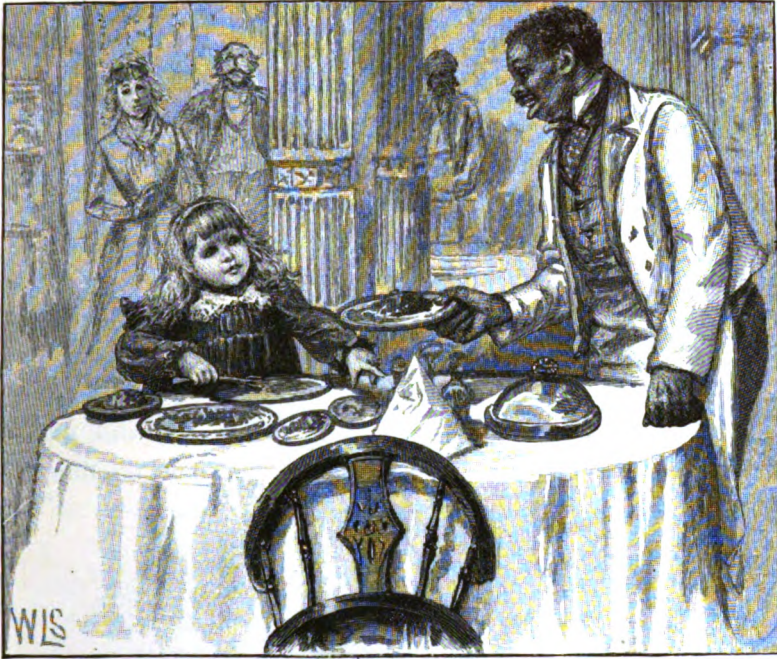
WHERE?

WHERE is the honey-bee?
Where has the swallow flown?
Only the chickadee
Chirrup his song alone.

Where is the bobolink,
Bubbling with merriment?
What was the road, think,
The gadding fire-fly went?

Whither flew the little wings
Grown in green forest aisles?
Where are the pretty things
That blossomed miles on miles?

MARY N. PRESCOTT.



. LITTLE MISS JOSIE.

LITTLE Josie is a very sweet child with dark eyes and soft light hair. She has a large dolly, and when she comes down in the morning with Miss Dolly in her arms, everybody is glad to see them both. She talks a great deal, and sometimes we cannot make out all she says, but we like to look at her and hear her sweet words.

One morning she went to breakfast in the big hotel all alone, and had a round table and a big waiter for herself. Jim was very good to the little lady, and proud to wait on her; but Josie wanted as many things as two or three grown people would have wished. She held out her hands for so many things that Jim did not know what to do. Mamma came in and would not allow her little girl to call for anything more for fear she should make herself sick.

M. T. H.

THE SIX CRULLERS.

A TRUE STORY.

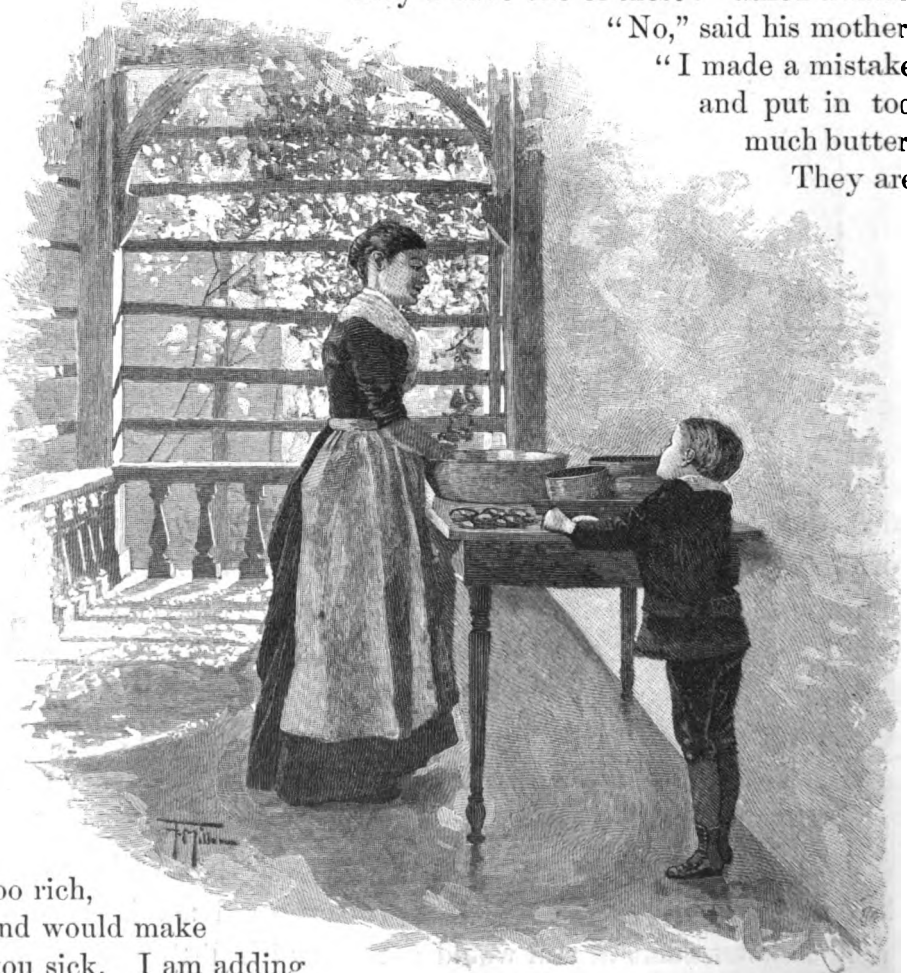
ONE day Frank was with his mother when she was making crullers. She was mixing the dough in a pan, but on the table were six crullers, fried to a rich brown, and looking very nice.

"May I have one of these?" asked Frank.

"No," said his mother.

"I made a mistake
and put in too
much butter.

They are



too rich,
and would make
you sick. I am adding
more milk and flour to the dough, and you shall have some of the
new batch when they are fried."

But Frank was a little boy who never liked to wait for anything. He teased for the rich crullers until his mother sent him away.

Frank sat down under a tree and was sulky. He thought his mother had treated him very badly.

Then he saw her come out with the six crullers in her hands. She threw them on the grass, and called, "Click! click!" Then she went back into the house without seeing Frank.

The chickens came running from the barn-yard, but Frank ran too. He picked up the crullers before the chickens had a chance to peck at them.

"Mother did n't seem to be afraid these crullers would make the chickens sick," he thought, "and why should they hurt me?"

So he took a bite out of the largest cruller. It tasted so good that he kept on biting until the cruller was gone. Then he began on another, and did not stop until he had eaten all six.

"I don't feel a bit sick," he thought, as he ran off to play with his tame rabbit.

A couple of hours later Frank's mother went to the door with two of the crullers in her hand. One was a very fat soldier with a cocked hat on his head, and the other was a horse with a long mane. Frank was lying under a tree, and his mother thought him asleep.



"Wake up, Frank," she said. "Here are some fancy crullers for you."

But Frank did not answer, and when his mother went close to him she saw that he was very pale. She lifted him in her arms, carried him into the house, and put him to bed.

He was very sick all night, and cried a great deal. The next day he was too weak to play. He lay on a sofa, and wished he had let the chickens eat those six crullers.

"Mother," he said, "I shall feel sure after this that you know best when you tell me not to eat anything."

"You have learned a very good lesson, Frank," said his mother.

And the lesson was such a severe one that it was several years before Frank could eat another cruller. He could n't forget what he had suffered from eating the six he had taken from the chickens.

FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.



I am a little girl of nine,
And I am papa's Valentine.

BULLFROG TALK.

CRODUNK, crodunk! I'm
the wisest frog
That ever lived in this
muddy bog.
I know the world,
though they say
I'm green,
For I see it all behind
a screen.

Crodunk, cro-
dunk! I
keep a school
Down in the shady, watery
pool.
The young ones learn to dive
and swim,
And then they sing a temperance hymn.

Crodunk, crodunk! I have a wife;
But she and I ne'er meet in strife.
All know I often say "Kerchog!"
Which means that I'm a model frog.

GRACE H. KNAPP.

BITLIS, TURKEY IN ASIA.

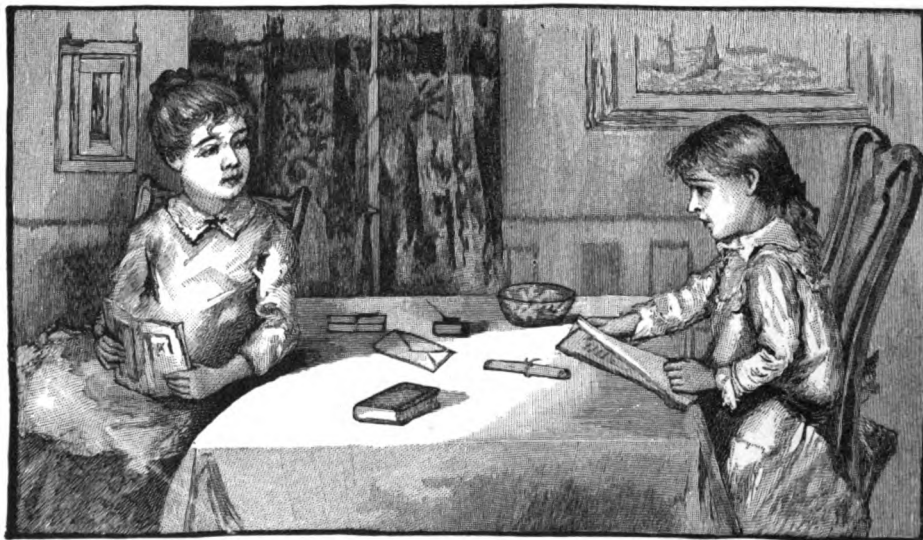




PINK'S VALENTINE.

PINK had almost everything she wished for, but Dolly had not. Pink's mamma was rich, and Dolly's was poor, and went out to do cleaning.

One day Dolly's mother went to Pink's house to work, and Dolly went with her, for it was lonesome for her to stay at home all day alone.



Dolly was a very nice little girl, if her clothes were old ; so Pink's mamma sent for her to come upstairs to the nursery to play with Pink.

Dolly had never before seen so many pretty things as Pink had to play with. At first she was afraid to handle them ; but Pink was not selfish with her playthings, so they were soon having a delightful time.

"What are these ?" asked Dolly, seeing some pretty envelopes on the table.



"Valentines. This is St. Valentine's day. Don't you ever get any?" said Pink.

But Dolly did not know what a valentine was. Pink showed one to her and told her all about it.

"Oh, how I do wish I could get one!" cried Dolly, when Pink finished.

"Maybe you will," said Pink.

"No," said Dolly, "I don't get things often."

Pink looked sad, for she thought it was not fair for her to have so many fine things and Dolly not to have any.

After they had played awhile, Pink gave Dolly

her very best doll to hold, and slipped away to talk to her mamma. When she came back her face was all smiles.

When Dolly was ready to go home, Pink gave her a little bundle, and Pink's mamma said that what was in it was a present for Dolly.

When Dolly opened the bundle what do you think she found? Why, one of Pink's dolls and one of her very prettiest valentines.

L. B. FRANCE.





HOW MUCH LONGER MUST I WAIT ?

(FROM THE GERMAN OF FALLERSLEBEN.)

In our garden by the gate
Stands a pear-tree fine and tall ;
And I stood beneath to wait
Till a little pear should fall.
Pretty pear-tree by the gate,
How much longer must I wait ?

CELIA DOERNER.

THE CAT LEARNS TO DANCE.

Buzz, the cat, was feasting in the garden. He had a fine bowl of bread and milk, which one of the children had left there. The moon shone brightly, and the cat purred aloud for joy. All at once he cried, "What a night to dance, if there was only a fiddle!"



The wise old mouse sat at the door of his hole, with one eye on the bread and milk. "I will teach you how to dance without a fiddle," cried he. The cat jumped up quickly. "Oh, do show me!" he shouted.

The mouse brought out some pretty paper boots with tassels. "Put these on," said he; "they are fairy boots." This made the cat laugh, and he hastened to draw the boots over his paws.

But there was wax in them, and it tickled his toes. His feet began to go up and down. Then he hopped high in the air, and skipped and spun all about the garden till he was quite out of breath.

"Oh, do stop me," he screamed; "take off these dreadful boots!"

"I only know how to make you dance," replied the mouse. "I do not know how to stop you."

So poor Buzz had to dance all night, till the boots wore out. But the wise old mouse ate up the bread and milk.

Since then, cats cannot help dancing when they put on paper boots. And a proverb in cat-land says, "It takes a friendly fiddle to make merry heels."

UNCLE FELIX.



SHE WHO LOVES BUTTER.

NANNIE NUTTER is fond of butter.

When lovely summer comes blooming in,
No need to ask, 'mid the grass a-flutter,

Holding a kingcup under her chin,
"Do you love butter?" for Nannie Nutter —
"Oh, my!" say all, "how she does love butter!"



Nannie Nutter, so fond of butter,
 Always asks for "more" on her bread ;
 Has even been known to pout and sputter
 If mamma objected, and some one said, —
 How could they help it, — "Why, Nannie Nutter,
 'Tis butter and bread, not bread and butter!"



With Nannie Nutter 't is butter, butter, —
 Butter on pudding, potatoes, meat,
 Tart, cream-pie. She'd thank you to shut her
 Into a firkin with nothing to eat
 But butter and butter ; for Nannie Nutter,
 You know, at present is friends with butter.

"Something to eat," they heard her utter
 Before the lamps were lighted for tea.
 She was given a slice of only butter :
 Tasted a bit, but could not see.
 Then spoke this famishing Nannie Nutter,
 "Can't I have on it a little butter?"



LAVINIA S. GOODWIN.



A BAD HABIT.

LITTLE Mattie was always getting into mischief because she would not heed what older and wiser people told her. She always wanted to see for herself if things were just as they were said to be.

One day she told her sister Amy, who was much younger, that she was going to get some honey out of the beehives.

"The bees will sting you," said Amy.

"I am going to see if they will," said Mattie; and she ran to the hive and overturned it.

Out swarmed the bees in great numbers. They were very angry

at being disturbed, and lighted hands, stinging her so badly screaming with pain.

The cook ran out of the kitchen and picked her up. She was sick in bed for several days, and you may be sure she never went near the beehives again.

But she was not cured of meddling. One day she leaned over the well-curb to see how deep the well was.

"Take care! you'll

"No, I won't fall in," said Amy.

"No, I won't fall in," said Mattie; but just as she spoke, over she went. The well was not very deep, and Mattie did not get hurt at all; but she had time to get very wet and to a teacupful of tears before her papa came and drew her up in the well-bucket. She caught cold, and had to stay in the house for a week, and take very bitter medicine.

But she was just as meddlesome as ever, and it took a very severe bad habit lesson to cure her of her gun in the

One day her brother Joe left his hall while he went into the kitchen for a drink of water.

"Don't touch that gun, Mattie," he said; "it is loaded."

Mattie was playing with her dolls by the hall door; but as soon as Joe went away she ran to the gun and stroked it with her hands.

She took hold of the gun and tried to lift it, but it was too heavy. It fell to the floor, and went off with a loud noise. And Mattie fell, too, shot through the knee.

It was many weeks before she could play out-doors again, and then she had to walk with a crutch. But she had learned to let things alone. She was cured of her bad habit.

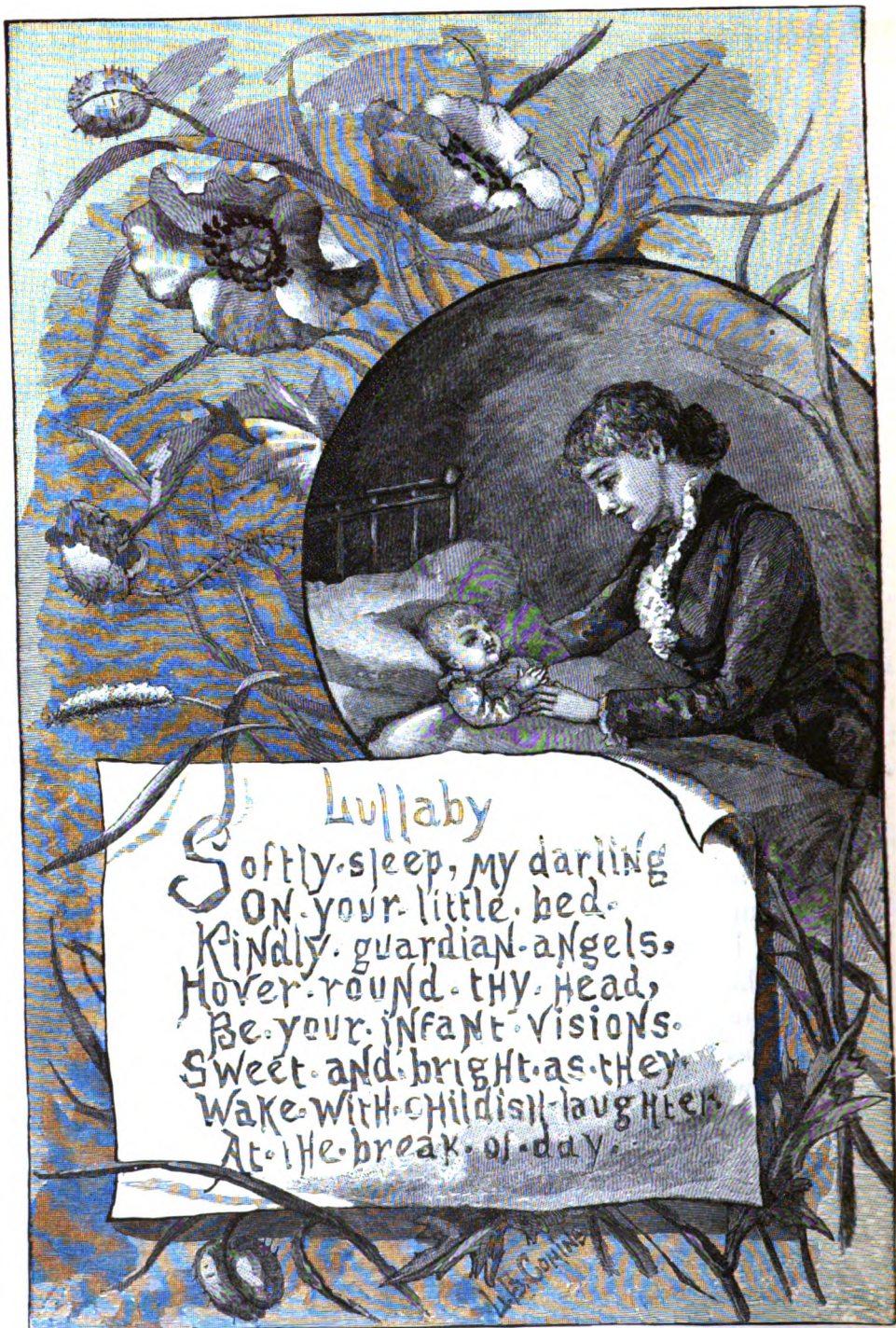


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Lullaby

Softly sleep, my darling
ON your little bed.
Kindly guardian angels,
Hover round thy head,
Be your infant visions
Sweet and bright as they
Wake with childish laughter
At the break of day.



HE was a fine wooden soldier. He had on a painted red coat and blue trousers. His hat was painted too. It was black, with a white plume. He stood on a little wooden block, and held his gun up very straight indeed. He was a sentinel on duty, and he never took his eye off from Eddy's flannel kitten.

The kitten sat upon a small box with leather sides. When anyone pinched the box, something squeaked. You might think it was the flannel kitten if you liked. Perhaps the little soldier knew, but he never told.

Eddy had put the soldier and the kitten on the table. The soldier was to watch the kitten. So long as he held his gun up, and kept his eye on her, she did not try to run away. But suppose he were to lay his gun down? who knows? The little soldier never thought of such a thing. He kept watch every minute.

"What a brave little soldier!" said Eddy. "I can run out and play now, for he will not leave my kitty."

"No," replied Eddy's mamma, "he will be very faithful. He will watch better than a certain little boy watched the

baby. This boy forgot what he was told. He let the



baby burn his finger, by his neglect of duty. His name was not Captain Tot. His name was Eddy."

Now the little wooden soldier was called Captain Tot. Perhaps he had been through the wars. If he had, he never ran away from the foe. He never slept on guard.

When he was praised in this way he said not a word. He kept on looking at the flannel kitten. His painted coat looked as red as ever. But Eddy's cheeks were redder. They were not painted, either. Eddy was thinking of the baby's finger.

PENN ANDINCK.





COASTING SONG.

MERRILY, ho!
 Off we go
 O'er the white and crusted snow!
 Stars shining bright,
 Hearts dancing light!
 Hear our music softly flow:—

“Dangers now we bravely dare;
 Swiftly, with no thought of care,
 Down we go!
 Merrily, O!
 Through the frosty air.”

JENNY JOY.

The Little Sparrow.

Words by JANET KELSO MUIR.

Allegretto.

Music by T. CRAMPTON.

Voice *p*

and

Piano.

1. I am a lit - tle sparrow, And dwell within the
2. I'm but a lit - tle sparrow, And may not wander
3. I am a lit - tle sparrow, And I have much a-

town; A ti - ny thing of life and joy, With plumage dus - ky brown. I
far, Like those who fly to oth - er lands Where brighter sea - sons are. I
do To find my food from day to day, And keep from e - vil too. I'm

cannot boast, like other birds, Of col - or or of skill, For all this lit - tle
build my nest where'er I can, A - mong the drooping eaves; And though not much ad -
of - ten watched by birds of prey, And beasts with eager eyes; But One preserves me

life affords Is on - ly chirping still. *pp*
mired by man, It ne'er my spirit grieves. *pp*
night and day Most pit - i - ful and wise.



THE MONKEY'S STORY.



VOL. II.

LONDON: GRIFFITH AND FARRAN.

No. 17.

THE MONKEY'S STORY.

My name is Mingo I had a sister named Chippy. We were born in South America. We are called spider monkeys, and all of us have beautiful long tails. Chippy and I lived in a cocoanut tree. We were very happy. We did nothing but play, and eat, and sleep. We chattered all the time in a very loving manner, and never quarrelled. I was always kind to Chippy, and she never scratched and bit. That was what made our home so happy. We were both good monkeys, and father and mother loved us.

Such fine times as we did have! Awake bright and early, we washed our faces, and took a drink of cocoanut milk. It was very nice. Then we hunted for birds-eggs for breakfast, or perhaps caught some tender beetles or dragon-flies. After that we spent our days in playing hide and seek among the branches of the trees, or teased the lazy crocodiles, basking in the sun by the river-side. But we never strayed far from home, for our parents had warned us not to do so, for fear of cruel men. One day, when father and mother had gone out to walk, we heard strange sounds near us. Stealing to an open space, Chippy and I saw a company of men gazing up at us. We started to run away, but it was too late. I felt something around my neck like a snake. I soon found that one of the men had thrown a rope over me, and I was captured.

What became of Chippy I do not know. I have never seen her since. I can just remember being placed in a dark box, in which I was kept prisoner for many long days and nights. When I was set at liberty I was upon a ship, with water all around me. I was sold to my present master, and by him, after many beatings, I was taught the little tricks which please the boys and girls. They seem very silly to me now.

During the long hot summer days we tramp over dusty roads and play the same tiresome tunes and perform the same tricks. Sometimes we have a good day, and then I get a crust of bread or a bun for supper. Often the days are bad, and I go to bed hungry and dream of the happy days in the cocoanut grove by the Amazon.

W. EUSTIS BARKER.



THE TROUBLESOME GNAT.

Do you know what a gnat is? It is the little mosquito that troubles you in the summer-time. What a tease it is, to be sure! But why are mosquitoes so troublesome? When I tell you how queerly they are made, you will understand it.

Their small bodies are long, and shaped just like a tube. When they are lying quietly (and they do, sometimes) their wings cross each other queerly. If you could only look at these wings through a glass, you would think they were very pretty things. The edges are all covered with scales shaped like long plates, and beautifully marked, something like fishes.

Their antennæ, or feelers, look as if they were made of the finest feathers. As for their eyes, they are so large as to cover the whole head. They look like lace. Some are green, and change with the light to red.

What the gnat uses for piercing the skin is called the trunk,



or proboscis. It is much like the lancets in a doctor's or surgeon's case. The trunk is a little tube, split from end to end that it may open easily. Inside of it is a perfect bundle of stings, which look like needles. They are very sharp, with five points, and bent just like crochet-needles. When the gnat lights on your face or hands, in go those five needles. They carry with them a drop of poison to your blood, which stings well.

If you are ever stung, let the naughty gnat draw the hooks out very carefully. You will not feel the sting half as much as if the insect left the five poison hooks in your flesh.

MRS. G. HALL.





SNOWING.

SLOWLY down from the low-hung clouds
Flutter the flakes of snow,
Over the country and over the town
Swept by the winds that blow.

Down, down, down, till the frozen earth
Glitters in dazzling white, —
Till curves, and wreaths, and fleecy plumes
Are hung from every height;

Down till turret and church-spire blend;
Down till the shadowy trees
Like white-robed guests, with outstretched
arms,
Wait in the wintry breeze.

Down they come in a feathery whirl,
Like sprites in an airy chase,
Till every tiny separate flake
Has found its resting-place.

ELIZABETH A. DAVIS.



WHERE TOM FOUND HIS MANNERS.

TOM's father was a rich man, and Tom lived in a large house in the country. He had a pony and many other pets, and wore fine clothes. Tom was very proud of all the fine things his father's money bought. He began to think that being rich was better than being good. He grew very rude, and was cross to the servants. Once he kicked Towser; but the dog growled, and Tom was afraid to kick him again.

One day when Tom was playing in the yard he saw a boy standing by the gate. He was ragged and dirty, his hat was torn, and his feet were bare. But he had a pleasant face. In one hand he carried a pail half full of blackberries.

"Go away from here," said Tom, running to the gate. "We are rich, and we don't want ragged boys around."

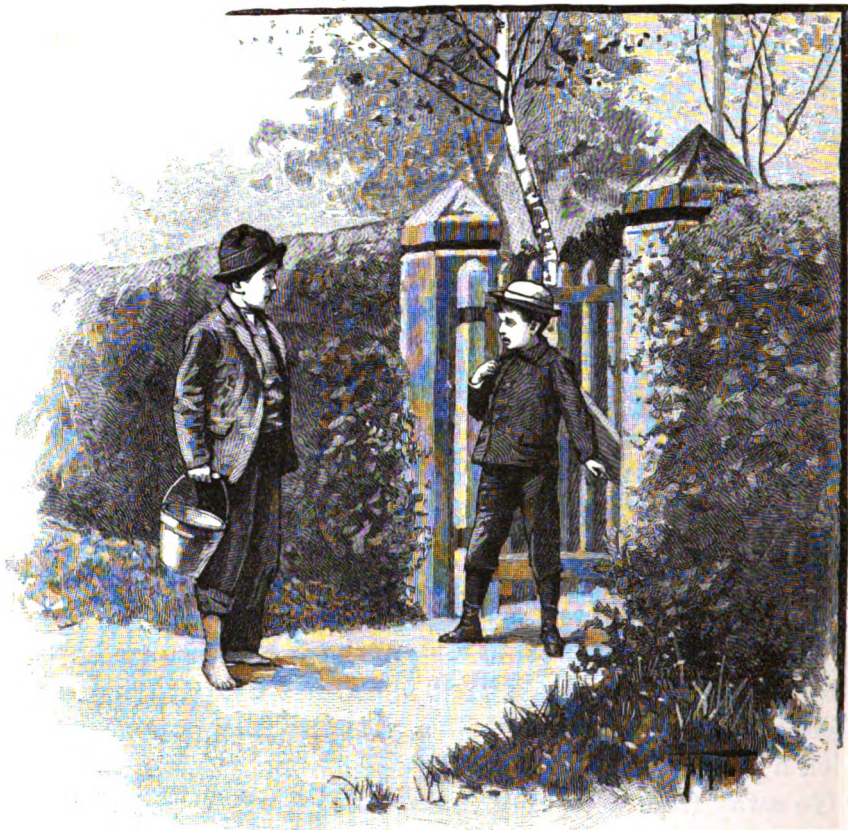
"Please give me a drink," said the boy. "If you are so rich, you can spare me a dipper of water."

"We can't spare you anything," said Tom. "If you don't go away I will set the dogs on you."

The boy laughed and walked away, swinging the tin pail in his hand.

"I think I will get some blackberries, too," said Tom to himself. He went out of the gate into a lane leading to a meadow where there were plenty of berries.

Tom saw some fine large ones growing just over a ditch. He thought he could leap over it very easily. He gave a run and a very big jump. The ditch was wider than he had thought, and instead of going over it, he came down in the middle of it.



The mud was very thick and soft, and Tom sank down in it to his waist. He was very much frightened, and screamed for help. But he had not much hope that help would come, for he was a long way from any house.

He screamed until he was tired. He began to think he would have to spend the night in the ditch, when he heard steps on the grass. Looking up he saw the ragged boy he had driven from the gate.

"Please help me out," said Tom, crying. "I will give you a dollar."

"I don't want the dollar," said the boy, lying down flat on the grass. He held out both his hands to Tom, and drew him out of the ditch.

Tom was covered with mud, his hat was gone, and one shoe was lost in the ditch. He looked very miserable.

"Who is dirty now?" asked the boy.

"I am," said poor Tom; "but I thank you very much for helping me out of the mire. And I am sorry I sent you away from the gate."

"The next time I come, perhaps you will treat me better," said the boy. "I am not rich, but I am stronger than you are, and I think I have better manners."

"I think so, too," said Tom.



The next day, when Tom saw the boy going by the gate, he called him in, showed him his rabbits, doves, and little ducks, and gave him a ride on his pony.

"You have good manners now," said the boy.

"Yes," said Tom, "I found them in the ditch."

FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.



BABY BROTHER.

Now here is baby brother !
Was there ever such a boy,
So merry and good tempered,
With a laugh so full of joy ?
And he has bonny curly hair,
And he can walk from chair to chair.

His cheeks are full of dimples,
His eyes are full of glee ;
He shouts, and crows, and capers,
When he rides on uncle's knee.
And he can say, "Dada, dada,"
And pull the beard of his papa.

MARY E. GELLIE.

JAMIE AND THE PEAR.

JAMIE was staying with his grandmother at her home in the country. Grandma Hale was very fond of her garden, and every day she went out to see the flowers and trees. She had plenty of fruit, and gave Jamie all he wanted to eat.

In the garden there was a small tree that had one fine pear on it.

"This is the first pear that has ever been on the tree," said grandma, "and I hope nothing will disturb it, for I want to see how large it will grow. When it is ripe, Jamie, you shall have half of it."

When Jamie was out of doors alone he would often stop to look at the pear. It hung so low that he could reach it, and one morning he touched it to see if it were not almost ripe. The next morning he took hold of it, and said, "Oh, what a pretty red cheek you have!" Then he held it up to his nose, and said, "Oh, how sweet you smell!" And then, it was so close to his mouth that his teeth went right into it. In a minute he thought what he was doing, and let go the pear.

"What will grandma say?" he whispered; and he felt so sorry and ashamed he did not know what to do. He hoped the marks of his teeth would go away from the pear; but he looked at it again in a little while and saw that they had grown darker.



In the afternoon he stayed in the house and tried to read a story. Grandma went into the garden, and by and by she came back bringing the pear. She cut it open, and said, "Come here, Jamie, and have some of this nice pear."

"I don't want any of it," answered Jamie; and he sat very still and looked out of the window a long time. He went to bed early that night, but he could not go to sleep. At last he got up and went down stairs into the room where grandma was.

"I bit that pear, grandma, and that was why I did n't want any of it," he said; and tears began to roll down his cheeks.

"I thought so," answered grandma. She took him into her lap, and said, "I'm sorry my little boy should do anything to make himself feel so badly."

By and by Jamie sat up with his eyes shining, and said stoutly, "I'll never do such a mean thing again as long as I live."

"I hope you never will," said grandma. "You must try hard to be good." Then she put him to bed and he went to sleep.

M. E. N. HATHEWAY.



THE DONKEY THAT LIVES IN A CASTLE.

MANY years ago we lived in the Isle of Wight, England. About eight miles from our house was Carisbrooke Castle. In the castle lived a handsome old donkey. His name was Jack. He had lived in that grand old place for nearly thirty years.

In the castle is a very deep well. Perhaps you will guess now why Jack lived in the castle. The well is three hundred feet deep, and I don't believe we should ever have tasted that bright, sparkling

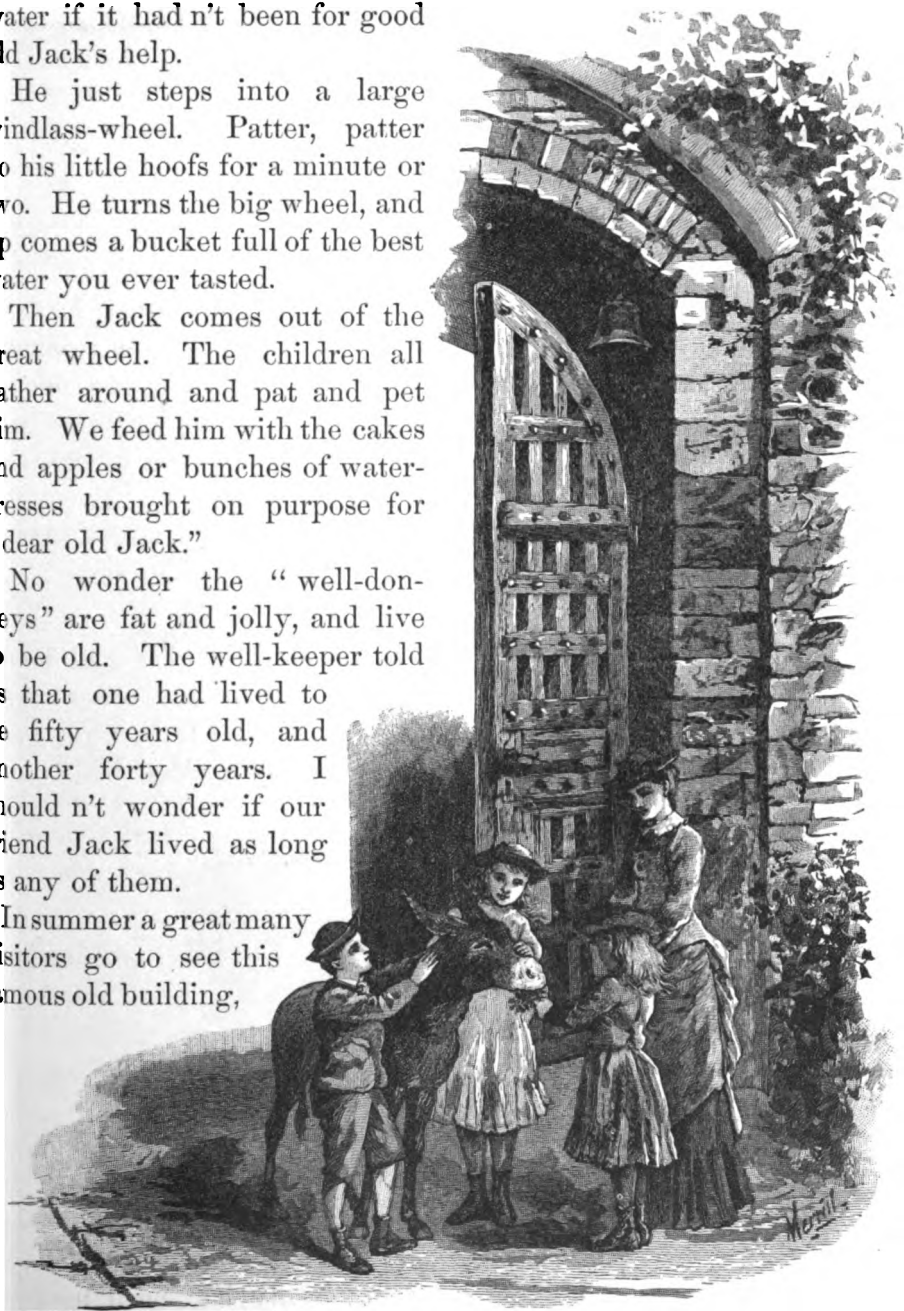
water if it had n't been for good old Jack's help.

He just steps into a large windlass-wheel. Patter, patter go his little hoofs for a minute or two. He turns the big wheel, and up comes a bucket full of the best water you ever tasted.

Then Jack comes out of the great wheel. The children all gather around and pat and pet him. We feed him with the cakes and apples or bunches of water-cresses brought on purpose for "dear old Jack."

No wonder the "well-donkeys" are fat and jolly, and live to be old. The well-keeper told us that one had lived to be fifty years old, and another forty years. I should n't wonder if our friend Jack lived as long as any of them.

In summer a great many visitors go to see this famous old building,



with its deep well, and the famous old donkey that lives in a castle.

B. P.

A LETTER TO MOTHER NATURE.



YOU dear old Mother Nature, I
am writing you a letter,
To let you know you ought to
fix up things a little better.
The best of us will make mistakes — I
thought perhaps if I
Should tell you how you might improve,
you would be glad to try.

“I think you have forgotten, ma'am, that little girls and boys
Are fond of dolls and tops and sleds and balls and other toys;
Why didn't you — I wonder, now! — just take it in your head
To have such things all growing in a lovely garden bed?



“And then I should have planted (if it only had been me)
Some vines with little pickles, and a great big cooky tree;

And trees, besides, with gum-drops and caramels and things;
And lemonade should bubble up in all the little springs.

“I’d like to have the coasting and the skating in July,
When old Jack Frost would never get a single chance to try
To nip our cheeks and noses; and the Christmas trees should stand
By dozens, loaded!—in the woods!—now, would n’t that be grand?”



“Ah! what a world it would have been! How could you,
madam, make
Such lots of bread and butter to so very little cake?
I’d have it just the other way and every one would see
How very, very, very, very nice my way would be.

“But, as I cannot do it, will you think of what I say—
And please, ma’am, *do* begin and alter things this very day.—
And one thing more—on Saturdays don’t send us any rain.
Good-by. If I should think of something else, I’ll write again.”

SYDNEY DAYRE.



A GOAT IN TROUBLE.

A FEW weeks ago, as I was crossing a railroad track just outside of the city, a little goat stepped before me. With a sad cry she seemed to ask me to stop. I turned aside to pass on, but she kept brushing against me, until I finally decided to find out what she wanted.

The goat had wandered from her usual browsing place. In crossing the railroad track she had caught her chain on a rail, and could



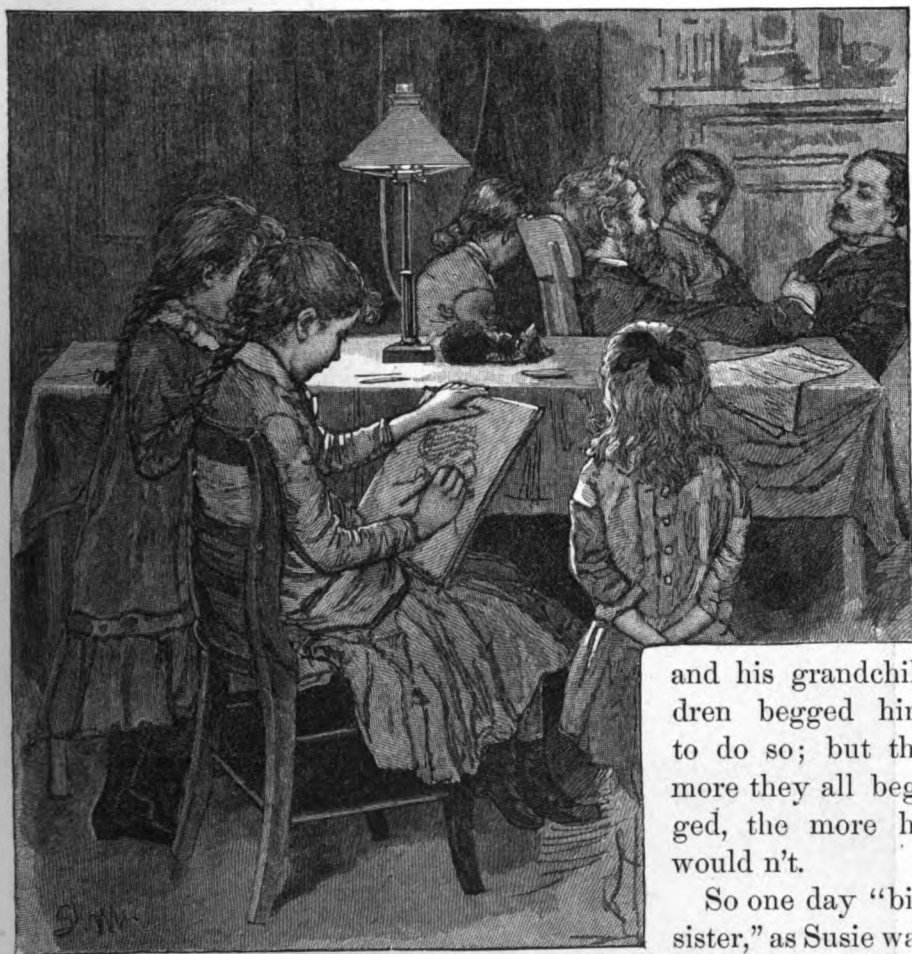
not get away. I stooped down and let her loose. Then she pressed against me as if to thank me, and bounded off quickly to her old pasture.

If we would always listen to the cries of animals in distress, we might do a great deal of good. Just after I had released the goat, a train of cars came rushing along; and she would certainly have been killed if I had not attended to her.

L. B. P.

GRANDPA LYNN'S PICTURE.

OLD Mr. Lynn was odd. He would not sit for his picture. It was not because he was homely, for he was good-looking enough, as his wife used to say. But sit for a picture he would not. His children



and his grandchildren begged him to do so; but the more they all begged, the more he would n't.

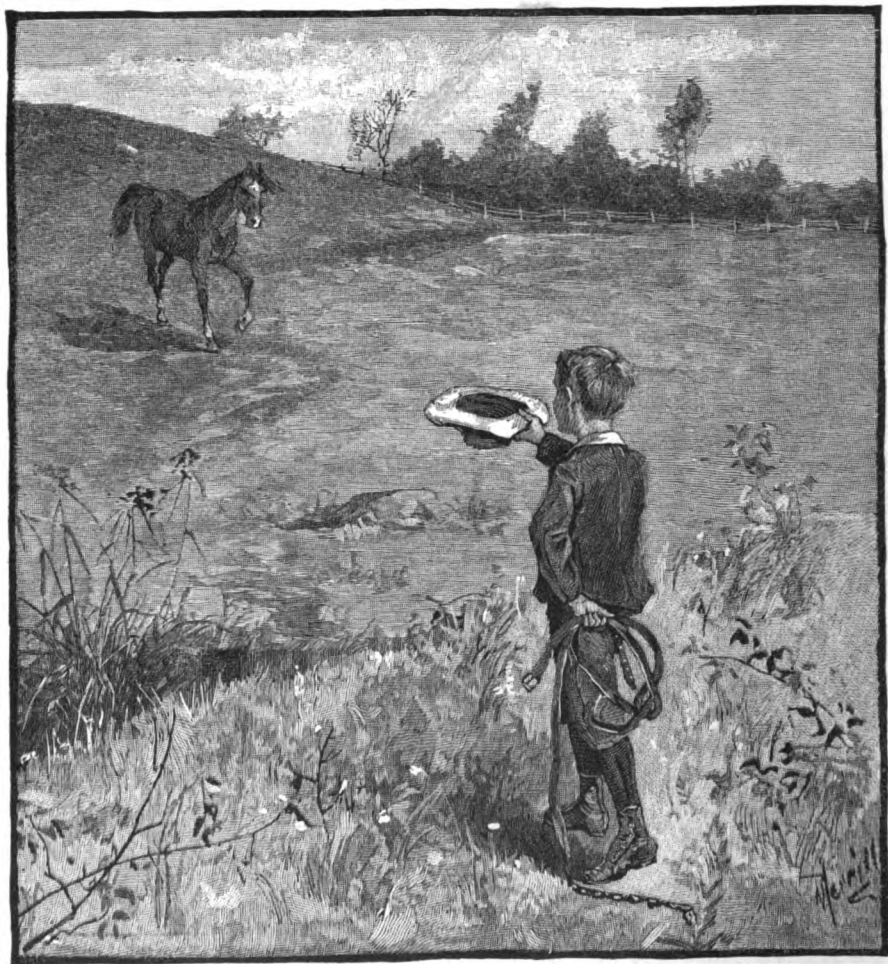
So one day "big sister," as Susie was called, had an idea.

She was only twelve, but she could draw pretty well. So she sharpened her pencils and got out her paper and "took his picture on the sly," the best she could. There he was, with his glasses on the top of his head, his hair all ruffled up, and one half of his collar turned down right and the other half turned up wrong. It was not, of course, half as handsome as he was, but we all said that it served him right; and it did, too. "Big sister" is going to be an artist, we are all of us sure, though she says not.

R. W. L.

CATCHING THE COLT.

WITH forehead star and silver tail,
And three white feet to match,
The gay, half-broken, sorrel colt
Which one of us could catch?



"I can," said Dick; "I'm good for that;"
He slowly shook his empty hat.
"She'll think 't is full of corn," said he;
"Stand back, and she will come to me."

Her head the shy, proud creature raised
As 'mid the daisy flowers she grazed ;
Then down the hill, across the brook,
Delaying oft, her way she took ;
Then changed her pace, and, moving quick,
She hurried on, and came to Dick.
"Ha ! ha !" he cried, "I've caught you, Beck !"
And put the halter round her neck.

But soon there came another day,
And, eager for a ride, —
"I'll go and catch the colt again :
I can," said Dick with pride.



So up the stony pasture lane,
And up the hill, he trudged again ;
And when he saw the colt, as slow
He shook his old hat to and fro,
"She'll think 't is full of corn," he thought,
"And I shall have her quickly caught."
"Beck ! Beck !" he called ; and at the sound
The restless beauty looked around,
Then made a quick, impatient turn,
And galloped off among the fern.

And when beneath a tree she stopped,
And leisurely some clover cropped,
Dick followed after, but in vain;
His hand was just upon her mane,
When off she flew as flies the wind,
And, panting, he pressed on behind.
Down through the brake, the brook across,
O'er bushes, thistles, mounds of moss,
Round and around the place they passed,
Till breathless Dick sank down at last;
Threw by, provoked, his empty hat, —
“The colt,” he said, “remembers that!
There’s always trouble from deceit
I’ll never try again to cheat!”

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

THE BABY-CAGE.

DID you ever hear of a baby-cage? Minnie had never seen one, and she thought of it “all by herself,” as she said.

Minnie’s mamma was not strong, and they went to spend the summer in the mountains of North Carolina. They stayed at a large boarding-house.

There were many farn-houses on the place. The barn stood a great way from the house where Minnie boarded. John, the hostler, was fond of Minnie. She often rode with him from the house to the barn when the ladies came home from their afternoon drives.

Minnie used to walk back to the house. One day as she was passing the door of a log house, between the barn and the great house, she heard some babies crying. She stopped, and went into the house. A colored woman was ironing at a table. Two poor little black babies lay crying on the floor. Minnie went near them and spoke to them. The flies were very plenty, and were crawling over the poor babies’ faces.

Minnie wondered why the flies did not go down the babies' throats, for their mouths were wide open when they were crying. She brushed them away and tried to quiet the little ones. The woman told her that the babies' mothers were up at the large house at work. Minnie felt very sorry for the poor little things. She knew the flies would trouble them as soon as she left them.



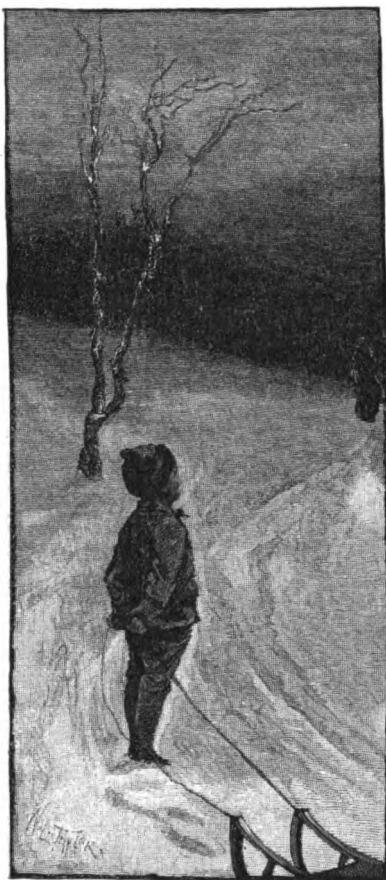
Minnie thought about it a great deal that evening. At last she said, "I know what we can do. We can build a baby-cage!" She then asked John to make her a large frame, in the shape of a box, to go over the babies. Minnie and her mamma covered the frame with pretty pink mosquito netting.

John carried the baby-cage to the little log house. Minnie went with him, taking some of her playthings.

Minnie gave the toys to the babies, and then set the cage over them. She first scared away all the flies. All the company at the large house wished to see "Minnie's invention," as they called it. Each one paid a "nickel" to Minnie for looking at the baby-cage. She gave the money to the babies' mothers, to buy some clothing for them.

AUNT NELL.

THE MOON-CLOTH.



THE winter night fell all too soon ;
There was no moon,
Save just a crescent that seemed to
be
A silver C,
Written against the frosty sky,
So far and high.

Teddy was called, against his will,
From the coasting-hill ;
The track was icy along the drift,
And his sled was swift,
So he the summons to hear or heed
Was loath indeed.

Even when the fire-lit house was
gained
His frown remained ;
And he murmured 't was hard for him
to see
Why the moon should be
Sometimes so round, like a great white
ball,
Sometimes so small.

Up spoke sweet Edith, sitting there
All Saxon fair :
"They had n't enough of the moon-cloth spun
For a larger one,
And they wanted to use this up before
They made any more."



This satisfied dear little Ted,
And he went to bed;
But he thought of his precious penny hoard
So snugly stored,
And he wondered how much of a supply
His dollar would buy.

And he asked of Edith afterward
How much the moon-cloth cost a yard.

MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.

HARRY'S WINGED MOUSE.

LITTLE Harry is only four years old, yet he is very fond of all kinds of animals. He is always ready to share his food with any stray dog or cat which he can induce to accept it. He is never happier than when he can secure a bird or mouse, or even a toad, for a pet.



One day he came running into my room with his eyes wide open with wonder, saying, "O papa, I have found such a strange-looking mouse! Do come and see him. He has wings just like a bird."

"I think it bird, if it has plied." "Did

must be a wings," I re- you catch it?"

"Oh, yes. He when I found him. I must have killed him. I have him in a box. Do come and see him."

I went with him, to see what his new pet might be. I soon found that he was not so far from right as I had supposed. Lying in an old box was a little dead creature very much like a mouse, but with large wings stretched out to their full length.

"Poor little mouse," said Harry, kneeling by the box. "It has lost its tail; I think the cat must have bit it off."

"I don't think he ever had a tail," said I. "This is not a mouse, as you suppose, but a bat. You never saw one before, and we will look at him and see where he is not like a mouse. Then you will know a bat the next time you see one."



Harry was much pleased with what he learned. He often speaks of the bat he found, and is on the lookout for a live one. He would like to see anything so much like a mouse flying through the air like a bird.

H. L. CHARLES.

THE TREES IN SILVER LAND.

O SOFTLY falling flakes of snow
That fill the wintry air, —
A thickening cloud on every side,
Each flake a wonder rare.

"Are they from trees in Silver
Land?"

My child is asking me.
He claps his hands, he laughs, he
begs,
"One leaf from silver tree."

Such questions as he asks in vain
About the leaf-like snow!
He might as well talk of the tides
That strangely come and go.



“Who plants those fairy trees?” he asks,

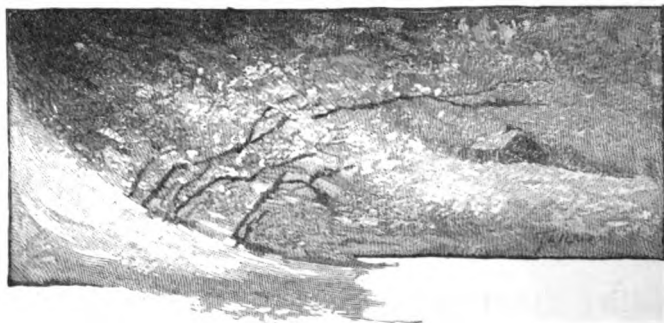
“With tops that reach so high?”

Oh, answer, Garden of Delight,

All in the cloudy sky!

“Who shakes those trees and sends their leaves
On field and wood and town?”

Is it the gardener living there,
Or winds that blow them down?”



O child, look up and see yourself,

The clouds are Silver Land.

Who made those flakes, He scatters them;

They fall at his command.

They fall, they melt, they come again,

And his the Gardener's hand

That gently shakes the silver trees

Which grow in Silver Land.

REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

GEORGIE'S PIC-NUT.

GEORGIE LAWS waked fresh and bright from his afternoon nap. He did n't stand quite as still as a mouse while his mamma washed and dressed him, for he was in a hurry. He was going to have a "pic-nut," as he always called it. The only picnic he knew anything about was one autumn day. Then he went with his papa and mamma to pick up nuts, after Jack Frost had bitten them from the boughs. He has played "pic-nut" very often since, under the old apple tree in the yard.



As he bends over the crib and kisses his baby brother good-by, he says, "When you get older, Eddie, you shall have a pic-nut too. You have no belowest teeth yet, and you can't eat. It would n't be any pic-nut at all if you could n't eat, you know."

Baby laughs, kicks his little feet, and beats the air with his tiny fists. He looks as though he did n't care to go to a pic-nut.

Georgie harnesses his milk-white goat to his pretty red wagon. He puts his basket of lunch into it, with his two kittens, playing they are his children. Then he climbs upon the seat, takes the reins, and off they go !

Rab runs along in front, barking with delight. The chickens follow, for they have learned that where Georgie's pic-nut is there will be plenty of cake and cracker crumbs.

FAITH WYNNE.



A QUEER CONDUCTOR.

LITTLE Eddie Howard liked to ride in the open horse-cars, and his mother used to take him out of town almost every day when it was hot in the city.

One day, as they were riding along, the whistle blew and the car stopped. The driver looked around, but no one wanted to get out. "Why did you blow your whistle?" he said to the conductor.

"I did n't whistle," said the conductor; and the car went on again.

Pretty soon the whistle sounded again, and the driver stopped the car again. But no one wanted to get out. The driver was angry. "Don't you dare to stop this car again," he said, "unless some one wants to get out of it."

"I did n't stop the car," said the conductor. "I did n't blow the whistle once."

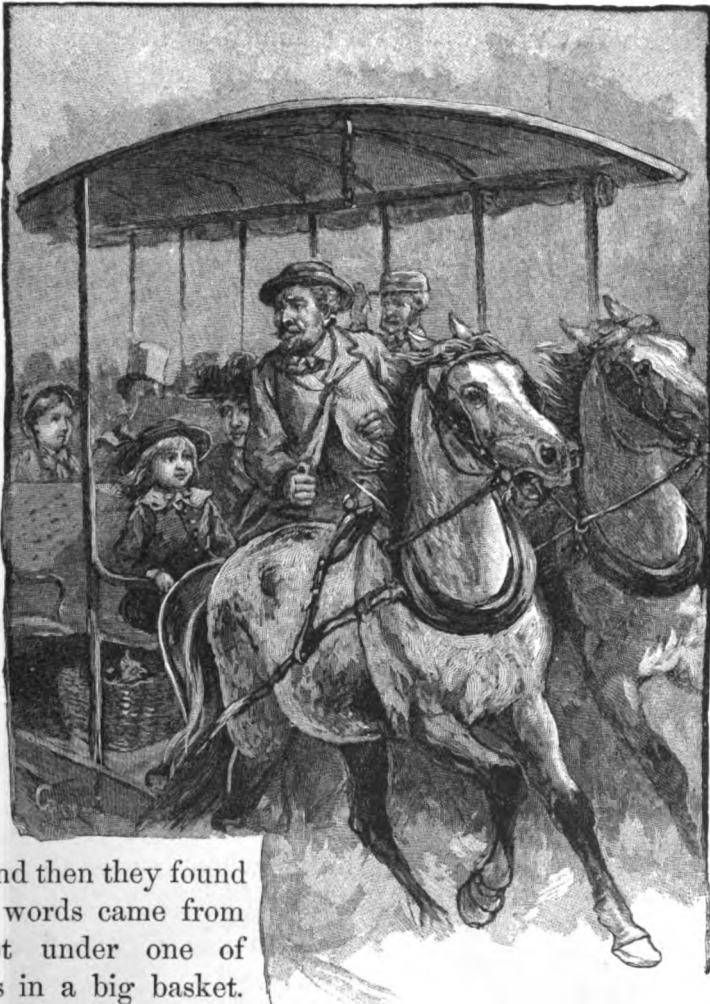
"Somebody did," said the driver.

"I don't know who it was," said the conductor.

The car went on again. Pretty soon the whistle blew again. Little Eddie Howard was sitting near the conductor. "He did n't

blow it," he said to his mother, "for I was looking at his mouth all the time." The driver was very cross by that time.

"Hurry up! hurry up! hurry up!" was the next thing they



heard, and then they found that the words came from a parrot under one of the seats in a big basket.

He had whistled so much

like the conductor that no one could tell the difference.

Then there was a great laugh in the horse-car, and no one laughed louder than the driver, who had been obeying the whistle of the queer conductor.

CAROLINE B. LEROW.

TWO LITTLE FEET.

WHEN Herbert Young was a very small boy his papa bought him a pair of button-boots. They had cloth tops, and kid toes and heels. Herbert danced for joy when he saw them.

"You shall wear them to-morrow," said his papa.

Herbert went to bed early that night; he wanted to-morrow to come quickly.

The next morning his sister put on the boots for him before she went to school. Herbert went about saying, "Two little feet, two little feet," all the morning.

"They must be good little feet, and not get into mischief," said papa.

Herbert's mother was expecting some friends to tea.

"I must make some cake," she said, "and Herbert can come into the kitchen if he will be good."

Herbert promised to be very good. It was great fun to see his mamma beat the eggs. He had a little taste of the sugar and butter when it was all beaten up white.

Then he saw the flour put in slowly.

At last it was ready for the oven. When it was done his mamma covered the top with nice frosting. Herbert called it making snow on it.

His mamma wanted the frosting to grow hard. She put the cake on the piazza, where it was cool.



"Do not touch it with your fingers," she said to her little boy, "mamma wants it to look very nice."

Herbert's mamma went back to the kitchen. She wished to make some nice salad.

Herbert was playing on the piazza.

He came in once or twice and said, "Two little feet, mamma, two little feet."

"Yes, my dear, I know the little boots are very pretty."

By and by the lady went out on the piazza. What do you think she saw? Her little boy had been standing on the loaf of cake. She could see the shape of both little boots.

Herbert looked at his mamma, and said, "Pretty boots; two little feet; make mamma's cake all pretty."

Mamma did not think so. She made some more cake, and when her guests came she told the story.

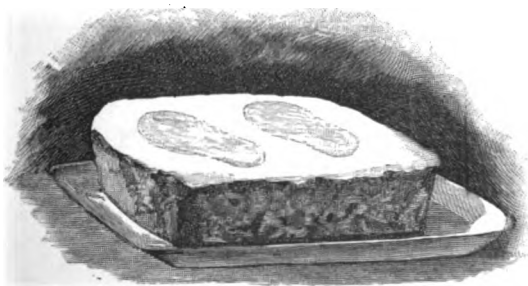
One of them was a very famous man. He said, "I must have a piece of Herbert's cake. I want the stamp of the two little feet. He thought he was helping mamma."

Then all the visitors ate a piece of the cake, and one said: "May the two little feet always walk in the right way."

And another said: "May they climb over all troubles as easily as they reached the top of mamma's cake."

Herbert is a man now, and very kind to his mother.

KATE TANNATT WOODS.



My Little Primrose Flower.

Words by JAMES THOMSON.

Music by T. CRAMPTON.

Andante. ♩

Voice

and

Piano. *p*

1. There grows a golden primrose In a lone and mossy
2. A lit - tle rill that trickles by Makes music to my
3. Spring wakens Nature from her sleep, There little birds do

dell; The place where grows my primrose I'll not to an - y tell. Be-
flower, And wafts it - self in dewy spray To cool its mossy bower. The
sing To see the trees a bud - ding, And flowers be - gin to spring. The

neath the oak-tree's shelter, All wrinkled gray with age, My pet flower blossoms
speckled trout leaps upward, When bright it shines and clear, And A - pril brings its
rob - in's-nest lies co - sey Be - side my lit - tle flow - er, And 'neath his green leaves

sweetly, Safe from the tempest's rage.
showers, My lit - tle flower to cheer. *p* *pp* ♩
sheltered, His lit - tle brood does cower.

AS NIGHT
GAVE
DARKLY
DOWN.





VOL. II.

LONDON: GRIFFITH AND FARRAN.

No. 18.

AS NIGHT CAME DARKLY DOWN.

THE night came darkly down ;
The birdies' mother said,
"Peep! peep!

You ought to be asleep !
"Tis time my little ones were safe in bed !"
So, sheltered by her wings in downy nest,
The weary little birdlings took their rest.

The night came darkly down ;
The baby's mother said,
"Bye-low !

You must n't frolic so !
You should have been asleep an hour ago !"
And, nestling closer to its mother's breast,
The merry prattler sank to quiet rest.

Then in the cradle soft
"T was laid with tenderest care.
"Good-night !

Sleep till the morning light !"
Whispered the mother as she breathed a prayer.
Night settled down ; the gates of day were barred,
And only loving angels were on guard.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

UNCLE JACK'S PACK OF HOUNDS.

Did you ever hear a pack of hounds? Such a noise as they make! They can beat anything for noise, except boys just let loose from school.

Uncle Jack More has five or six fine fox-hounds. When he goes



out to hunt he takes his hounds. They start on a run, with their noses to the ground. When one of them scents the track of a deer, a fox, or any other animal, he raises a cry. Then the whole pack start on the trail, making the woods ring with their cries.

The hounds are very gentle. They are great pets with all the children who live near.

Uncle Jack has a friend living eight miles distant. He often makes him a visit with his hounds. One day when he was coming home he had a funny time. I must tell you the story.

Right on his road home stands our new white school-house. School had just begun for the summer. We had a pretty, young teacher. She was a stranger to all of us, and had never heard of the hounds. Uncle Jack was riding with a neighbor. As they came near the school-house, he called the hounds up into the wagon.

"If they strike the track of the children, they will go straight to school," he said.

They rode along, but did not see that one of the dogs had jumped down. He was under the wagon.

"To-o-o-too to-o-ot!" said he; and all the other hounds jumped after him. Away they went, baying at the top of their voices. Nothing could stop them now. They had found the track of their little playmates. Happy dogs! The school-house door was open. In they went. You never heard such a noise as they made.



The little school-mistress was brave. She did not scream or faint. But she said she was frightened. She never had seen a pack of hounds before. She did not know that dogs could make so much noise. They went all round the school-room, wagging their tails against the desks. They were glad to see everybody once more.

Poor Uncle Jack had the worst of it. He had to come into school with his riding-whip, to drive them out.

L. A. B. CURTIS.



DIME AND THE BABY.

Bow-wow! Here I am again! I told you before that my name is Dime; but the baby calls me "Bow-wow." Do you know why? It is because I always say "Bow-wow." It is all the word I know how to say.

Do you know our baby? She has big black eyes, and her mouth looks like a pink rosebud. She is a sweet little girl. I love her dearly. I did not like her when she first came. That was a long time ago. My master was very fond of her. That made me feel cross. I used to bark at baby and show all my teeth. After that they did not let me come near her. I did not see the baby for a long time. I did not care for that.

My master did not seem to like me then. When he saw

me, he said, "Go away, Dime! Go away, bad dog! You are not good to the baby." So I was not happy. I made up my mind to bite that baby.

It was a long time before I got a chance to bite her; but one day I found her alone. She was in her little crib. I put my paws on her crib.

But I did not bite her, after all. Shall I tell you why?

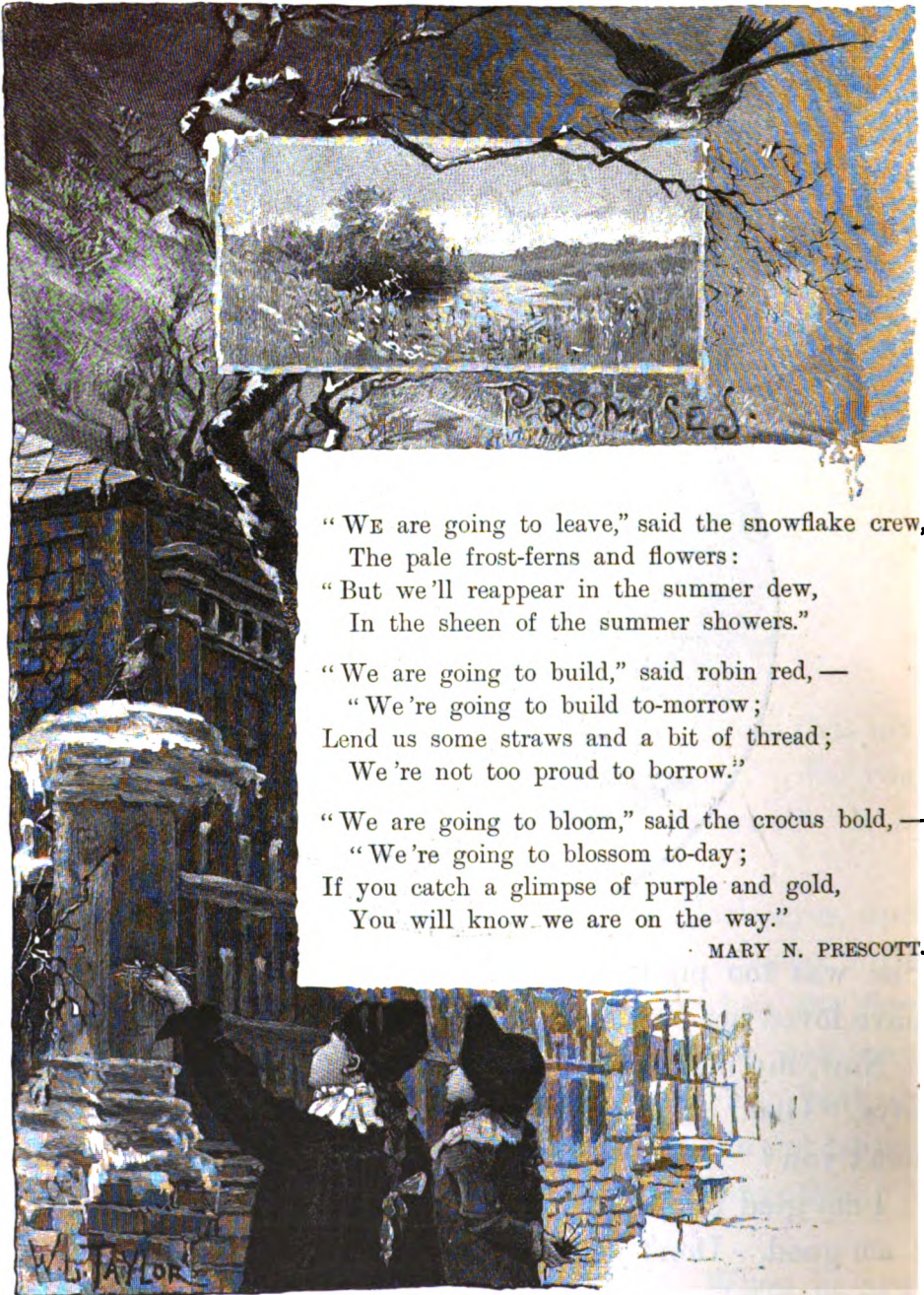


She was too pretty to bite. So I kissed the baby, and I have loved her ever since.

Now, my master likes me again. He pats my head and says, "Good old dog! Good Dime! You love the baby, don't you?"

I am glad I am not a cross dog now. I feel better when I am good. Don't you?

S. E. SPRAGUE.



"We are going to leave," said the snowflake crew,
The pale frost-ferns and flowers:

"But we'll reappear in the summer dew,
In the sheen of the summer showers."

"We are going to build," said robin red, —

"We're going to build to-morrow;
Lend us some straws and a bit of thread;
We're not too proud to borrow."

"We are going to bloom," said the crocus bold, —

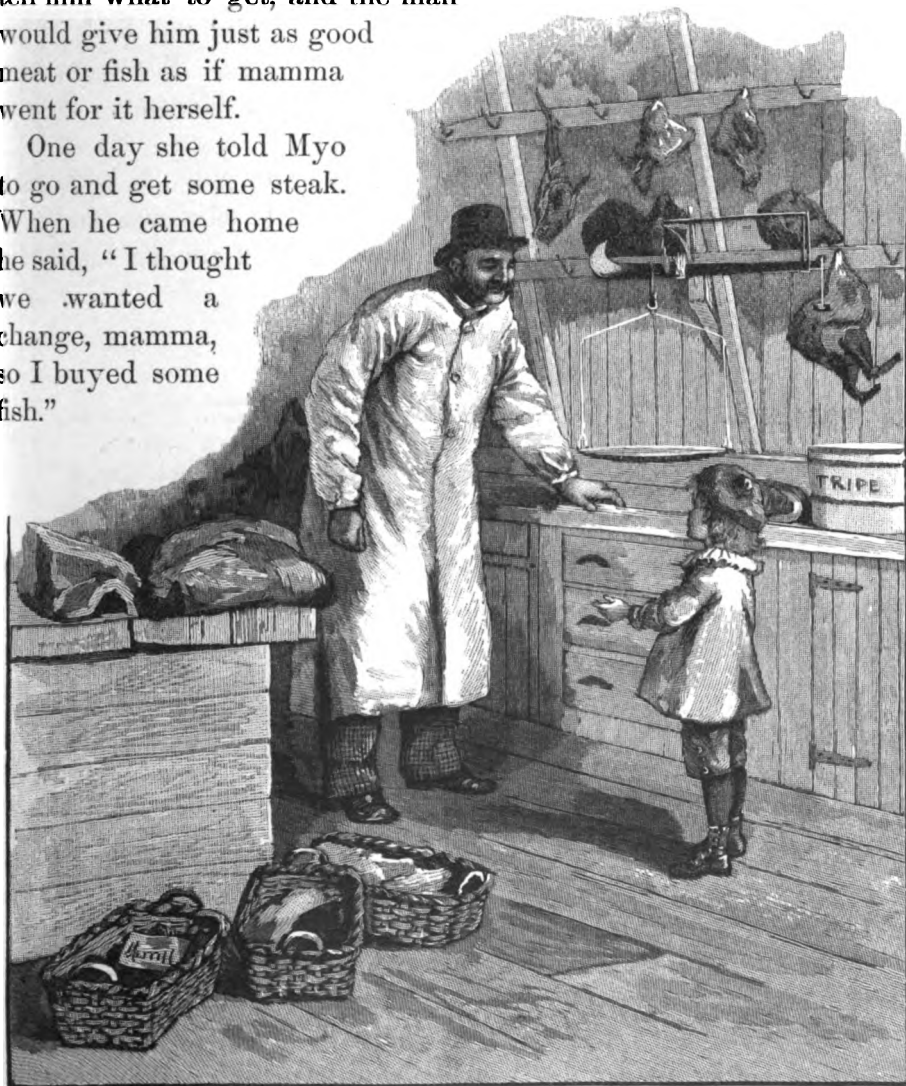
"We're going to blossom to-day;
If you catch a glimpse of purple and gold,
You will know we are on the way."

MARY N. PRESCOTT.

THE MAN PAPA AND MAMMA BOARD WITH.

Myo used to go every day to the market for mamma. She would tell him what to get, and the man would give him just as good meat or fish as if mamma went for it herself.

One day she told Myo to go and get some steak. When he came home he said, "I thought we wanted a change, mamma, so I buyed some fish."



After this, papa used to call Myo the "man we board with."

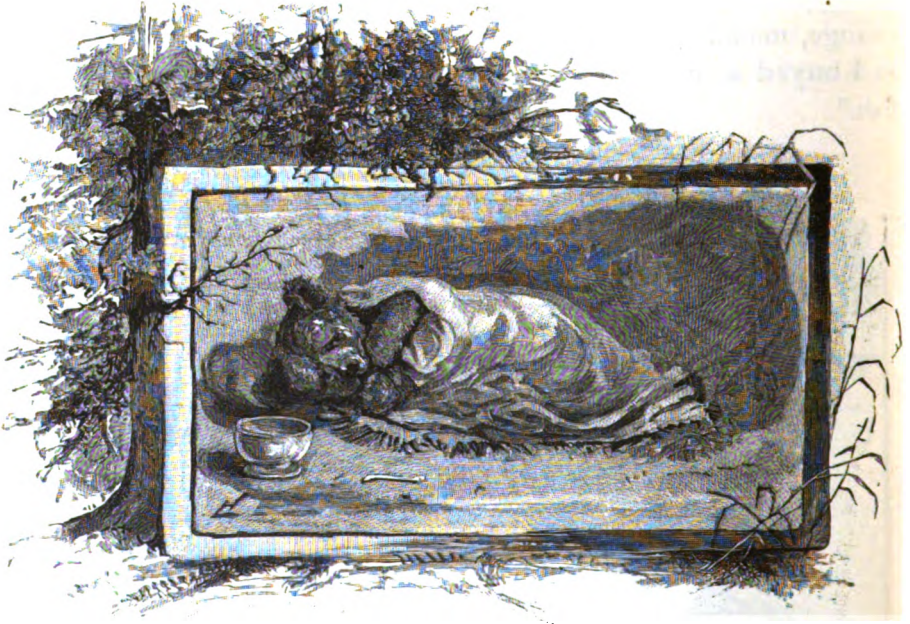
MARY A. ALLEN.

TILLIE TEXAS.

WE have had some funny boarders at our house. Tillie Texas was about the funniest. She came one hot summer day, dressed in a heavy black coat.

She was an entire stranger to all of us. She did not look or act like any one who had ever before been among us. We were very shy of her at first, and didn't give her a warm welcome. By and by we grew to like her and enjoy her society.

What do you suppose she was? A lady? No. A little girl? No. I'll tell you. She was—a little bear! She was only six weeks old when caught in Texas; and was sent to our landlady's



daughter by express. She wore her name, "Tillie Texas," on a silver necklace.

Poor little thing! She was too young to leave her mother, and at first she cried like a baby if she was left alone. The landlady took her to her own room at night and covered her up in a tiny bed. At midnight she would get up and warm a bowl of milk. Tillie would

sit up and clasp her paws around the bowl to hold it steady. Then she drank all she wanted. After this she would lie down again and suck her paw till she fell asleep. She made a humming noise all the while, that sounded like the buzzing of hundreds of bees.

When she grew older she took great delight in standing in the wood-shed door and attracting a crowd of boys to the fence. When



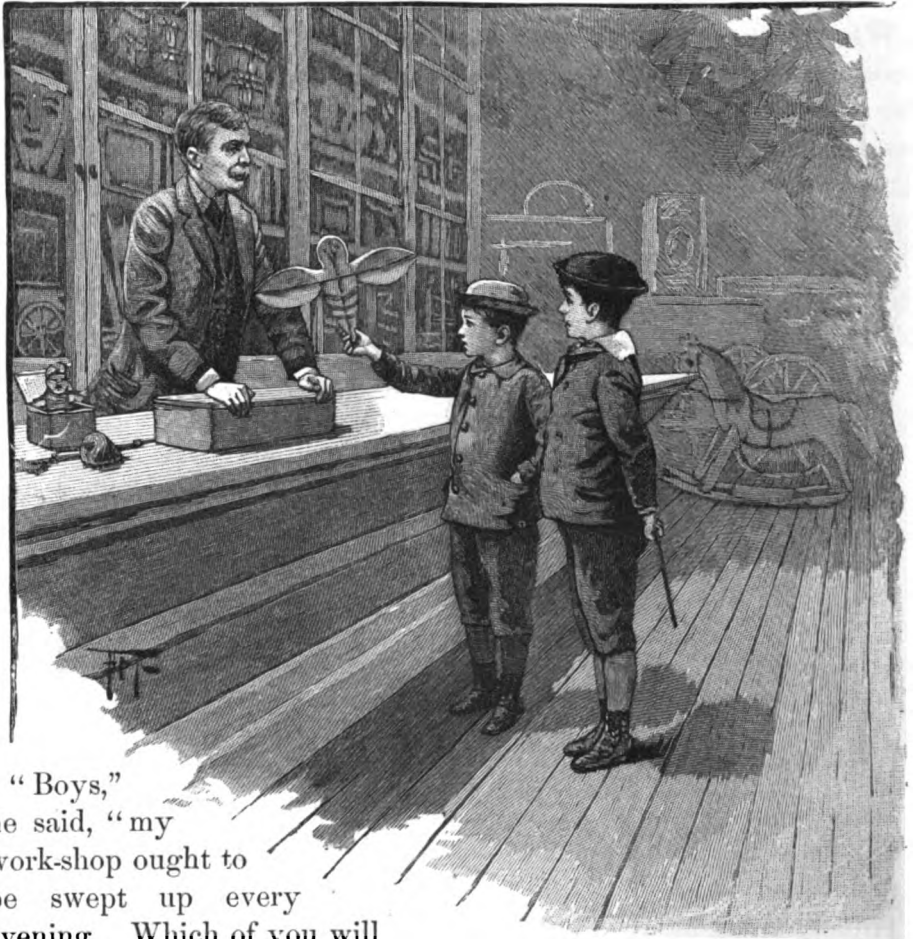
she was tired of walking on her hind feet and holding a stick in her paws, she would go behind the door and close it in the laughing faces of the children.

Tillie enjoyed jumping into a tub of water on a warm summer day and splashing it all over herself. The little girls were careful to draw their dresses close about them if they passed her in the water; for she was very affectionate, and always wanted to give them a hug with her wet paws.

FAITH WYNNE.

ONLY A CENT.

UNCLE HARRIS was a carpenter, and had a shop in the country. One day he went into the barn where Dick and Joe were playing with two tame pigeons.



"Boys," he said, "my work-shop ought to be swept up every evening. Which of you will undertake to do it? I am willing to pay a cent for each sweeping."

"Only a cent!" said Dick. "Who would work for a cent?"

"I will," said Joe. "A cent is better than nothing."

So every day, when Uncle Harris was done working in the shop, Joe would take an old broom and sweep it. And he dropped all his pennies into his tin savings bank.

One day Uncle Harris took Dick and Joe to town with him. While he went to buy some lumber, they stayed in a toy-shop, where there were toys of every kind.

"What fine kites!" said Dick. "I wish I could buy one."

"Only ten cents," said the man behind the counter.

"I have n't even a cent," said Dick.

"I have fifty cents," said Joe, "and I think I will buy that bird-kite."

"How did you get fifty cents?" asked Dick.

"By sweeping the shop," answered Joe. "I saved my pennies, and did not open my bank until this morning."

Joe bought the bird-kite and a fine large knife, while Dick went home without anything. But he had learned not to despise little things, and he was very glad to sweep the shop whenever Joe would let him, even though he received for his work only a cent.

FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.



OUR FRED.

AFTER THE FRENCH.

FRED climbs upon a chair and
cries,

"Now look at me, how very
tall!"

Bump, thump! upon the floor he
lies;

Now look at him — how very
small!

CELIA DOERNER.





THE TAME DEER.

A FEW years ago some men were hunting for deer on the prairies of Nebraska. One day they shot a doe which had two young ones with her.

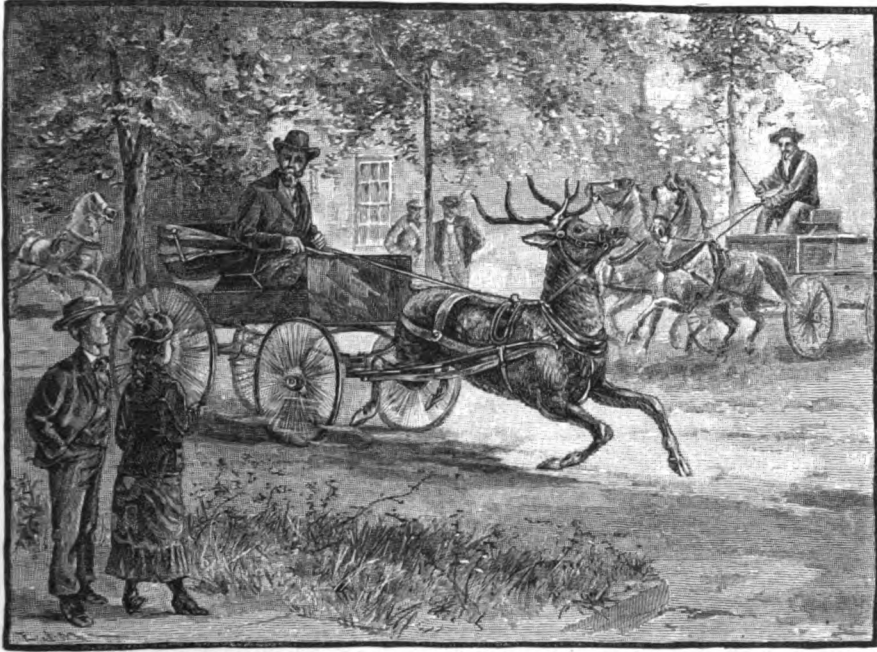
The young deer, or fawns, were so frightened that they did not know which way to go. One of them ran right up to the hunters and was caught. One of the men, whose name was Gray, took the fawn home and kept him. He soon got quite tame, and would go to his master when called.

As soon as he was fully grown, a harness was made for him, and he was taught to draw a buggy like a horse.

It was a curious sight to see Mr. Gray riding through the streets of the village in a carriage drawn by such a queer-looking horse. It not only attracted the attention of the people, but the horses, as they passed, would look very shyly at the deer's long horns. Some of them were frightened. Mr. Gray had two children, a boy and a girl, who

learned to drive the deer, and who grew to be very fond of him.

One night the people were awakened from their sleep by the cry of "Fire! fire!" and the ringing of bells all over the village. The fire proved to be in Mr. Gray's stable, and



had burned so much before it was seen that it could not be put out.

The poor deer was tied in the stable; he could not get away, and was burned to ashes in the flames. The children mourned over their loss for a long time. Every one felt sorry, for the tame deer was well known all over the village, and had become a great favorite.

H. L. CHARLES.



Easter Song

Clear in the soft warm sunshine,
The Easter hymns are ringing.
The low note of a spring bird
Chimes with the children's singing
To Thee
The praise."



The lilies snowy whiteness
Shines out to grace the day
May the children's hearts be always
As pure and fair as they.
To Thee
The praise"

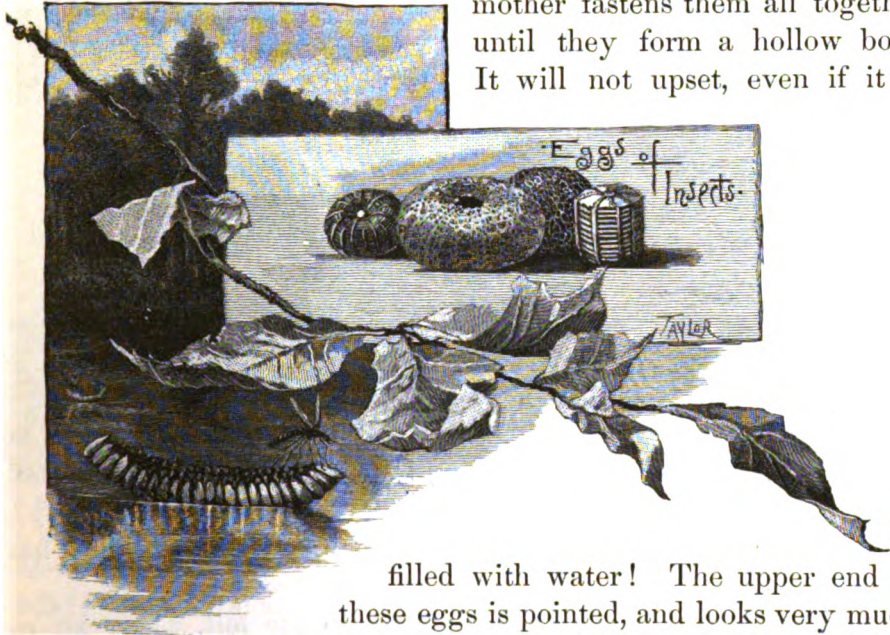
· I. R. O'p'is ·



THE BOATS THE GNATS BUILD.

DID you ever hear about the wonderful boats the gnats build? They lay their eggs in the water, and the eggs float until it is time for them to hatch. You can see these little egg rafts on almost any pool in summer.

The eggs are so heavy that one alone would sink. The cunning mother fastens them all together until they form a hollow boat. It will not upset, even if it is



filled with water! The upper end of these eggs is pointed, and looks very much like a powder-flask.

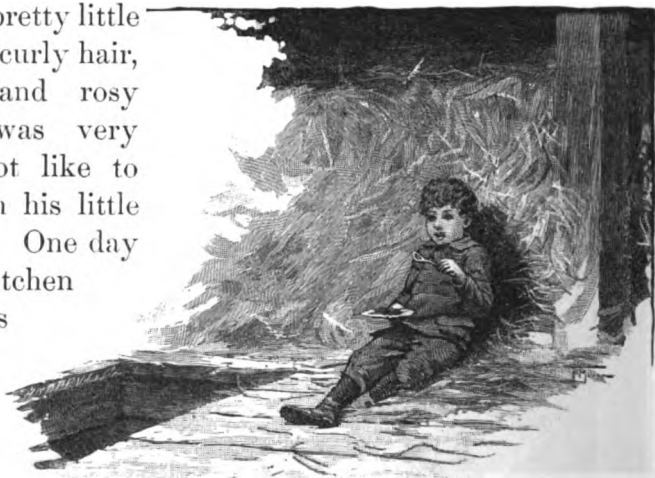
One egg is glued to another, pointed end up, until the boat is finished. And how many eggs do you think it takes? From two hundred and fifty to three hundred. When the young are hatched, they always come from the under side, leaving the empty boat afloat.

These eggs are very, very small. First they are white, then green, then a dark gray. They swim just like little fishes, and hatch in two days. Then they change again to a kind of sheath.* In another week this sheath bursts open and lets out a winged mosquito. It is all ready for work. There are so many of them born in a summer, that, were it not for the birds and larger insects, we should be "eaten up alive."

* Chrysalis.

STINGY DAVY.

DAVY was a very pretty little boy. He had light curly hair, dark blue eyes, and rosy cheeks. But he was very stingy. He did not like to share anything with his little brothers and sisters. One day he went into the kitchen where his mother was at work, and saw on the table a saucer of jelly.



"Can I have that jelly?" asked Davy.

"Mrs. White sent it to me," said Davy's mother. "She has company to dinner, and made this jelly very nice. But I don't care for it; so you may have it if you won't be stingy with it."

Davy took the saucer of jelly and went out into the yard; but he did not call his little brothers and sisters to help him eat it.

"If I divide with them, there won't be a spoonful apiece," he thought. "It is better for one to have enough than for each to have just a little."

So he ran to the barn and climbed up to the loft, where he was sure no one would think of looking for him.

Just as he began to eat the jelly he heard his sister Fannie calling him. But he did not answer her. He kept very still.

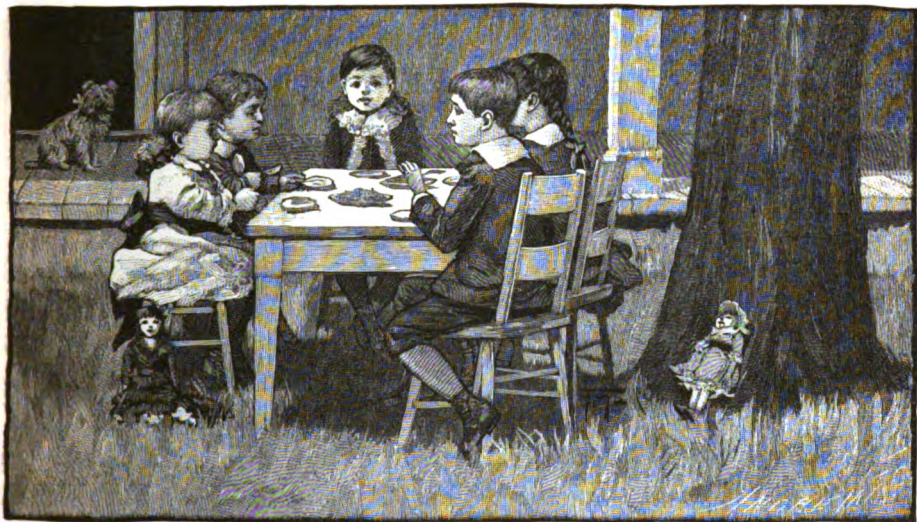
"They always want some of everything I have," he said to himself. "If I have just a ginger-snap they think I ought to give them each a piece."

When the jelly was all eaten, and he had scraped the saucer clean, Davy went down into the barn-yard and played with the little white calf, and hunted for eggs in the shed where the cows were. He was ashamed to go into the house, for he knew he had been very stingy about the jelly.

"O Davy," said Fannie, running into the barn-yard, "where have you been this long time? We looked everywhere for you."

"What **did** you want?" asked Davy, thinking that of course his sister would say **she** had wanted him to share the jelly with her.

"Mother gave us a party," said Fannie. "We had all the dolls' dishes set out on a little table under the big tree by the porch; and we had strawberries, cake, and raisins. Just as we sat down to eat,



Mrs. White saw us from her window, and she sent over a big bowl of ice-cream and some jelly, left from her dinner. We had a splendid time. You ought to have been with us."

Poor Davy! How mean he felt! And he was well punished for eating his jelly all alone.

FLORIE BURNETT.





GRETCHEN'S BIRTHDAY.

GRETCHEN is a little German girl. She has hair as soft as silk, and eyes as blue as the sky and as round as saucers. She has a fat little nose, and a tiny red mouth, which has such an odd way of opening to say "Yes, yes," when you ask her a question, it makes you laugh to see it.

Hans is Gretchen's brother. He is two years older than she, and is quite a little man. His face looks like the round moon. When he laughs, which he does very often, up go his fat little cheeks so that you can scarcely see his eyes.

Hans loves Gretchen dearly. He would do anything in the world to please her. One day, just a week before Gretchen was six years old, Hans asked his mother for money.

"What do you want it for, my son?" said she.

"I want to buy a present for Gretchen's birthday."

"You are a good brother! I am sorry I cannot give it to you. I work hard all day to earn food and clothing for my dear children, and have no money to spare for presents."

Hans felt badly, and wished he could earn something. But he was only a little boy, and did not know how to go to work.

Gretchen's birthday came at last. Hans had not a penny in his pocket. When he started for school in the morning, and bent his fat face to kiss his sister good-by, he felt sad to think she must go without a present.

Gretchen put her chubby arms about her brother's neck and

laughed as merrily as ever. Had she not Hans, and the good mother, and the sky, and the grass, and the flowers? She had all these things to make her glad. What matter if she had no gifts.

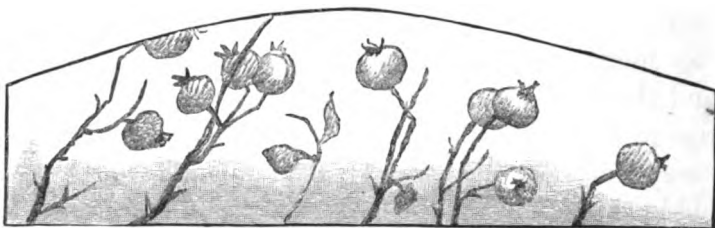
On his way home from school Hans was in luck. A man asked him to hold his horse. Hans did hold him, good and strong, for more



than half an hour. When the man came back he put a bright piece of silver into the boy's hand. Such a doll as that silver bought! It was a beauty.

Gretchen was so glad when she saw the doll! Hans was so happy when he gave it! The good mother was so pleased to see her children love each other so dearly! I think there never was a happier birthday.

LOUISE L. BELL.



DICKY AND THE PEARS.

THE tree is full of Bartlett pears;
How fair they are, and large!
Each of the children all the time
Thinks them his special charge.
When, lo! one day John rushes in,
His eyes with grief aglow,
And shouts, "Somebody steals our pears, —
Somebody does, I know!

"I thought that they were going off, —
And underneath the tree
I've found a dozen, I should think,
Nibbled like this, — just see!"
"What can it be?" exclaims mamma;
"It surely can't be mice."
No one could tell. "Whoever 't is,"
Sobs John, "He is n't nice!"

"Let's watch," said mamma. So we watched.
What do you think we saw?
A cunning little chipmunk came,
And straight began to gnaw
Until a stem was severed; then
He glided down the tree,
And on the ground he ate a pear
With great avidity;

Then up he ran. Another pear
Soon dropped, and down again
Ran Mr. Dicky. Oh, he knew
The way to do, 't was plain !



“ Dear me ! ” cried Charlie, “ it ’ s no use
To take such pains with pears !
We ’ ve mulched and pruned and watched, and see
How little Dicky cares ! ”

But one day came a hunter by
When Dick was at his fun,
And ere that little rogue could fly,
He shot it with his gun.
Poor little Dick! the children felt
They'd rather, almost, lose
The pears than have the squirrel shot,
If they could only choose!

MRS. KATE UPSON CLARK.



LEGGINS AND MOCCASONS.

OLD TIGER lived in a dismal swamp down in Florida. He was very old, as you might think from his name, but not so fierce as his name would imply. He was indeed a very gentle old man, though in his younger days he had been a great fighter.

The white people wanted the land he lived on, and he fought to defend it. The war lasted seven years, and in the end the strangers drove Old Tiger into the swamp, where he lived when I saw him. He was very brave, and his people made him a chief. He had killed a great panther, once, with his knife, and from this fact his Indian brothers gave him his name. They call the panther a tiger. It sometimes kills their cattle.

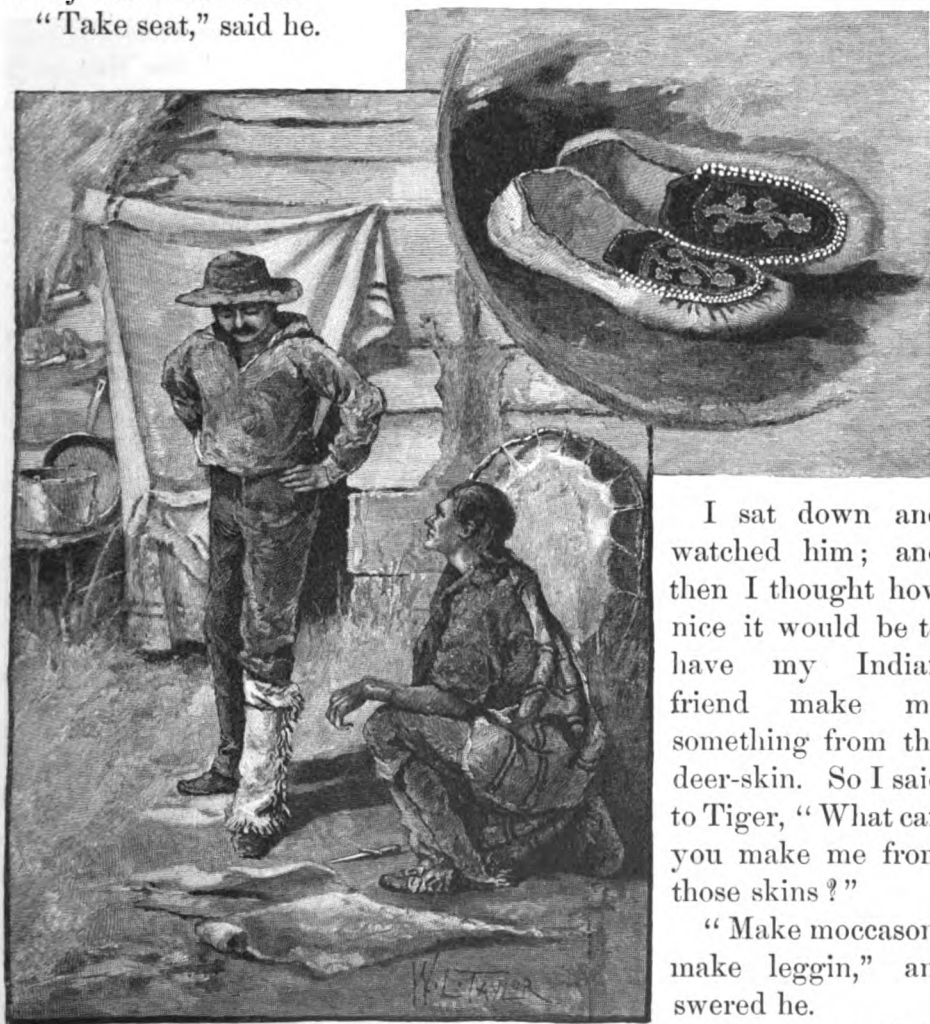
What has Old Tiger got to do with the leggins and moccasons? Just this; he made them.

One day, hungry and very tired, I reached the little Indian village where Tiger lived. He was sitting in his doorway, smoking deer-skins. After the Indians kill a deer they strip off his skin and prepare it so it is soft and nice. After tanning it they rub it over a log till it is very soft, and then smoke it over a little fire of leaves in

a hole in the ground. This was what Tiger was doing when I reached his hut. He didn't even look up when I spoke to him, but grunted out, "Howdy?"

He meant to say, "How do you do?" but it was too much trouble to say the whole of it.

"Take seat," said he.



I sat down and watched him; and then I thought how nice it would be to have my Indian friend make me something from the deer-skin. So I said to Tiger, "What can you make me from those skins?"

"Make moccason, make leggin," answered he.

Then I told him to make me a pair of leggins and a pair of moccasons.

"Sticky out um foot," he grunted.

I put out my foot, and he wrapped a skin around it, cut it here

and there with his sharp knife, and then did the same with the other. Cutting a slender strip from one of the skins, he rolled it up into a cord, and sewed them up, where they needed it, in a very few minutes.

“Want um leggin?”

“Yes, certainly.”

At this he drew a skin around my leg and marked the size of it with his knife. With a long thong he sewed it up on one side, commencing at the top and running the skin thread the whole length of the leg. Another was made to match it; and then I had a pair of Indian leggins and shoes, all made in less than half an hour.

“S’pose want um look good, hey?”

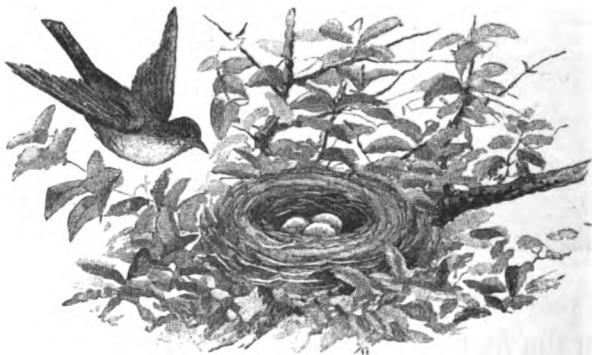
“Oh yes,” said I, “make them look nice.”

With his knife he then cut the edges of the leggins so as to make a kind of fringe at the sides and bottom. Having done this, he held out his hand:—

“Gi’me dollar.”

I gave him the dollar, and he went on with his other work. The moccason, or deer-skin shoe, is the only kind the little Indian child ever wears. These shoes are sometimes prettily ornamented with colored beads, and then look very gay. The moccasons I had made were only for hunting in, to use in the woods, and were much better without ornament.

FREDERICK A. OBER.



OUR LITTLE SAILOR.

HERE's another sailor
Just come aboard,
While our ship is sailing
Oceanward!

Hasn't got his sea-legs,
Doesn't know a rope;
He will "bear a hand"
Some day, we hope.



Seems to think his shipmates
Quite a jolly crew;
Wonders at our sea-talk,
Strange and new.

Seas won't all be pleasant,—
Breakers threaten oft:
May he keep a faithful
Watch aloft!

May the tempest find him
Stanch, true, and brave,
Sailing from Port Cradle
To Port Grave!

GEORGE COOPER.

FRANCIE IN FLORIDA.

THERE is a little golden-haired girl who lives away down in Florida. Her name is Francie, and she is five years old. Francie and her elder sister, Minnie, have grand times in Florida. The weather is fine and pleasant. The flowers are blooming almost all the year.



There is never any snow or ice. Francie has never seen any snow. When she finds a picture with snow in it, she is always very much interested, and asks a great many questions about it.

Francie and Minnie have a great many pets. They live on a

farm near the city, and their pets are company for them. They have a pet colt whose mother died when she was one month old. They call her Baby, because at first they had to feed her with gruel made of corn-meal and milk. She is old enough now to eat grass all day. She is very gentle. She is of a bright sorrel-color, with one little white spot in her forehead.



Then there is a pet turkey which eats from their hands, a pet kitten named Dot, a puppy named Fox, a wee little red calf which is

yet so young that it has no name, and a great many little chickens, of all of which they are very fond.

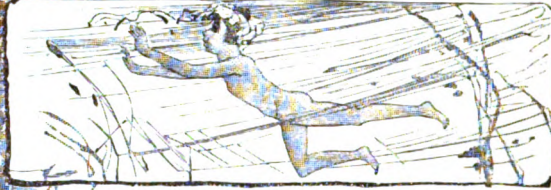
Francie and Minnie go out in the field sometimes and pick cotton, and they think it great fun. They wear large sun-bonnets to keep off the sun. Sometimes they go out with the men in the wagon, drawn by Old Jim, the horse, after hay or fodder. They have a jolly time riding home on the top of the load. They go black-berrying. They pick strawberries, and climb up in the fig-trees and eat figs. They do many other queer things that the little city children know nothing about. But they also like to go to town and get candy and ice-cream and oranges.

FRANCIE'S PAPA.



THE WIND-FACE.

© THE VAGRANT BREEZE.



ON the way to school
Is a little pool ;
It lies in the shadow, dark and
cool,
Under the bridge that spans the
brook,
Where Teddy is wont to pause and
look, —
Lean his arms and rest a minute,
To watch for the little lad within it.

Wistful and brown
His eyes peer down,
To meet with other ones, wistful,
brown.
If the air is calm and still, he
knows
The face will be round, and red as
a rose ;
There'll be a jacket, and books in
a strap,
And, top of it all, a gray Scotch
cap.

But if it should please
Some vagrant breeze
To stir the grass and rushes and trees,
Why, then the Teddy within the brook
Has the crookedest, queerest, strangest look, —
With crinkled cheeks and a wavy chin,
First broad and fat, then long and thin.

And this water-Ted
Has eyes that are spread
In a twinkling brown all over his head;
His nose is broken, his teeth are out,
And his ears go floating round about;
He has half a dozen gray Scotch caps,
And books and slates in as many straps.

Right merrily
Ted laughs to see
What a fright his own small shape can be;
How just a flurry of air can change
A straight fine boy to a thing so strange.
Yet he likes to watch, on his way to school
For this funny wind-face in the pool.

MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.



London Town.

Words by ALBERT H. HARDY.

Music by T. CRAMPTON.

Voice and **Piano.** *Grazioso.*

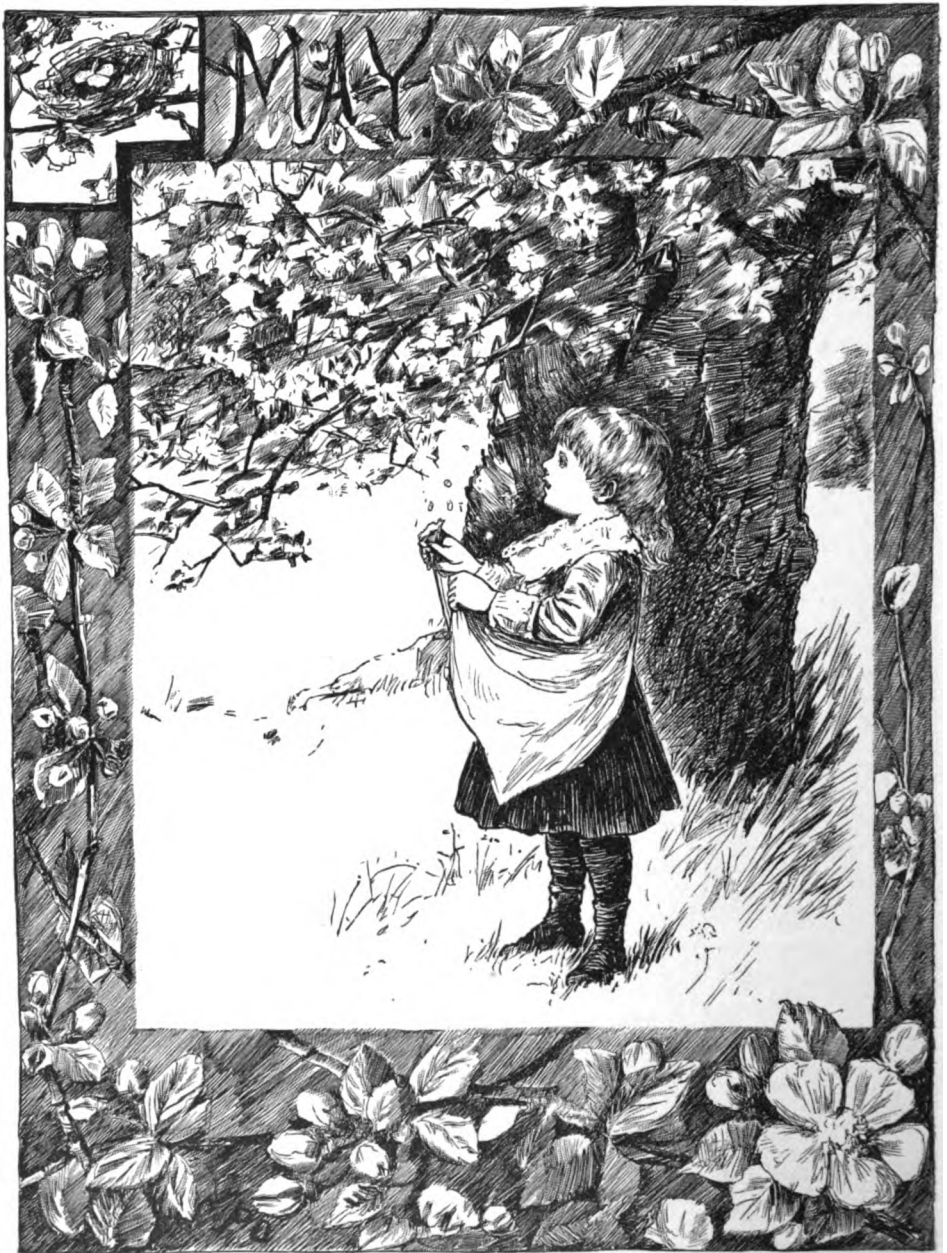
1. O, which is the way to Lon - don town? O - ver the hills, a -
 2. And what shall I see in Lon - don town? Many a build - ing,
 3. What else shall I see in Lon - don town? Many a maid in
 4. Then onward I went to Lon - don town, O - ver the hills, a -

f

cross the down; O - ver the ridg - es, O - ver the bridg - es, O - ver the hills, a -
 old and brown. Many a neat Old-fashioned street, And many a build - ing
 silk - en gown. Pretty pink fa - ces Tied up in la - ces, Many a maid in
 cross the down; O - ver the ridg - es, O - ver the bridg - es, O - ver the hills, a -

cross the down, This is the way to Lon - don town. This is the way to
 old and brown, You're sure to see in Lon - don town. You're sure to see in
 silk - en gown, You're sure to see in Lon - don town. You're sure to see in
 cross the down, Un - til I got to Lon - don town. Un - til I got to

Lon - don town.
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 Lon - don town.





VOL. II.

LONDON: GRIFFITH AND FARRAN.

No. 19.

IN THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY.

In the merry month of May
Come the leaves and flowers gay;
A soft carpet of green o'er the brown earth is spread,
And the flocks from the fold to the pastures are led.
Then the birds on the trees,
In the soft spring breeze,
From the dawn until dark carol sweet songs of praise,
And the frogs in the meadows pipe back their rude lays.

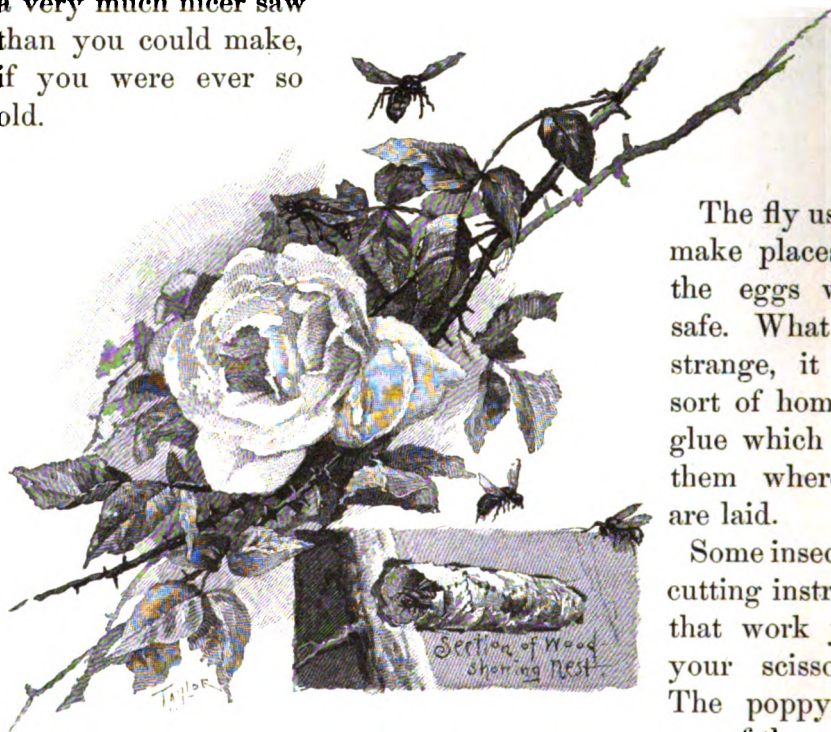
In the merry month of May
Comes out little Jenny Gray,
From her toys and her plays in her own winter home,
'Mid the blossoming trees and the green vines to roam.
In the soft and sweet spring air
Jenny's cheeks grow red and fair;
How she laughs and she sings as she roves o'er the green!
How her heart glows with joy as she looks on the scene!

In the merry month of May
Happy Mother Robin lay
Her three little blue eggs in the nest on the tree;
And then Jenny Gray wished that a bird she could be,
With a pair of wings to fly
To the clear blue arching sky.
But her mamma was glad she had never a wing,
As she looked for stray Jenny, the runaway thing!

UNCLE FORRESTER.

THE WORKING TOOLS OF INSECTS.

I WONDER if you know that the smallest insects you see about you have tools given them to do their work with. There is a little fly called a saw-fly, because it has a saw to work with. It is really a very much nicer saw than you could make, if you were ever so old.



The fly uses it to make places where the eggs will be safe. What is more strange, it has a sort of home-made glue which fastens them where they are laid.

Some insects have cutting instruments that work just as your scissors do. The poppy-bee is one of them, whose

work is wonderful. This bee has a boring tool, too. Its nest is usually made in old wood. This borer cleans out the nest ready for use. When all is ready the insect cuts out pieces of leaves to line the nest and to make the cells. These linings are cut in the shape of the cells. You would be surprised to see the care taken to have every piece of just the right size, so that it will fit. When they are fitted, the pieces are nicely fastened together and put into the nest.

MRS. G. HALL



BRIGHT LITTLE DANDELION.

BRIGHT little dandelion
Glitters in the sun,
The wind combs out his yellow hair
Like gold that is spun :
Let the winter work its will
With its frost and snow ;
When he hears the robins trill,
He begins to grow.

What is he about there,
Underneath the mould ?
Has he not an hour to spare,
Digging hard for gold ?
Has he work enough to do
To cut his jacket green,
To slash it and shape it too,
Fit for king or queen ?

How does he hear, think,
When brooks begin to coo ?
Does he never sleep a wink
The long night through ?
Like a ghost he fades, alas,
Ere the summer's fled,
In among the meadow grass,
A halo round his head !

MARY N. PRESCOTT.



JERRY'S NEW PANTALOONS.

WHEN Jerry was six years old he began to go to school. Toward the end of the school term the teacher wished to have an exhibition. All the scholars were to learn pieces to speak. Jerry's mother found some verses beginning, —

“Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are.”

Jerry thought these verses were very nice, and with his mother's help he soon learned them.

She taught him how to make a bow, and to point up to the sky when he said “star,” and to wave his hand over his head when he said, “Up above the world so high.” After some practice, she thought he made these motions very prettily.

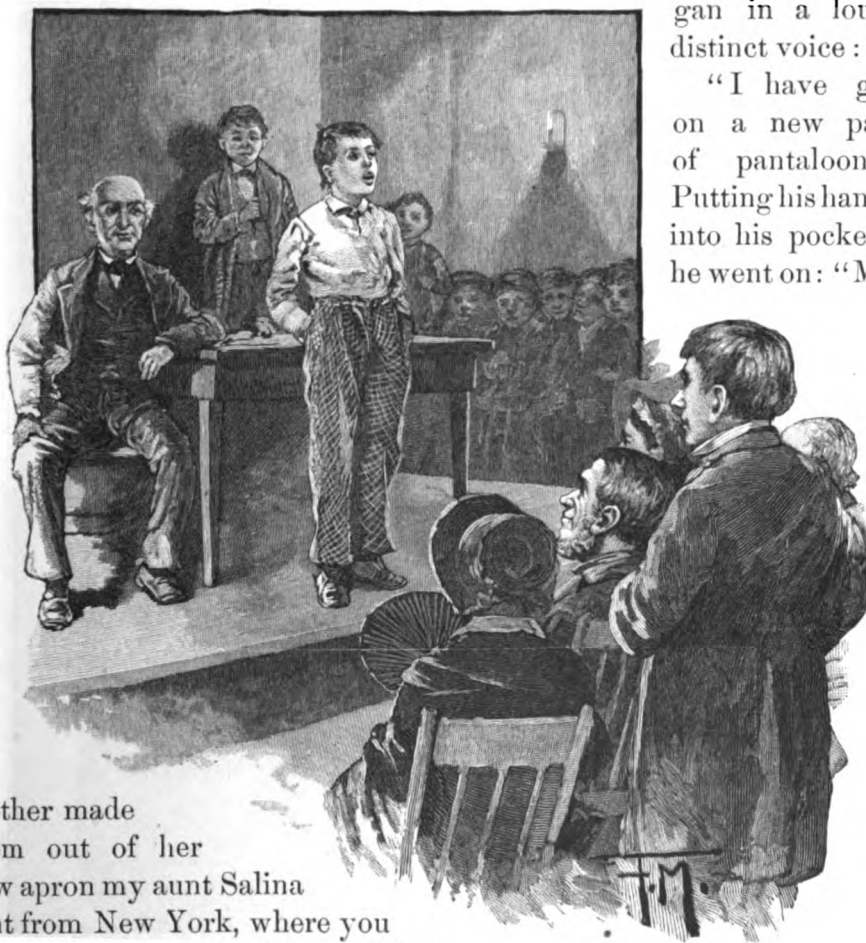
Jerry's best pair of pantaloons were old and patched. He must have a new pair to speak in; but the stores were far away, and money was very scarce. After searching for something to make them of, his mother used a large check apron she prized very much, and wore only on holidays.

Some of my little readers would have smiled if they had seen Jerry dressed in his long blue and white check pantaloons, check shirt, and heavy shoes. He thought he looked very fine. He could not help admiring himself; in fact, he thought too much about his new pantaloons.

On the evening of the exhibition the school-room was crowded. It had been dressed with wild flowers and grasses. A great many tallow candles burned in the bright tin candlesticks. The children thought it looked very grand.

When it was Jerry's turn to speak he stepped boldly upon the

stage and made his bow. His father and mother leaned forward, so that they could see him better. Alas, his thoughts were on his new pantaloons, so that he had forgotten all about "the little twinkling star." But he was not afraid, and after looking all around he be-



gan in a loud, distinct voice: —

"I have got on a new pair of pantaloons." Putting his hands into his pockets, he went on: "My

mother made them out of her new apron my aunt Salina sent from New York, where you can buy l-o-t-s and l-o-t-s of nice things; for in New York they have g-r-e-a-t big stores. Some day I shall go there, for I think that new pantaloons are —"

But he did not have time to tell what he thought. The teacher got upon the stage, and, to the relief of his parents, hurried him to a seat. The farmer lads had greatly enjoyed his speech, and, clapping their hands, gave a hurrah for "Jerry's new pantaloons."

MARY RAY EARLE.

THE YOUNG FISHERMAN.

In the glowing morning,
With his baited hook,
Johnnie tries his fortune
By the dashing brook.

Through the crystal water,
Darting in and out
Of their tiny caverns,
See the speckled trout.



Lucky day for fishing ;
One, two, three, and more ; —
Oh, the shining beauties
Lying on the shore !

Home our Johnnie trudges
With his spotted prize,
With his rod and fish-line,
Looking wondrous wise.

Little brother Charlie
Sees how it is done ;
Says, " When I am bigger,
Won't I have such fun ! "

Fish steam on the table,
Boys are in their chairs ;
What a savory breakfast
This young fisher shares !



JULIA A. MELVIN.

FIDO'S APPEAL.

FIDO was a great pet with us all, and had so much sense that he could almost talk. One day we were sitting at work, when some one knocked at the door, and when it was opened, in walked Fido. He seemed to be in pain, and limped very much, but came straight up to me. He whined, looked at me, and then put his injured paw on my knee, as much as to say, "Help me." I took it



up, and found a sheep-burr stuck into his foot. The place was much inflamed, and so sore that I could not take out the burr without hurting him very much. So I waited for papa, who was a doctor, and knew how to manage this new patient. He laid Fido on his back, and held him down, while he drew out the burr with pincers. It was like having a tooth drawn, and Fido yelled with pain; but it was soon over, and he capered with joy at the relief.

M. T. H.



THE WAY MAG TRIED TO SAVE LIZZIE.

MAG heard some one say that Mr. Spencer was coming to take her sister Lizzie away and never bring her back. The truth was, Lizzie was going to be married. But Mag did not know what it all meant. The next day, when Mr. Spencer came to pay a visit, she shut the door, and put her back against it. She sat down that way, and declared he should not take her sister.

They all laughed; but Mag was in earnest, and sat there all the same, looking very sour. By and by she fell asleep on guard,—the dear little sentry!—and when she woke up she found that Mr. Spencer had gone.

He did one day take Lizzie off, but it was more than a year after Mag had tried to shut him out. Mag was one of the flower-girls at the party, and looked as sweet and as happy as anybody.

L.

DOG SPOT.

"MAMMA, tell me a story, please."

"I'll tell you a story about Jack O'Nory —"

"Not that, mamma, but a true story."

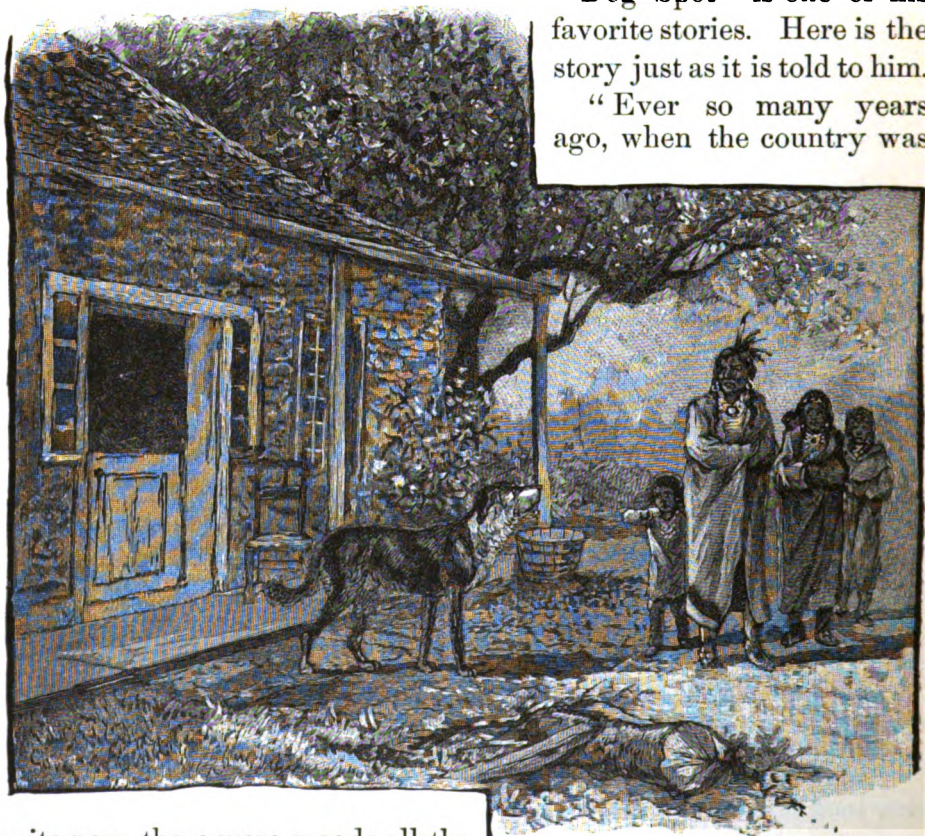
"Well, Rex, what shall it be about?"

"Oh, tell me about Dog Spot, that Grandpa Eastman used to have."

Such is the request my little boy, Rex, often makes to me, and

"Dog Spot" is one of his favorite stories. Here is the story just as it is told to him.

"Ever so many years ago, when the country was



quite new, there were woods all the way from your grandpa's house to the city. Many Indians lived in their wigwams on the hills. Your grandpa owned a large black and white watch-dog by the name of Spot.

"Spot disliked Indians very much. He showed his hatred by never allowing them to approach the place.

"One day grandpa was at work by the river, out of sight of the house. Spot was with him. Suddenly the dog started and ran

towards home. He went so very fast and was so excited that grandpa's attention was attracted by his strange manner. He thought he had better find out, if possible, the cause of Spot's sudden flight.

"On arriving at the top of the steep bank he could see Spot making flying leaps towards the house. Some Indians were approaching from another direction. Spot, in his mad haste, arrived first, and placed himself in the doorway as if to guard the house and its inmates.

"The Indians were really quite friendly and harmless. On seeing the dog they came no nearer, and hastily went another way. Indians are very much afraid of dogs, and will rarely, if ever, enter a place if one is near.

"Spot used to go to school every morning with your aunts Vashti and Sarah. The school-house was about half a mile distant. The road led through woods and across the sparkling river with its pretty, rustic bridge. Grandma was very glad to have Spot go with the girls, as she felt safe when he was with them. She tried hard to teach him to go after them at night. He would go part way, meet them, and return with them.

"The dog was praised and petted very much for his goodness and wisdom. For many years Spot was a valued member of the family."

"Is that all, mamma?" asks Rex.

"Yes, dear, all for to-night," I reply. In a very short time Rex, whose eyes have become troubled by the Sand-man, is tucked in his little bed.

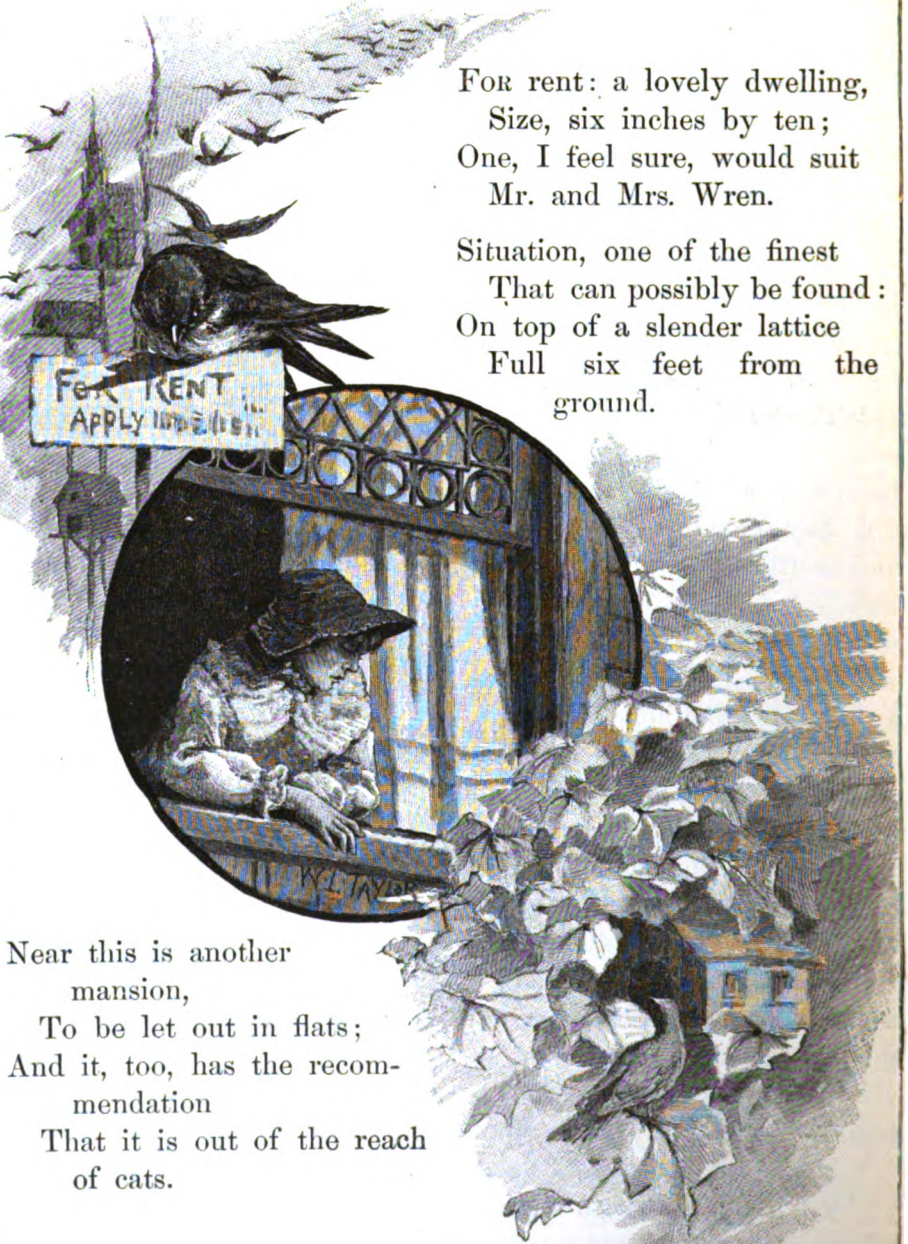
REX'S MAMMA.



HOUSES FOR RENT.

For rent: a lovely dwelling,
Size, six inches by ten;
One, I feel sure, would suit
Mr. and Mrs. Wren.

Situation, one of the finest
That can possibly be found:
On top of a slender lattice
Full six feet from the
ground.



Near this is another
mansion,
To be let out in flats;
And it, too, has the recom-
mendation
That it is out of the reach
of cats.

Possession given in April ;
The rents, for all summer long,
Are a very trifling consideration, —
In fact, they are merely a song.

These bargains in country homes
Are to the best markets near ;
And the price of seasonable dainties
Is very far from dear :

A strawberry or two blackberries
For eating four fat bugs,
And cherries without number
For keeping off the slugs.

Other things are in proportion,
And everything in reason,
From tender lettuce to peaches,
Will appear in its season.

From four in the morning till evening
These houses are open to view ;
And I wish I had a dozen to rent,
Instead of only two.

L. A. FRANCE.



HOW EDA AMUSED THE BABY.

MAMMA is busy, nurse is sick, and it falls to Eda's lot to amuse baby Bessie. She draws her along in her carriage through the buttercup meadow, and down to the little river. While she stops on the bank to throw stones into the water, a thought comes into her head. Her eyes twinkle, and she says to the baby, —

“Oh, let's play canal-boat! That will amuse you better than



anything. Mamma said I must ‘amuse’ you, don’t you know? You sit very still, like a dear, good little girl. I will run back and get a tub and play it’s a canal-boat. I will get a rope, too, and be the mule that pulls it along, you know.”

Bessie does n’t “know” at all. She sits still till Eda comes with a tub, and a rope, and a very red face. The tub was awkward to carry, and knocked against her ankles at every step, almost making them bleed.

She puts Bessie into the tub, but the little lips begin to quiver, for she has never had a tub ride on the water.

Eda sees the cry coming. She gives her some light finger-taps on eye and nose, mouth and chin, and says, —

“Eye winker, Tom Tinker, nose dropper,
Mouth eater, chin chopper, chin chopper.”

Bessie laughs a little, and clutches the sides of the tub with her chubby hands. The mule starts off, singing, —

“I have a little sister, and we call her Peep, Peep;
She wades in the water, deep, deep, deep,”



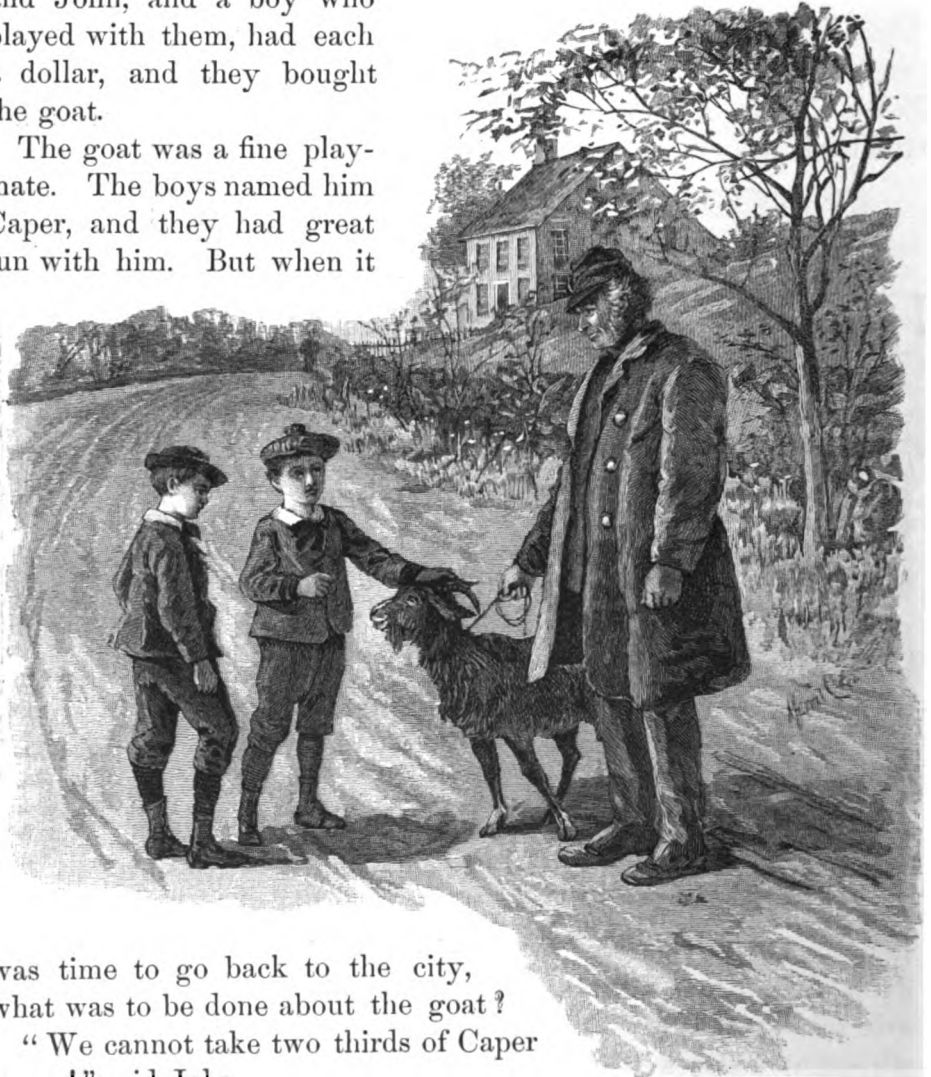
when over goes the little sister, tub and all! But the water is not “deep, deep, deep,” and she keeps her pretty head up, like a little turtle taking his sun-bath. Eda dashes in and drags her out. They both set up a shriek that brings mamma running to them, and she takes them home to dry.

FAITH WYNNE.

CAPER, THE GOAT.

ONE summer, in the country, Eddy and John found a man who had a goat to sell. The man asked three dollars for him. Eddy and John, and a boy who played with them, had each a dollar, and they bought the goat.

The goat was a fine play-mate. The boys named him Caper, and they had great fun with him. But when it



was time to go back to the city, what was to be done about the goat?

"We cannot take two thirds of Caper home!" said John.

"Well," said Eddy, "maybe papa will give us a dollar, and we will ask Carl to sell us his part. We own most of him, you know."

Papa gave the dollar, and Carl at last made up his mind to sell

out his share, rather than divide poor Caper. So the goat went to the city. The little boys cared more for him there than they had cared in the country, where there were plenty of pets.

It was fun to see the boys and the goat play at hide-and-seek. When Eddy gave a sign, the two boys ran off to hide. In a minute Caper rushed into the house to find them. All over the house he would go. As soon as he found the boys, he skipped out before them to the gate-post, which was the "goal."

There he was sure to stand, on his hind legs, ready to butt them as they came up. This he seemed to think was a part of the play.

When Christmas came, some friends gave Eddy and John a beautiful little carriage for Caper, with harness and all complete. Caper went quite well in harness, and the little boys had more fun with him than ever.

When the warm days came again, the boys were told that they were going with mamma to spend the summer on a farm.

"Oh, may we take Caper?" they asked. Mamma said they might write and ask the farmer. So they did, and he said: "Yes, bring the goat: I shall like to have him here!"

One day, at the farm, Caper ran into the yard where all the cows were. They were not used to a goat. They chased him into a corner. Then they all stood in a half-circle about him. They looked as if they would ask, "What strange thing is this, with horns on its head?" Poor Caper was glad when the farmer came and drove the cows off.



MRS. D. P. SANFORD.





OUR MAY-DAY AT THE SOUTH.

Out in the woods we went to-day :
Mamma and Nannie, Freddie and May,
Charlie and I, and good old Tray,
Out in the greenwood to romp and play.

To-day, you know, is the first of May ;
And we meant to be so jolly and gay,
And celebrate in so merry a way
That we could never forget this holiday.

So first we chose the loveliest queen,
The dearest and sweetest that ever was seen ;
For mamma herself was Her Highness Serene,
And we crowned her with rosebuds and evergreen.

Then we kneeled around and vowed to obey
All the laws she made, not only to-day,
But all the year through. Then she waved a spray
Of lilac bloom, and bade us all be gay.

Oh the games we played, and the races we run!
The bars we leaped, and the prizes we won!
Oh the shouting, the singing, the laughter and fun, —
It were hard to tell who was the happiest one!

Then, rosy and tired, we gathered around
Our beautiful queen on the mossy ground;
The hungriest group in the land, I'll be bound,
As the sandwiches, cookies, and tarts went round.



When the sun was low and shadows were gray,
Down from her throne stepped our fair Queen of May,
And through the green fields led homeward our way,
While we gave her sweet thanks for this beautiful day.

L. A. B. C.

DUKE AND THE CHICKENS.

I WILL tell you about something naughty that Duke, the large black and white dog, did, and how he was cured of it. He thought it was great fun to chase the chickens. When the chickens were very small, he would run after them and catch them. Then he would carry them around in his mouth, and when he was tired of playing with them, he would dig a hole in the ground and bury them.

Whenever anybody saw Duke catch a chicken, he would run after



the dog and scold him, and, if he could get close to him, would switch him. But it was not easy to get very close to him, for when he would see any one coming, he would scamper off.

Duke always took care not to drop the chicken. Sometimes he would hold the bird in his mouth so it would not show, and sometimes just one little yellow foot would hang out.

One day, when Duke was running after the chickens, old Sport,

another dog that lived in the same house, went after him, and caught him by the back of the neck and shook him. How Duke did cry! Every one about the place came to see what the matter was. Old Sport came up and wagged his tail, as much as to say, "Well, I've



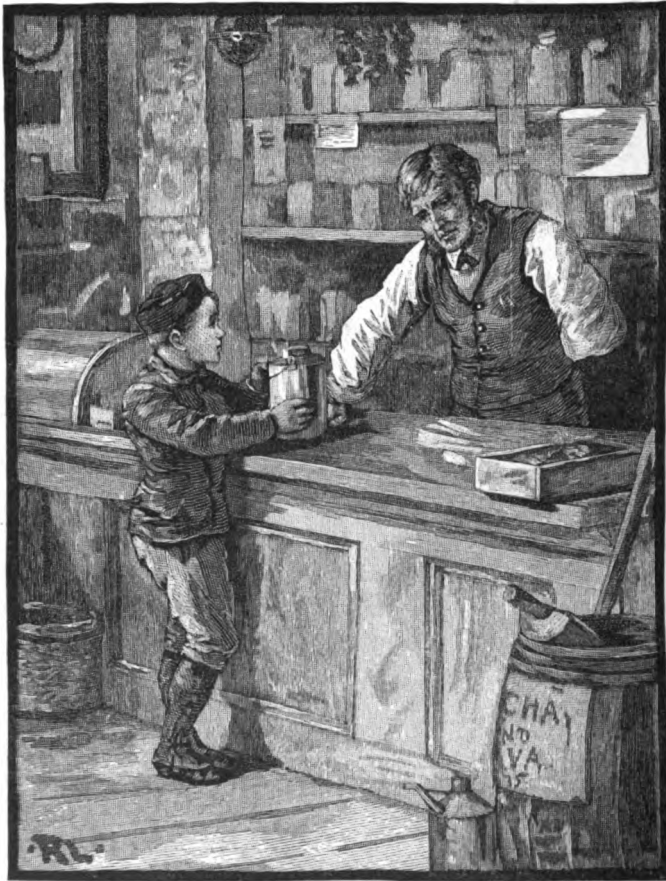
taken matters into my own hands, and we'll see if that foolish puppy will not let the chickens alone after this!"

Duke never tried to touch a chicken again. He would watch them, sometimes, but he never forgot his shaking, and did not offer to run after them.

I. R. OQUOIS.

HOW MYO WENT FOR MILK.

Myo was a little boy seven years old, and very fond of work. He liked to help mamma write her letters. He could "stick" them, you know. He was always ready to help papa eat an apple or a peach. He wiped the knives and forks and spoons, — the "silvers,"



he said. He went to the store and bakery. Every morning he went for milk, just around the corner.

One day he came home with the milk, and, going to his mother, said, "Mamma, I've changed milkmen."

"Have you?" said mamma, smiling. "Why did you do that?"

"Why, there's a one-armed man over on the next street who sells milk. I thought he needed help, so I 'cluded I'd give him my custom."

Mamma laughed, and as the milk sold by the one-armed man was just as good as that they had been buying, she "'cluded" she would let him have Myo's custom.

One morning Katie could n't find the pail, and she gave Myo a pitcher to go for the milk.

He was gone a long time. At last Katie heard him ring the bell, and went to the door. There stood the little boy, looking into the pitcher. In it there was about a table-spoonful of milk. A streak of white all along the walk showed just where he had come. He had held the pitcher in one hand, spilling the milk all the way at every step.

Very soberly he looked, first into the pitcher, then at the trail of milk on the walk. Katie took the pitcher out of his hand. Before she could say a word, Myo spoke; but not a word about the spilled milk. What he said was: "There's your pitcher, and you may be thankful you've got it safe back again."



MARY A. ALLEN.



WHO CAN IT BE?

“TAP-TAP! tap-tap!” I wonder what’s that, —
Is somebody building a house?

“Tap-tap! tap-tap!” and a quick “rat-tat,”
Then everything still as a mouse.

“Tap-tap! tap-tap!” Why, who can it be?
Are the fairies at work in the wood?

“Tap-tap! tap-tap!” We surely must see
What’s doing of bad, or of good.

“Tap-tap! tap-tap!” Some carpenter, sure;
Here’s sawdust all scattered about.
But where can he keep himself hid so secure?
That’s something we’ll have to find out.

“Tap-tap! tap-tap!” Ah, there! now I see
A flash like the brightest of flame.
There he goes! there he goes! in that old
hollow tree:

Golden-winged Woodpecker’s his name.

ELIZABETH A. DAVIS.

HOW THE BEARS HELPED ONE ANOTHER.



BOB BRUIN was a good young bear, that minded what his father and mother said to him.

"When you take a walk out of the forest," said Mr. and Mrs. Bruin to Bob, "don't go near those houses. Men live in them, and they treat bears very badly."

"What do they do?" asked Bob.

"Oh," said Mr. Bruin, "sometimes they kill us and eat our flesh. Sometimes they tie a great log to our legs so that we cannot run."

"Ah," said Bob, "but I would bite them."

"To prevent that, they will tie a great muzzle on your mouth; so keep away from them, Bob."

Bob promised to obey. But one day, while walking outside the wood, he fell into a pit. He roared so loud that Mr. and Mrs. Bruin came running to see what was the matter. When they came to the pit, they saw some nuts, and fruit, and buns, lying on the grass. So they made a step forward to get these nice things, when down they went into the pit where Bob was, with the buns and nuts.

They then found that the food had been laid on twigs and leaves across the pit, which was dug as a trap for them to fall into. But how to get out was the puzzle.



After a little while Mrs. Bruin got on top of Mr. Bruin's shoulders and so scrambled out of the pit.

"Now, Bob, you do the same, and I'll tell you how you may then help me out."

So Bob got out of the pit as his mother had done.

"Now," said Mr. Bruin, "go to the woods and bring back a stout branch of a tree." They did so, and placed the end at the bottom of the pit.



"Now hold the end tight on the top," said Mr. Bruin, "and I'll try and climb up."

So Bob and Mrs. Bruin held the branch at the top of the pit, and Mr. Bruin, who could climb very well, managed to scramble out of the pit.

They all went home again to the forest in safety, and had a long talk about men, and their tricks to catch poor bears in pits.

T. CRAMPTON.

MUD-TURTLE.

MUD-TURTLE looked from out his shell ; —
The jewel-weeds beside the brook
Their gold and rubies o'er him shook ;
The mint gave out its cool, fresh smell ;

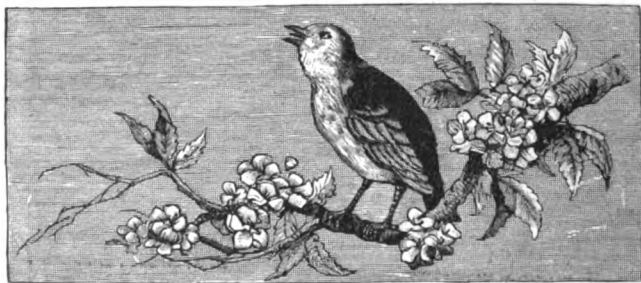


The swimming minnows glistened bright,
Where, in the water, shone the light ;
And, on the green moss by the brink,
A little bird came down to drink ;

The frogs among the rushes leapt;
A moth beneath a dock-leaf slept.

With greedy eyes and waiting jaw
Mud-Turtle stretched his neck far out;
He snapped at everything he saw:
The frogs in terror sprang about;
The minnows knew not what to do;
Away the bird, loud twittering, flew;
The sleeping moth awoke too late,
To find that he had met his fate!
Mud-Turtle drew within his shell.
“This world is very wrong,” said he;
“The reason why I cannot tell,
That no one seems more fond of me!”

MARIAN DOUGLAS.



ZACK THE COCKATOO.

ZACK was a cockatoo. He was snow-white, with a yellow crest. What was left of his tail was yellow. By an accident it had lost all but two feathers.

He could say several words. What he said oftenest was, “Poor

cockatoo! Poor cockatoo!" in a pleading voice. We used to lift him upon a finger, and he would give us a kiss by placing his open bill close to our lips and moving his little tongue back and forth. He was not a good bird, though, and we were always afraid of his kisses.

When very angry, he would spread his wings and tap his hard bill on the floor. His crest would stand up and open like a fan. Instead of walking in the usual way, he would hop like a frog, screeching all the while in a horrid way.

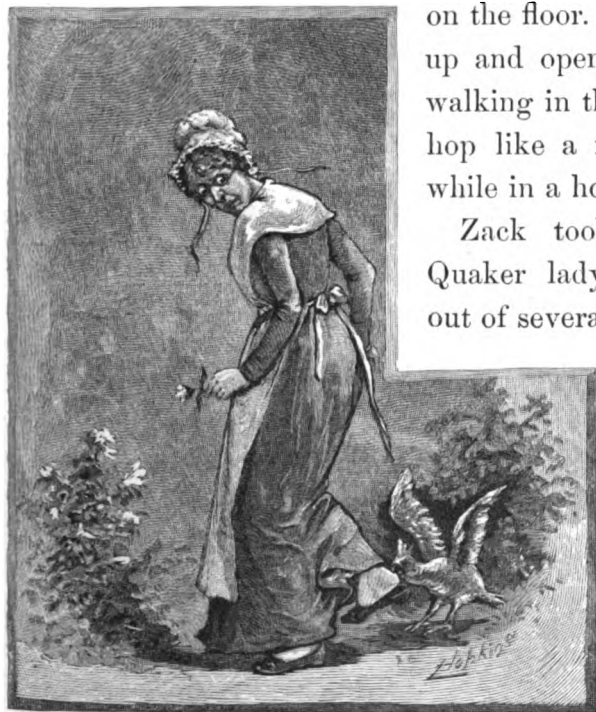
Zack took a dislike to a dear Quaker lady. He tore the crown out of several of her nice white caps.

She learned to keep her eyes all around her when she passed him. He soon found there was no longer any hope of that kind of fun. He slipped up behind her one day, while she bent over to

pluck a flower, and bit her heel. The harder she shook her foot the harder he bit and flapped his wings. By and by some one came and took him away.

One lady in the house had a number of cats. Once when she went out to call them to dinner, a voice above her head cried out, just as she opened her lips, "Kitty, Kitty, Kitty." She looked up astonished to see the old cockatoo peeping roguishly down through the grape-vine leaves.

FAITH WYNNE.





The Lady Moon.

Words by NELLIE M. GARABRANT.

Music by T. CRAMPTON.

Gracefully. mf

Voice

and

Piano.

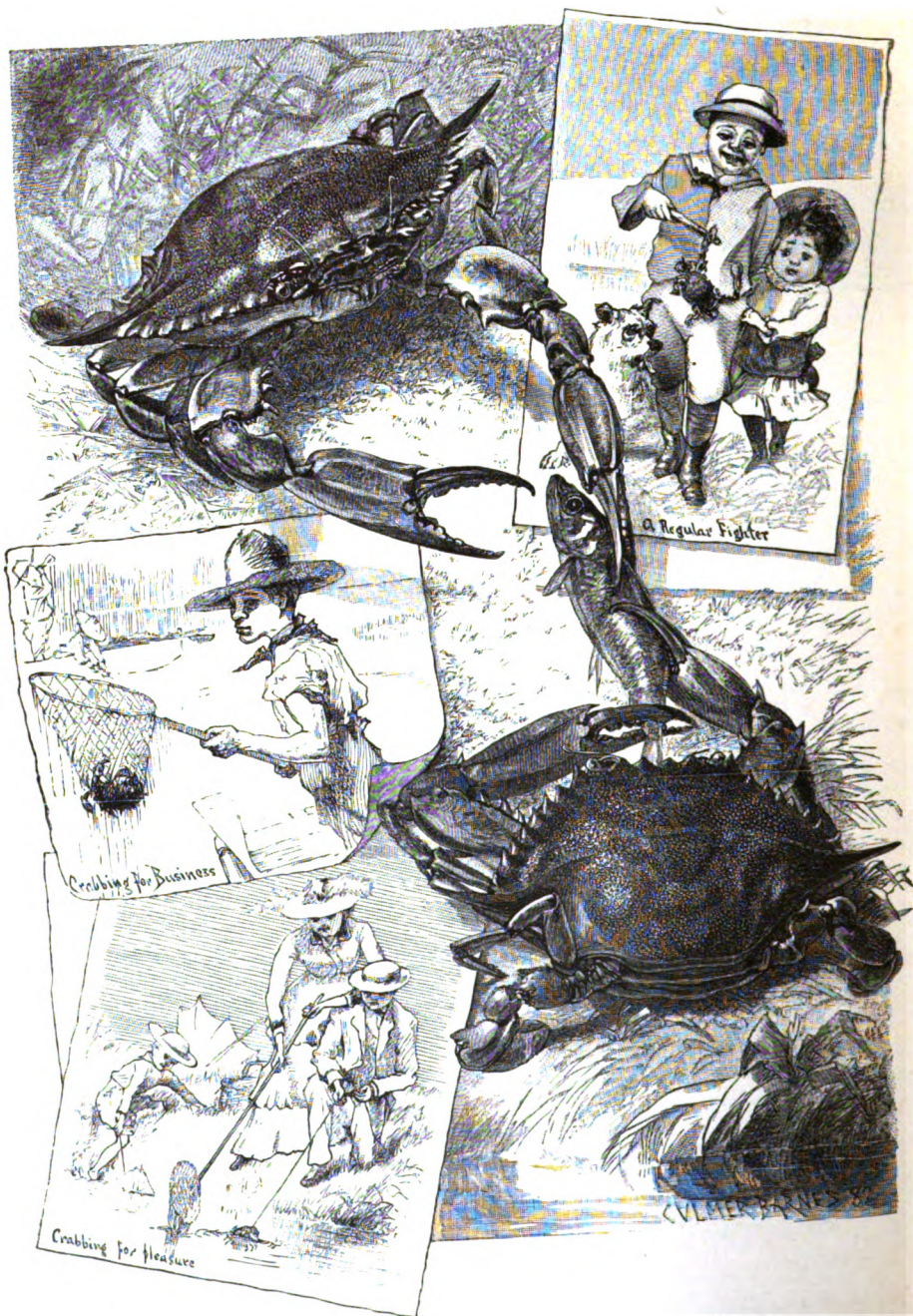
1. The moon, the moon, the sil - ver moon! The moon is a la - dy fair! She
 2. A - while she at her casement sits, And spins, with her fingers spy, A

has a great round smiling face, And long, bright, shining hair. *pp* I think, way up a - mid the clouds, She
 long white veil of moonbeams bright, To float upon the sky; And then behind her flying steeds She

p dolce. *cres.* *mf*

lives in a palace bright; She keeps the curtains drawn all day, And opens them at night, And
 rides in her silver car, O'er dai - sy fields where every flower Is just a twinkling star, Is

o - pens them at night.
 just a twink - ling star.





ALL KINDS OF CRABS.

If I should tell you about all the kinds of crabs in the world, there would be no space left to tell of their curious habits and ways of life. So I will mention only a few.

The great red crab frightens one when he suddenly pops out of a hole under the sea-weed. There are some smaller crabs you might not notice.

Did you ever see the Hermit Crab? He lives alone in a shell belonging to some other shell-fish. It has been cast off, like an old shoe, and he steps in. He is very brave in his borrowed shell, but a great coward when out of it. He is one of the few that can leave his house when it is too small for him, and seek another.

The Spirit Crab glides over the sand so fast that you can't catch it, run as hard as you please. The funniest of all crabs is the Fiddler. He lives in a little hole in the sand. He does n't fiddle; oh no; but there is music when he gets hold of your toes! He has two front claws, a big one and a little one. He shakes them at you, as much as to say, "You dare not trouble me!" Then he dives into his hole in the sand, peeping out now and then to shake his fist.

See that crab on the beach! Do you wish to know whether or not he is a "regular fighter"? Don't try to find out by sticking your finger between his claws. Try him first with a stick. If he bites hard at the stick, you may (if you please) tempt him with your finger.

A crab will bite at almost anything; but a toe or a finger is what he likes best to get hold of. You don't need a hook to catch him with, when he is in the water. A piece of meat or fish tied to the end of a string will do. This crab does n't know enough to let go, when he once takes hold. He will allow himself to be pulled out of the water first.

Perhaps the best of the crab family is the one that is good to eat. This is called the Soft-shell Crab. He is juicy and tender only when he has shed his hard covering, and before another shell is formed.

If you will go with me to the West Indies I will show you the land crabs. They live in holes in the mountains. Every year they travel down to the sea. They take this long journey in order to lay their eggs. The eggs can be hatched only on the sea-shore.

Thousands of land crabs travel together. They are like the sea crab. In the Spice Islands we may find a crab that climbs trees. It is said that he does this to get the fruit of the cocoanut-trees.

Crabs are at home everywhere near salt water. They eat anything good to eat that comes in their way. They have very small mouths, but they take a great deal of food. They fight fiercely over a dead fish. They clash their great claws and wriggle their feelers, while their bead-like eyes stick out with anger. At last one of them gets the fish. Then he crawls into a dark nook in the sea-weed, under the waves, and eats it. He does n't know that he is getting himself ready for the market. The fatter he is, the better price will he bring. In the picture the boy with the net has an eye to business. He will sell the crabs at a good price by the dozen.

FREDERICK A. OBER.



TO STRAWBERRY TOWN.

A DEAR little maid, with sun-bonnet red,
Tied carefully over her little brown head,
With two little bare feet, so active and brown,
Has started to travel to Strawberry town.



“And pray where is
that?” Oh dear!
don't you know?

It's out in the field
where the straw-
berries grow;

Where papa, and Henry, and
Sue, in the sun,
Pick the sweet, big, red ber-
ries so fast, one by one.

“It's a very great ways,” says the dear little maid,

“To Strawberry town, and I'm so afraid.”

And so as companions, to keep her from harm,
She takes two fat kittens, one under each arm.

She trudges along with brown eyes opened wide,
The kittens hugged sociably up to each side;
With ears sticking up and tails hanging down,
She carries them bravely to Strawberry town.

MARY A. ALLEN, M. D.

INSECT SPINNERS AND WEAVERS.



strange way. This men in making our them how, because the world.

DID you know that all the silk in the world is made by very little worms? These creatures have a machine for spinning it. They wind the silk, too, as well as spin it. The curious cocoons the worms make are wound with the silk. Men take them to factories, where they are unwound and made into the beautiful silks you and your mother wear.

The spider is also a spinner. His thread is much finer than the silk-worm's. It is made up of a great many threads, just like a rope of many strands. This is the spider's rope, that he walks on. He often swings on it, too, to see how strong it is. Did you ever see a spider drop from some high place? How his spinning-machine must work!

The wasp makes his paper nest out of fibres of wood. He picks them off with his strange little teeth, given him for the purpose, and gathers them into a neat bundle.

When he has enough, he makes them into a soft pulp in some pulp is very much like that used by paper. Very likely the wasps taught they are the oldest paper-makers in

This pulp he weaves into the paper that forms his nest. You must look for one, and see how much it is like the common brown paper we use to wrap bundles in. The wasps work together, so that it takes but a very little time to build a nest.

MRS. G. HALL.

AFTER THE RAIN.

It had rained all night and until breakfast-time. Then, just as Millie went to the window to see if there was any sign of its clearing



off, the sun came out bright and clear. In a little while the clouds were all gone.

"Just see the water in the paths!" said Ned, as he, Winnie, and Millie stood looking out the window.

"Look at that dear little pond at the foot of the garden!" cried Millie.

"Would n't it be lovely to wade through?" added Winnie.

"We could make splendid mud pies and cakes there," said Millie.

"I wonder if mamma would let us," began Ned.

"I think she would," said their mother, who had come in without their hearing her. "But you must put on your old clothes, and come into the house in time to be washed and dressed before dinner."

"Yes, 'm; we will," they all said at once.

It was not long before Millie and Winnie, in their oldest calico dresses, and Ned, with his worn-out pants rolled above his knees, were splashing in the pond.

First they sailed chips for boats; then they played the chips were whales, and caught them with spears made of sticks. By the time the whales were all disposed of they were ready to make mud-pies out of the nice soft mud on the edge of the pond.

Millie made one pie in an old tin pan. She even made "twinkles" around the edge, as Hannah, the cook, did.

Winnie made one in a box-lid and filled it with green currants. She put a top crust on, and cut out half-moons in it so the fruit would show through.

Ned would not make pies, for he said that was only girls' work; so he made a dam across the pond.

They played until nurse rang the bell for them to come in and be dressed. They all said they had not had so much fun for a long time.

L. A. FRANCE.



BECALMED AT SEA, OR THE UNPROSPEROUS VOYAGE.

Oh, bold and bumbly boomed the bees
All in and out the elder-trees,
When Vibe, in his bathing-rig,
Embarked upon his bread-tray brig,
His towel for a sail.



The lake stretched out before him vast;
He used a fish-pole for a mast;
For ballast, in his boots he cast,
And paddling out, the shallows past,
He waited for a gale.

Then up there sprang a nimble breeze ;
 It bent and swayed the elder-trees.
 He held the mast between his knees ;
 His hat was like a premium cheese :
 To shade it did not fail.

Light-hearted was he, bold and brave,
 As he went bobbing o'er the wave.
 He heard the little riplots lave
 Both fore and aft ; light pats they gave
 Beneath his bark's gunwale.

And far and distant fades the shore ;
 But now the breeze sinks more and more ;
 He's reached the middle deep, and o'er
 Him creeps a calm. Without an oar,
 What can him now avail ?

The shady shore has long been passed ;
 He feels the sun-rays hot and fast
 Beat down. The sail clings to the mast ;
 He wishes he were home at last,
 Though people all may rail.

But oh, at last he spies his brother.
 'Tis he ! — he knows it is no other, —
 Sent out to save by anxious mother ;
 And here's an end to all the bother, —
 This creeping like a snail.

And now the tale is at an end.
 Just let me say, my little friend,
 If ever you like deeds intend,
 Be sure, at first, the breeze will send
 You home with well-filled sail.

ALICE SPICER.



FLOSSIE AND HER SHOE-BOAT.

FLOSSIE took to the sea very early. She did not like to be bathed, but she was very fond of playing in the water.

One day, when she was at her bath, her mother's back was turned, and little Miss Flossie turned her slipper into a boat and set it afloat in her little bath-tub. Then she pushed it about and made believe it was sailing. By and by it got full of water and sank, crew and all. This made her cry, and that made her mother look round. Flossie's shoe-boat was taken from her, and then she cried more. Her mother knew best, and was very firm. Miss Flossie had to give up being a sailor and put on her pink dress and go down stairs.

R. W. L.



NELLY'S TEA-PARTY.

NELLY RAY lives in a brown cottage down by the river. There are not many houses near, and no little children to play with her. One day her mamma took her to the city to visit her cousin. She was older than Nelly, and had a good many playmates.

While Nelly was there, Emma had a tea-party, and invited her little friends. Nelly enjoyed it very much, and after she went home, wanted to have a party of her own.

"But," said her mamma, "whom will you invite?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied Nelly. "I can find somebody, I think. And I'll have my dolls."

Nelly had three dolls, — Maria Louisa, Victoria, and Cinderella. Then she had a little dog named Frisk, and three cats. Snowdrop was the mother, and Punch and Judy were kittens. Nelly thought that with all of them she could have quite a party.

Her mamma gave her some cookies and milk. She picked a bouquet of daisies and buttercups for her table. Maria Louisa and Victoria were taking their afternoon nap when they were invited, but Cinderella was nowhere to be found. It took Nelly some time

to remember where she had her last. And where do you think it was? Up in the old apple-tree! Then Nelly called Frisk and Snowdrop, and of course Punch and Judy came running after.

So they went to Nelly's little play-house. They all had to sit on the ground except Victoria, who had a high chair. They soon ate up the refreshments, and as only Nelly could talk, the party did not last long.

"O mamma," said Nelly, "it was such a funny party; Frisk wanted all the cake, and while I was talking to Maria Louisa and Victoria, Punch and Judy drank up all the milk. Then poor Cinderella rolled down the bank, but Frisk brought her back again. I don't believe Snowdrop had a mouthful to eat. And I'd rather have my supper with you."



"Well," said mamma, "now go put your dollies to bed, and then have a good run with Frisk. By the time you come back supper will be ready, and I'll tell you a story."

ANNIE D. BELL.

THE ORPHAN CHICKENS.

DICK was a very large and heavy rooster. He was pure white, with wings and tail tipped with black.

A few years ago he had some grandchildren. After the mother hen had brooded them long enough she forsook them, and went to roost with the other hens. The young ones wandered about, not knowing what to think of it. Dick saw that they were left to themselves. He stalked up to them, and acted so fatherly that the

chickens, after a while, took refuge under his wings.

It was amusing to see how tenderly he eyed them and covered them with his large wings. They were glad of a shelter, and liked him for taking pity on them. For a long time before he had been in the habit of picking bugs and worms for them.

After the mother left them he fed them better still, and they followed him all day.

Every night they crept close to him or under his wings. Was he not good to the orphans? We always liked him better after

that. Dick was very tame. He would eat from our hands any time, and allow us to lift him whenever we chose. We kept him till he was old and lame; and when he died, some genuine tears were shed by one who loved him.



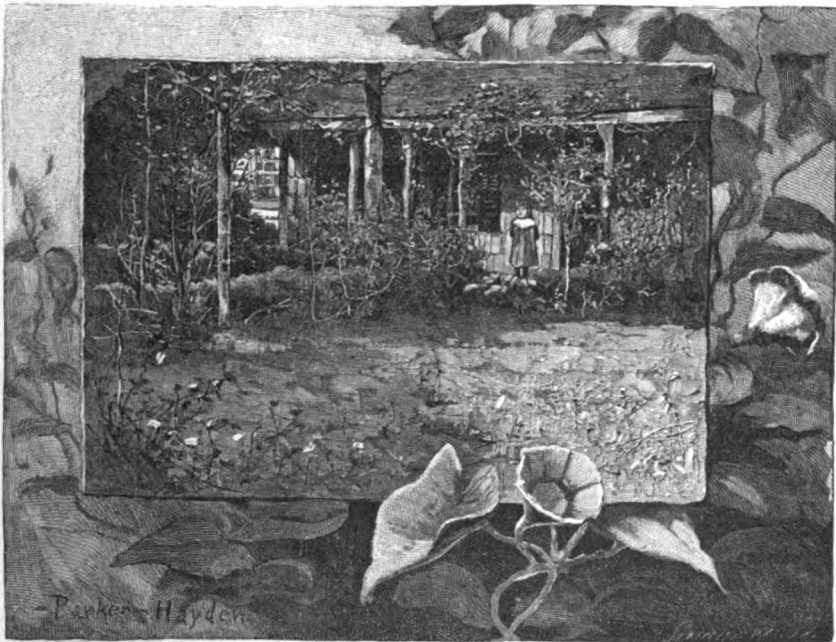
M. E. M'KEE.

MORNING-GLORIES.

HURRY! hurry! hurry!

Don't you see the sun,
Pretty Morning-Glories, —
Work not yet begun?

Open quick your petals
Swift to greet the day.
Higher! higher! higher!
Catch the first bright ray.



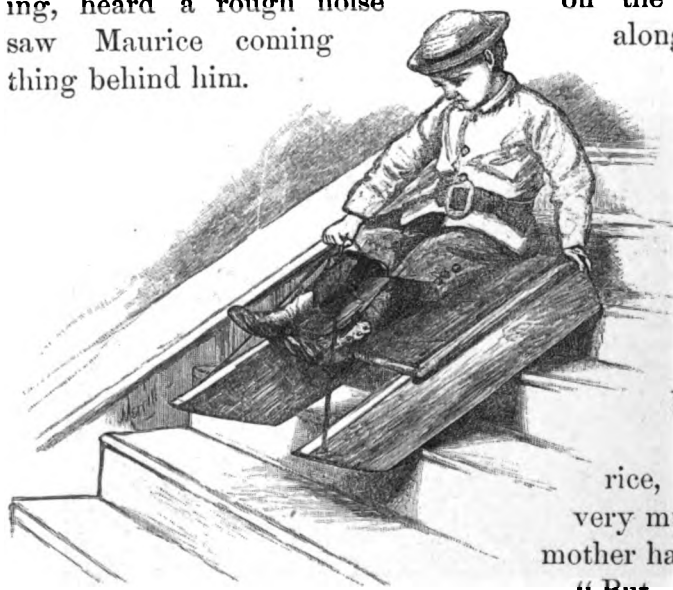
Don't you know the morning
Is your little hour,
And how soon you're drooping
If a cloud should lower?

So be up and doing,
Children of the sun;
For your chief adorning
All his beams are spun.

ELIZABETH A. DAVIS.

MAURICE'S SLED.

MAURICE KITTREDGE is a little boy eight years old. He lives in the Sandwich Islands, where it is warm, and where the grass grows all the year round. Maurice has never seen any real snow, or a real sled, but he has seen pictures, and he thought he could make a sled. So one day he went into the shed by himself and was busy a long time with a hammer, some nails, and some old boards. At last his mother, who was sitting on the veranda with her sewing, heard a rough noise on the floor. Then she saw Maurice coming along, dragging something behind him.



"What would you call this, mamma?" said he. His mamma looked at it a good while, and then she said she thought it might be a sled.

"Yes," said Maurice, "it is." He was very much pleased that his mother had guessed right.

"But where are you going to coast?" asked his mother.

"I do not know," said Maurice, rather sadly, "unless I take the front stairs." His mother thought that two or three round trips would spoil the stair carpet. But she said if he really wished it, he might try the front doorsteps.

It had been raining, and the steps were quite slippery. Maurice started bravely down. He sat firmly on the sled, held on to the rope, and then down he went, bump, bump, bump, to the ground. There were seven steps in all. Just then his father went by and stopped to watch him.

"Don't you find it rather hubbly, Maurice?" asked he, with a smile. But Maurice did not give up till he had gone down the steps

a good many times. Once he fell off, but he was too brave to cry. When his father came in to dinner he asked Maurice what he thought of coasting.

"Pooh," said Maurice, "I do not think much of it. I have tried it now, and I do not see why our cousins in America think there is so much fun in it."

HILO, HAWAII.

AUNTIE RIA.

TOMMIE, A PET PRAIRIE-DOG.

WHEN I first saw Tommie, his little round head was sticking out of a gentleman's coat-pocket.



"Here, Miss Jean," said the gentleman, "I have brought a little prairie-dog for you to tame and pet."

I was glad, and thanked my friend very kindly. Tommie's home was a hole in the ground, and there he lived with an owl and a rattlesnake. The gentleman had caught him by pouring water in the hole. Tommie ran out to keep from being drowned.

I tied him to a little stake in the yard and carried him some bread and water. In a few days he knew me well. He would stand on his hind feet and bark whenever I came near.

He was a never still ex-scratched his would dart up



very active little fellow, and was cept when asleep, or when I head. Often when sleepy he my sleeve, nestle on my shoulder, and sleep there for an hour. When he became very tame, I untied the string and let him go where he pleased. The house was on a farm, and sometimes he would wander a quarter of a mile away. I would stand on the porch and call "Tommie," and he would return, jumping and barking all the way.

One day he ate too much squash and it made him sick. I found him standing on his hind feet, with one hand on his fat little stomach and the other on his head. He looked like a dejected little old gentleman. He never ate squash again.

When it was cold he would stand by the fire and warm his hands like a little boy. When I left my former home I brought him with me; but he soon died. I was very sorry, and missed him very much.

JENNIE S. JUDSON.



A LITTLE LAD AND LASS.



ONCE there was a little lad,
Long time ago.
A bright new cent was all he had, —
'T was not much, you know.
The little lad walked out one day;
He met a small maid on the way;
He saw a tear drop from her eye,
And full of pity questioned why,
Long time ago, long time ago.

The little maid at once replied,
Long time ago,
"It is for bread that I have cried,
O dear, oh!"
Quick as a wink the gallant lad,
Whose heart for that small maid was sad,

Pulled out his bright new
cent, and said,
"Don't cry, miss, I will
buy you bread,"
Long time ago, long
time ago.

As soon as said, the deed
was done,
Long time ago.
He gave his penny for a
bun,
A penny bun, you
know.
And what a happy lad
was he!
And what a happy lass
was she!

His loss was gain to that small maid,
And, "Thank you kindly, sir!" she said,
Long time ago, long time ago.



MARY D. BRINE.

THE HURDLE RACE.

EDDY and John had some pretty rabbits for pets. They were so kind to the rabbits that they became very tame, and learned some funny tricks.

By and by Eddy and John asked their friends to come and see a hurdle race run by their rabbits. The race-course was a ditch which the boys had made, leading from the rabbit hutch quite a sweep around, and back.



Across the ditch, at short spaces, some little sticks were placed. When all were ready to see the race, Eddy raised the door of the hutch, and whistled. Out came the rabbits, hopping along as fast as they could go. They jumped over each stick as they came to it; this made it a hurdle race, you see.

Round the course they went, and back into their house again. How the friends did laugh and clap their hands! It was a funny sight. You may be sure the boys were asked to show off their rabbit-race very often.

MRS. D. P. SANFORD.

A QUEER ANIMAL.

WHEN I was a little girl, grandpapa gave me a book all about animals. How I liked that book! Mamma used to read it to me, just as your mamma reads to you.

There was a picture of one very queer animal in the book. He was not pretty one bit. He had a big hump on his back; he had long legs and a long neck, and such a homely head! But I used to like to hear about him.



He was a camel. Did you ever see a camel? In the countries where camels live, the people ride on them. They cross the great deserts of sand on the backs of camels. Do you think you would like to ride on one? The little children ride in a kind of basket.

The people often travel many days in the great deserts without finding any water. They always carry water with them in great leather bottles. But the camels themselves can go many days without water. They do not get thirsty.

I wish you could see a baby camel. A baby camel is such a queer little thing. His body is small, and his legs are very, very long. He has big black eyes. His hair is fluffy and yellow.

It is a funny sight to see the camels eat. The driver spreads a cloth on the ground and pours the grain upon it. Then all the camels sit down on the ground around the cloth and eat. It is just like a picnic.

They behave very well at their table. They bend their long necks down to the grain. They look as if they were bowing politely to each other. Sometimes a camel feels cross and will not eat at all. Do you ever feel so cross that you cannot eat?

FRANCES A. HUMPHREY.



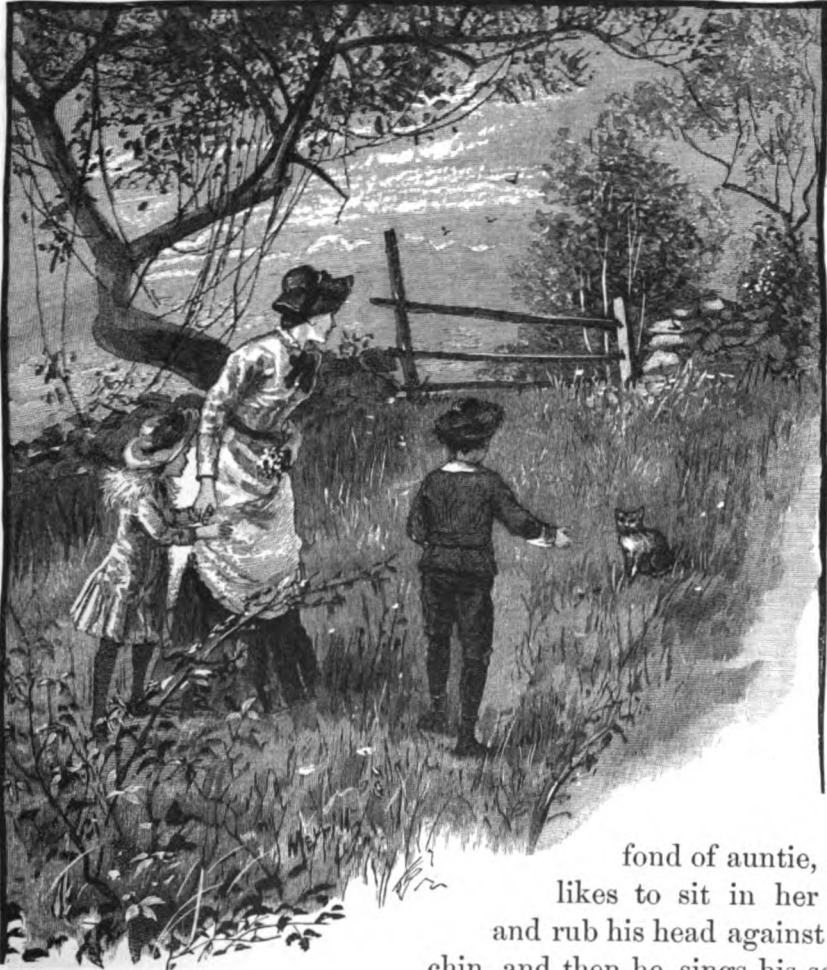
SOMETHING ABOUT TOMMY.

TOMMY, as we call our cat, was born out in the stable. But he did not care to stay in his nursery with the horses. When he was quite a wee kitten he began to follow us about the garden.

As he grew stronger and bigger he would run quite a long way after us. When we went for a walk through the fields on summer evenings he used to follow till he was tired, and then he would sit down and say, "Mew, mew," which meant, "Please carry me, some

one." If no one would carry him he would sit there till we came back, and then follow us to the house.

Who could help liking such a dear cat? He became such a pet that we soon took him into the house altogether. He generally sits all day long just in front of the fire when it is cold. He is very



fond of auntie, and
likes to sit in her lap
and rub his head against her
chin, and then he sings his song,

"Purr, purr." At meal-times he sits close to auntie's side and watches her. When he thinks she has been eating long enough he says "Mew," which means, "I think it is my turn now." He knows, the sly fellow, that he will get a bit off her plate when she has done.

Tommy keeps himself very nice. He wears a gray fur coat, and a gray fur cap to match, with clean white shirt and stockings.

But I am sorry to say that he does not grow better as he grows older. He is very fond of catching the poor little dicky birds in the trees; but he never dares to touch the chickens, for he knows the mother hens would peck him.

Lately Tommy has become a great thief. One day the cook was



preparing some pigeons for dinner. She was called away for a minute, and when she came back one of the pigeons was gone. She guessed who was the thief, and ran out of the kitchen. Then she saw Tommy jumping out of an open window with the pigeon in his mouth.

Sometimes he fights, too.

A little while ago we did not see him for two or three days. One stormy morning he came crawling in, wet through, with his fur coat all brushed the wrong way. Both his ears were

torn, and great scratches were all over his face. One eye was quite closed up, and he was so lame that he could just manage to crawl to the kitchen fire.

He scarcely left the front of the fire for days, and did not wash his face once for a whole week. But he is quite well again now, has grown very big and fat, and puts on a clean shirt every day.

MARY E. GELLIE.

LONDON.

THE DOGGIES' PROMENADE.

THREE dogs went out for a promenade
All on a summer's day ;
There was Mr. Dog, and Mrs. Dog,
And little Doggie Tray.



Old Papa Dog wore a stovepipe hat,
And a button-hole bouquet,
And a bamboo cane, and a gold watch-chain,
And a suit of parson gray.

And Mamma Dog had a new silk gown,
And a bonnet trimmed with blue,
And a high-heeled boot on each dainty foot,
And a brooch and bracelets, too.

Wee Baby Dog had a round Scotch cap,
And a kilt way down to his knee,
And satin bows all over his clothes,
And pockets, — one, two, three.

And as they walked down the crowded street
They were proud as proud could be,
For they were dressed in their very best,
As every one could see.

But a mischievous cat on the sidewalk stood,
No coat, no hat had she;
So she laughed at the dress and the pompousness
Of the dog and his family.



Mr. Dog growled deep, and sprang at the cat
And chased her up and down,
With an angry cry, and a flashing eye,
Throughout the wondering town.

But he tripped in his haste 'gainst a big round stone
And fell in the slippery street;
And when he arose, lo! his stylish clothes
Were mud from head to feet.

And Mrs. Dog, when she saw his plight,
With horror swooned away,

And sank right down, with her silken gown,
On a heap of soft red clay.



Wee Baby Dog was in sad distress ;
He sought for his cap in vain ;
His kilt was torn, he was all forlorn,
And his tears fell down like rain.

But the roguish cat at her fireside sat
And thought of her fun that day ;
And she jumped and danced, and purred and pranced,
At the doggies running away.

MRS. DAVID A. MUNRO.



A TOAD WITH HORNS.

MARK always went to the post-office at noon on his way home from school, and May always met him by the elm-tree.

One day the two children came running into the house, calling, "O mamma, come quick and see what we have got!"

"Well, Mark, what is it?" mamma asked, as she came into the room.

"We don't know. It came in the mail, and it's directed to Mark and May Arwine. What do you suppose it is? Who could have sent it?" The children danced around the table, on which lay a small square box.



"I think I know who sent it," Mrs. Arwine said, smiling. "What it is, I cannot tell. The quickest way to find out will be to open the box."

So Mark cut the strings. May looked on, getting her head so much in his way that the scissors almost went into her eyes.

When he took off the cover something hopped up in her face. She screamed with fright, and even Mark jumped quickly out of the way.

"Why, mamma," he exclaimed, "it's alive. It's like a toad; but see what queer bunches it has on its head, like little horns."

The toad sat perfectly still after its first jump, and May came a little nearer.

"Will he bite, mamma, or poison us?" she asked.

"No, May, I don't think he will bite. Papa must have sent him from Wyoming. Don't you remember he told us about the horned toads they had there?"

"Oh yes! mamma, that's it! What a funny fellow he is! How can we keep him?"

"What shall we call him?"

"What will he eat?"

"Wait," mamma said, "one question at a time. I think you had better put him in the box now, and come to dinner. I have been waiting for you some time."

"All right, mamma; I should think the toad would be hungry, too. He has been waiting a good while for his dinner."

After dinner mamma gave the children an old bird-cage to keep their pet in. They gave him a good meal of flies and bread-crumbs, which he seemed to like very much.

They talked of a great many names for him, but at last called him Joe. The last time I heard from them Joe was very tame and knew his name. He was a great pet with all the children in the neighborhood.

HELEN.

DOLLY'S BROKEN NOSE.

SUCH a doll as little Pinky Fairweather had given to her on her birthday, hardly anybody ever saw! It was a baby doll, and wore long clothes. Her aunt made it a lace cap, with cunning little blue satin ribbons run through it. It had a white merino blanket all bound around with blue, to match, and ever so many things. Then it had a bassinet to sleep in, instead of a common cradle. When she laid it down, it would shut its large blue eyes, just like the sleepest baby in the world.

Every day when Pinky went out to walk she carried Dolly.



Sometimes she drew her in a tiny carriage. The carriage blanket was blue, with white stars on it. Pinky's aunt said it was the prettiest doll's blanket ever seen. But Pinky liked best to carry



Dolly in her arms. She thought her long white robes all trimmed with lace looked almost like a real little baby, and she herself like a real little mother. Sometimes she would overhear another little girl say in the street :

"O mamma, see what a beautiful dolly!"

Then Pinky was very proud indeed. She always walked an extra block after that, in hopes of hearing it again.

Perhaps Pinky was too proud. Perhaps she forgot about the hundreds of poor little girls who have no dolls at all, not even a rag-baby. I don't know. But this is what happened. The doll fell out of her lap one day, and broke its nose. Pinky shed cupfuls of tears, and ran off to her aunt for comfort.

"Never mind," said aunty; and she sent for some strong cement. Then she put dolly's nose in the oven, and heated it very hot. After this the cement was rubbed on, and the nose pressed closely on to Dolly's face again.

By this time Pinky had stopped crying, and she laid Dolly away in the sun to dry.

"Don't you move the leastest bit," said Pinky to her. "If you do, your nose will never grow on in the world."

Dolly seemed to understand, and kept quite still, although the hot sun streamed full into her poor little face.

After a long time, aunty took her up and painted over the crack, but it always looked like a scar.

Then Pinky sometimes overheard another little girl say:

"What a pity that beautiful doll got its nose broke! But it served Pinky Fairweather right, she was so proud."



ELIZABETH A. DAVIS.



Music by T. CRAMPTON.

Voice and Piano.

Allegretto sostenuto, mf

Words by GEORGE S. BURLKIGH.

1. Bumble-bee, or humble-bee, What is this you say to me? Rumble-dumble! Let me tample
2. Ho, you rumble-bumble-bee! In the mossy field I see Where you've hidden, unfor-bidden,

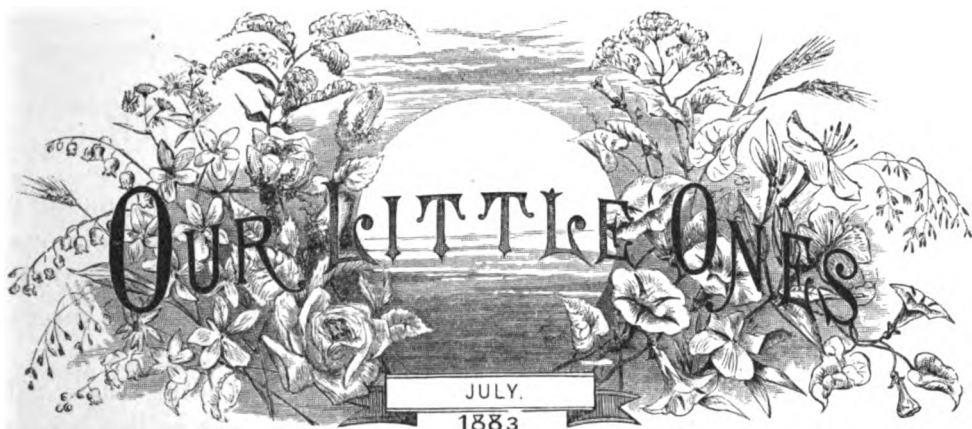
All your rose-leaves; never grumble, House and honey should be free! Humble-bumble-grumble-bee,
All the stores you took unhidden, Gold-en dust and honey free; Cease to grumble, bumble-bee!

Take your fill and let me see Where your funny jars of hon-ey, And the house you stole from bunny,
Build your own house honestly! Mole and squirrel, if it were ill To be robbed, behold your quarrel

And its ba-by cells may be. *pp legato.*
Tak-en up by more than ye!



LITTLE MOTHER HUBBARD.



VOL. II.

LONDON: GRIFFITH AND FARRAN.

No. 21

LITTLE MOTHER HUBBARD.

PRETTY little Mother Hubbard,
In the park at play,
With her gown and pointed hat
All of sober gray ;
And she looked so old and wise,
That I scarce believed my eyes.

Pug no longer frisked about,
For he felt the loss
Of his supper and his cake,
So was tired and cross.
And this selfish little pug
Wished himself upon his rug.

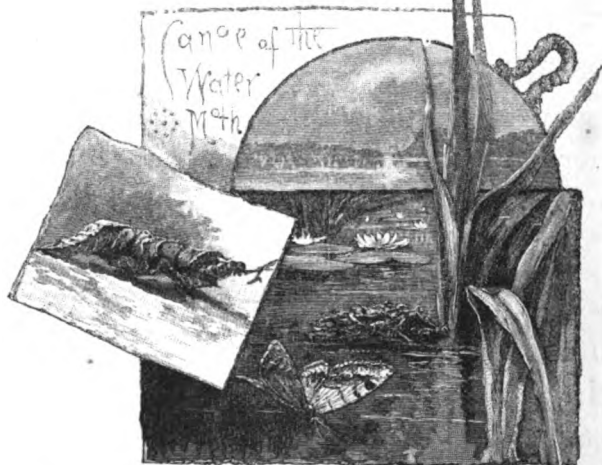
Mother Hubbard hurried home,
Saying, " Mercy, me !
Pug shall have some frosted cake,
And a cup of tea."
But the cake was eaten up,
And the nurse had lost his cup.

ALBERT H. HARDY.

THE CANOE OF THE WATER MOTH.

THE gnat builds his egg boat. The water moth, another little creature, puts together a real canoe. It is a very curious thing, made of bits of straw and reeds all matted together. It is just the shape of the caterpillar that lives in it. The insect breathes with gills just like a fish, and yet cannot swim.

So he fastens this straw and grass together, winding them all around with his own silk. The body of the caterpillar is soft and delicate, you know, and might get hurt if it was left exposed. This is the reason why he covers it so carefully, all but his head.



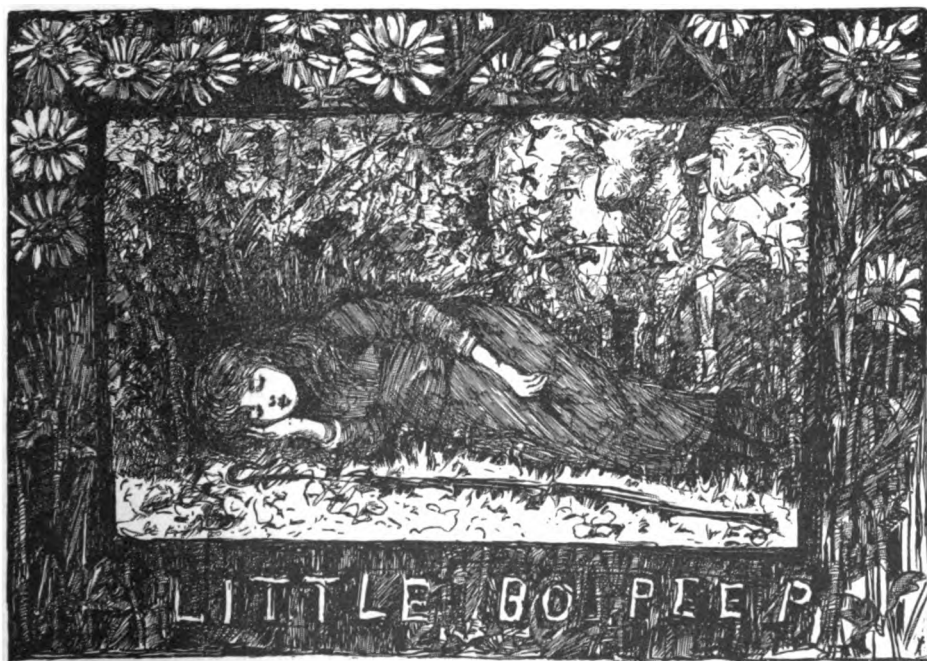
This funny sort of canoe is open at both ends. It is so fixed that when the grub is tired of sailing he can sink down upon the sand. Reaching out of the upper end are his six little feet, with which he drags his small boat after him whenever he wants to get his dinner or put up

for the night. After several days he not only creeps out of this strange house, but out of his skin, at the same time taking on moth wings.

Many people call these queer creatures "laddis worms." If you hunt for them with your young eyes, you can find these little nests of stone, and gravel, and leaves, made by the grubs, though they are very small. They seem to have great taste in fixing them. You should see the houses they make of fresh leaves, curiously put together. They hang from their shoulders like so many wings. They are even more like a bud just ready to open.

These pretty cases of leaves are glued together, leaving an opening at its top just large enough for the little creatures to put out their head and shoulders when they want to look about for food; others of the same species cut pieces of reed or wood into lengths or strips, and join them together as they go on with their work. They use a certain kind of cement, which is better able to stand water than any ever made by man. And they often finish up the whole by putting a broad piece, longer than all the rest, overhead, to shade the doorway, so that no one shall see them work. Some of these funny grubs break off bits of the stems of rushes, which, you know, grow in the water, and weave them into a sort of round ball. Then they hang them together on the stem of some other water plant, making a little cell in the middle to live in. Some use tiny shells even, with snails and other animals alive in them. They keep these poor things just as if they were in prison, and drag them all about with them.

MRS. G. HALL.





BABY RUTH.

SHE came to us when the skies were gray,
And the leaves were whirling down ;
When over the fields the hoar-frost lay,
And the grass was turning brown.

She must have come from some summer-land
Where the trees are always green,
Where birds sing gayly on every hand,
And where frosts are never seen ;

For since her coming, that autumn day,
We take no note of the skies :
If they are clouded, we turn away
To watch the blue of her eyes.

The sun may shine, or the sun may hide,
But why should we care, forsooth ?
Unfailing treasures of light abide
In the heart of Baby Ruth.

So low I kneel at her dimpled feet.
So earnest I am the while,

I seem a suitor, bent to entreat
The grace of his lady's smile.

But my little maid with laughing eyes
Looks, questioning, down at me,
With a face alight with coy surprise
And a smile of baby glee.



Ah, little one, gift of God art thou !
The swift months may come and go ;
With us it is always summer now,
And life's sweetest blossoms blow.

FRANK FOXCROFT.

APPLE-JACK'S NEW HAT.

HARRY's father had an old white horse. His name was Jack. But he liked apples so well that they called him Apple-Jack. He would eat them out of Harry's little fat hand, and nod his head, as

if he was saying, "Thank you, thank you! Give me another."

Bridget said she wished the horse was dead. She could never keep an apple in the kitchen to make a pie, or a pudding, or anything. She thought she should be obliged to lock them up. Harry did not really believe she would. But one day he went into the closet where the apples were kept. Sure enough, she had locked them up in a strong box.

The little boy was very much vexed, and began looking about to see what else he could find to give

the old white horse. Everything had been put away. He was just going out ready to cry, when he saw Bridget's new knitted dishcloth that mamma had made for her.

"Oh," he cried, "here's Apple-Jack's net." And he took it, and went off with it to the stable. The horse knew Harry, and seemed to love him. When the little fellow climbed up to his shaggy white head, and fitted Bridget's dishcloth carefully about his ears, he was quite proud, and turned around to see if the other horses noticed what a nice hat he had on. The next morning there was a great



inquiry to know what had become of the new dishcloth. Harry heard them asking, but he thought he had only taken what belonged to the horse. It looked to him very much like Apple-Jack's net.

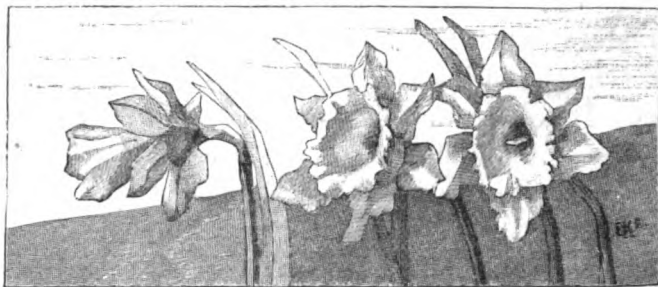
In the course of the day the horse was eating the grass in the yard. Bridget thought she saw something that looked like her new dishcloth. She looked again. It was very strange. Then she went to the door to see plainer. Yes, there it was on the old horse's head, — her beautiful dishcloth that she only washed the china with !



Out she went, and ran after the horse with such fury that he kicked up his heels. He took to the road, with Bridget after him, in a way that made everybody laugh. Once or twice she had almost got it, and then Apple-Jack was off swifter than ever. On, on they went, till the overhanging trees by the roadside caught the net and lifted it far out of Bridget's reach.

She was obliged to leave it waving in the wind, and it may possibly be there now. She says it's a pretty pass if she's got to lock up even the dishcloths, to keep them away from an old white horse that's "neither fit to ride, nor in the cart to draw."

ELIZABETH A. DAVIS.



TOMMY LEARNS ABOUT TOADS.

"Oh, papa, see what a great ugly toad! Do get a stick and kill him before he gets away," said little Tommy Gray, as he was walking in the garden with his father.

"Why do you wish him killed?" asked his father.

"Oh, because he is such an ugly thing, and I am afraid he will eat up everything in the garden. You know we killed several bugs and worms which we found here last evening. I am sure this toad is much worse than they."

"We killed the bugs and worms because they were destroying our flowers and vegetables. This poor toad never destroys a plant of any kind about the place. Besides, he is one of our best friends. These insects that are doing so much harm in our garden are just what he uses for his food. I have no doubt that he kills more of them every day than we did last evening. If you can find a live bug, place it near him and see what he will do."

Tommy looked about, and soon found three bugs, which he placed near the toad, and then stood back a short distance to see the result. Soon the bugs began to move away. The toad saw them, and made a quick forward motion

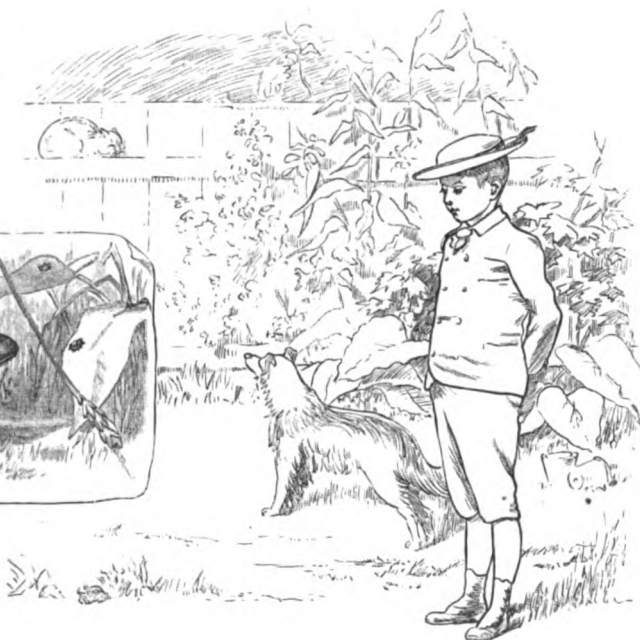
of his head. He darted out his tongue and instantly drew them, one by one, into his mouth. Tommy clapped his hands with delight.

“How can such a clumsy-looking fellow use his head and tongue so nimbly?” said Tommy; and he ran off to find more food for him.



The next evening Tommy went again into the

garden, and soon found the object of his search ready for his supper. At first the toad was shy, but he soon learned to sit still while Tommy placed the food near him. Then he would dart out his tongue and eat the bugs while Tommy was close by. Finding that the boy did not hurt him, he soon lost all fear and became a great pet. Tommy named him Humpy, and says he would not have him killed now for anything.



H. L. CHARLES.

WHAT THE CHILDREN SENT TO CHINA.

Buzz and Bess were at the sea-shore for the summer. All day long they played and played until the sun went down. Buzz liked to play with the little girls; Bess was his sister.

One day they found a boat on the beach. They thought it would be nice to send it to China. They had heard something about China being across the sea. Their Sunday-school teacher told them of poor little children, also, who lived over the sea.



"Of course they all live in China," said Bess.

"Yes, there is n't any more over the sea but China," said Flossie.

"Let us borrow this boat and send them something nice."

"So we will," said Buzz, "something good to eat."

"Something to keep for ever and ever," added Flossie.

The children all went home to get something for the poor China children. Flossie brought a doll and some peaches. Bess had her little arms full of blocks and books. Buzz brought two old tops, a Chinese puzzle, and some doughnuts.

"Won't they be pleased!" said Flossie, clapping her hands.

"We must send them a letter," said Bess.

"And write our names," added Buzz.

Bess ran for some paper.

"You must write it, Flossie, for you make the best letters." So Flossie wrote: —

DEER CHINA CHILDREN, — We ar sorry for u and send u sum of our things. We live in Boston.

FLOSSIE MAY,
BESSIE PARKER,
BUZZ PARKER.

The children put the letter where it would keep dry. They pinned it in the doll's dress. Then they pushed the boat away from the shore, and saw it float off.

"It's most to China now," said Bess, "so let's go and play church."



"It's only out to Egg Rock," said Flossie. But they played church, and soon forgot the China children.

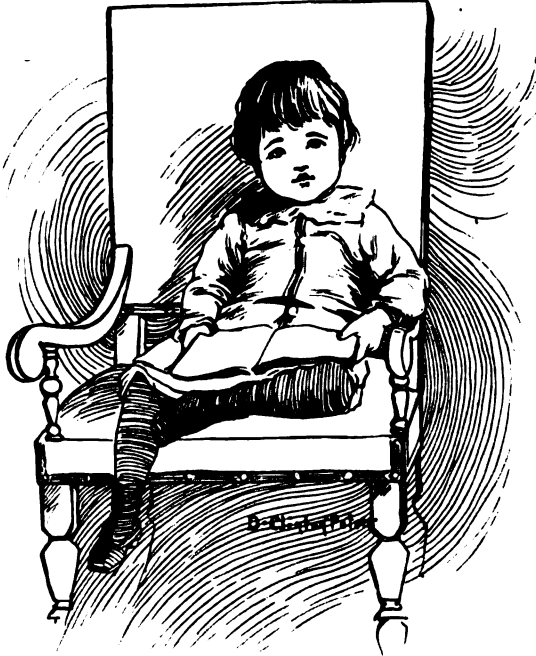
The next morning, while the little friends slept, an old fisherman found the boat. It was drifting out to sea. He laughed when he saw the toys. He carried them home to his children.

His little girl found the letter. When the fisherman's wife read it she said, "Bless their dear little hearts! They have made my children just as happy as any China children could be."

KATE TANNATT WOODS.

A LITTLE BOY.

If I were a little bird,
I'd sing my sweetest song ;
I'd take a journey to the sky,
And frolic all day long.



If I were a pussy-cat,
I'd chase the rats and
mice,
And have sweet cream
for supper,
And everything that's
nice.

If I were a tiny mouse,
I'd gnaw the soft new
cheese ;
When Tabby was n't in
the way,
I'd do just as I please.

But I am a little boy
Just learning what to
do ;

And every day, it seems to me,
I find out something new.

I get up in the morning
And play with Tom and Nell ;
But when I am as old as they,
I'll go to school as well.

I'm very little, to be sure,
But then I'm only four ;
And some day I'll be older,
And know a great deal more.

ANNIE D. BELL.

BETTER THAN A BIT OF BREAD.

SALLY GROVES was very fond of gay dress. When her father brought her a pretty pair of red shoes with red strings she was greatly pleased. "But then," she said to herself, "how much prettier they would be with yellow strings! I wonder papa did n't think of it."

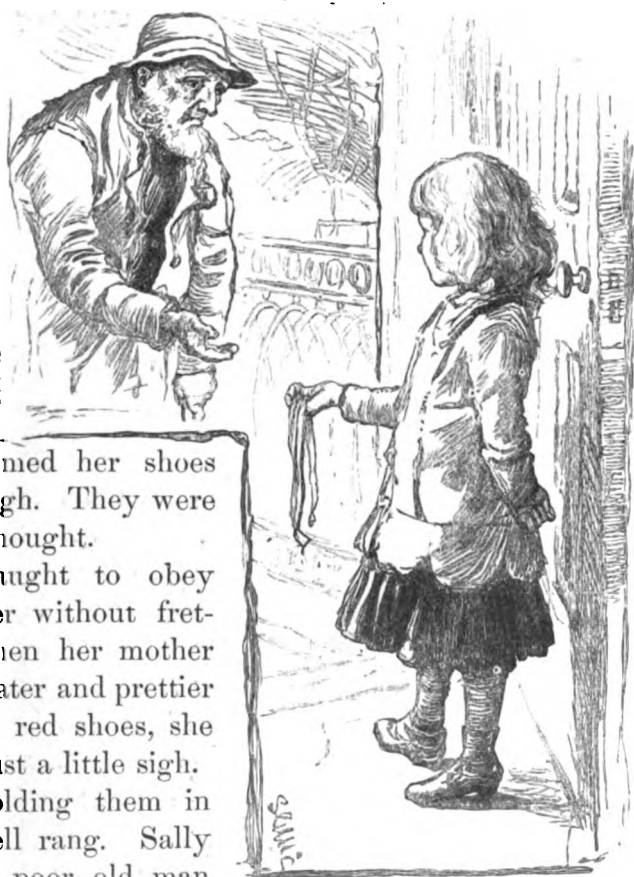
Sally had a few pennies in her money-box. She ran to the shop and got some bright yellow ribbon for strings and bows. When she had trimmed her shoes they looked gay enough. They were too gay, her mother thought.

Sally had been taught to obey her father and mother without fretting or pouting. When her mother told her how much neater and prettier red strings looked in red shoes, she drew them out with just a little sigh.

While she was holding them in her hand, the door-bell rang. Sally ran to the door. A poor old man with a wooden leg was standing on the steps.

"My dear little miss, will you please give me a piece of bread? I have walked a long way this morning, and have had no breakfast."

"Oh, I'm so sorry for you!" said Sally. "But take these pretty strings. They are much better than a bit of bread. Manima says I am not old enough to wear them. I'm sure you are. Do take them."



Pushing them into the man's hand, she shut the door. He thanked her. As he put them into his pocket, he thought he would rather have had something to eat.

The roads were very muddy. At the next crossing he saw a lady holding one of her clogs in her hand. It was before rubber shoes



were used. The string had broken, and she was wondering how she should cross the muddy road.

The old man hobbled up to her as fast as he could. "Can't I help you, madam? I have these yellow shoestrings. They were given me by a little girl just now."

"Thank you, my good man. I shall be very glad of them."

Laying down his crutch, the old man put the string into her clog, and then tied it firmly on her foot.

While he was doing this, the lady looked at him. His clothes were neat and clean. She thanked him, and put a shilling into his hand. She told him where she lived, and asked him to call the next day. With the shilling he got a good breakfast. As he thought of the little girl who had given him the shoestrings, he said to himself, "Yes, indeed, they were better than a bit of bread."



it, the lady
clothes were
and clean.
put a shilling
told him
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With the

He had reason for many years to think of little Sally Groves, and the yellow shoestrings. The kind lady he had helped to cross the muddy road gave him constant work about her house and garden. She had a nice room fitted up for him over the tool-house. As long as he lived the old man had a good home and good friends.

You may be sure he did n't forget to call and tell Sally Groves of his good fortune.

BESSIE PEDDER.



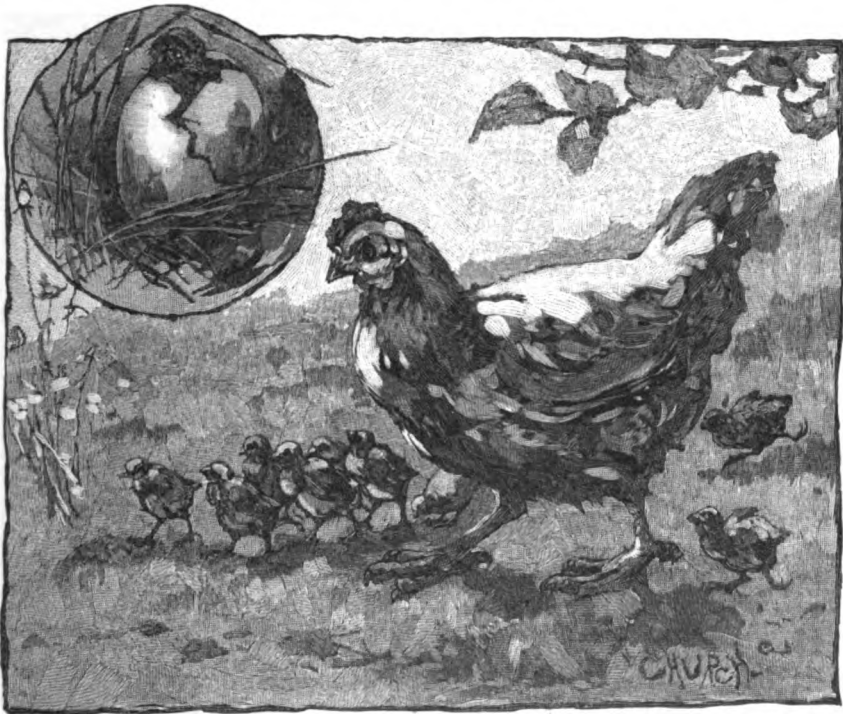


HELPING ONE'S SELF.

THE speckled hen clucked on her nest,
And in the egg beneath her breast
A chicken stirred. "O dear!" said he,
"If something now would set me free!"
The egg had never seemed so small, —
He had no space to move at all, —
"And no one cares," thought he, "or knows
How close the walls about me close."
He felt so small, and lone, and weak!
But at the shell he struck his beak;
"For I must help myself," said he,
"Or else I never shall get free."

Peck, peck! He tried his utmost might;
The shell had never seemed so tight;
He might as well give up; fall back;
No, no! Peck, peck! He heard a crack!
Peck, peck! Half pleased and half afraid,
He saw that he a hole had made!
Peck, peck! "I must be brave," said he,
"Or else I never shall get free!"

Peck, peck ! At last, beyond a doubt,
He found his head was coming out !
Peck, peck ! Peck, peck ! Oh, was it true ?
The prison shell had burst in two !
Off came the hen with speckled breast,
Out came the chickens from the nest ;
Cluck, cluck ! The mother led the way



Into the new world glad and gay ;
The green leaves danced, the sky was blue,
The springing grass was gemmed with dew ;
The air was warm, the sunshine bright,
Loud peeped the chicken with delight.
“ But I should never have been free,
Had I not helped myself,” said he.

MARIAN DOUGLAS.



CHUCKY AND HIS PICTURE.

CHUCKY was his name. It may seem a funny name for a poor little orphan woodchuck; but that is what we called him when he came to live at our house. When he was very little we built him a house. It was a box with slats nailed across the front and sides. He was very much afraid of Rover; and the dog, thinking he was no better than any other woodchuck, would bark at him. He wanted to give him a good shaking for coming to live at "The Elms." After we had scolded him and told him not to touch, he finally let little Chucky alone. Still he looked very crossly at him as Chucky poked his little brown nose through the bars of his prison-house.

Chucky grew rapidly, and soon found that his house was too small for him. He told us so by gnawing at the slats. We let him out, and he went to live under the wood-shed.

He was a roguish little fellow, and enjoyed playing with Kitty Tom very much. But he was shy of Rover, and showed his dislike by snapping his teeth at him.

One day a "picture-man," as Neddie called him, stopped at our house to dinner. As he was about starting away, Charlie exclaimed, "Oh, let's have Chucky's picture taken!" So he ran and caught little Chucky, and put him up in Neddie's high-chair.

At first Chucky was frightened and wanted to jump down, but Charlie fed him with clover-tops and kept him still. The picture-



man peeped through his glass and said, "All right!" We all held our breath during the few seconds that followed. We were afraid Chucky would get tired of keeping still. Soon, however, the man said "Enough!" and we sprang to take little Chucky from his high position.

The picture looked exactly like our funny little pet, and we were very proud of it.

Charlie said he never heard of a woodchuck having his picture taken before. He thought Chucky must be the first one ever honored in that way.

LILA LONG.



WHERE DID THEY GO?

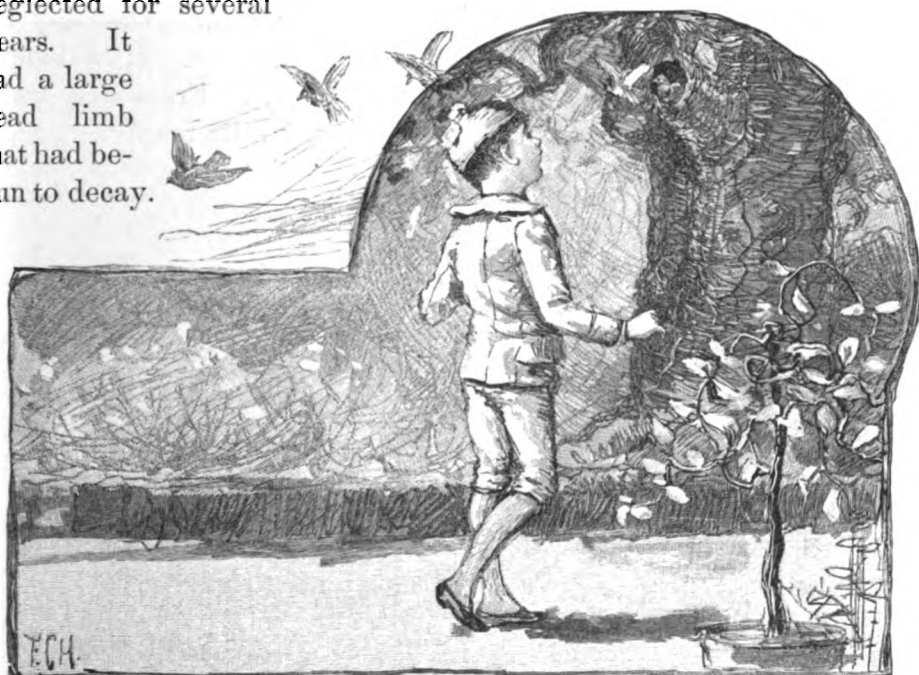
GRANDMA says we little witches
Make her drop so many stitches,
Laughing, till she fairly shakes,
At our pranks; but she mistakes —
For when I brought my little basket
(Just myself, she did n't ask it),
To hunt her stitches on the floor
(A dozen dropped, she said, or more),
There wasn't one, that I could find!
Poor grandma must be getting blind.

S. D.

THE WOODPECKER'S NEST.

ONE day the hired man went into the apple orchard, with knife and saw, to prune the trees. Little Frank got permission to go with him. While at his work the man came to a large tree that had been neglected for several

years. It had a large dead limb that had begun to decay.



He was about to saw it off, when he found a hole in one side of it. Peeping in, he saw a woodpecker's nest with five little blue eggs in it. He called Frank and lifted him so he could see the eggs, and then told him he would pull out the nest and eggs and give them to him.

"Oh, don't do that!" cried Frank. "See, the poor bird is crying now. It is her little home that she has worked so hard to make."

"But I must saw off the limb," said the man. "It has begun to rot, and is spoiling the tree. I don't think your father would be willing for me to leave it."

"I am sure papa would n't care. If you will wait a few minutes, I will go and ask him. I see him now, walking in the garden."

Frank ran to his father, and after a few moments of earnest talk came running back, saying, "Papa says we can leave the limb till after the birds have hatched and left the nest."

So the bird's little mossy home remained unharmed, and Frank felt all the deeper interest in it because he had saved it. He visited the tree every morning to watch the mother bird. One day he came just in time to see the little ones leave the nest. How happy the mother was to see her little ones able to fly! Frank felt truly glad that he had saved the home of this happy little family.

H. L. CHARLES.

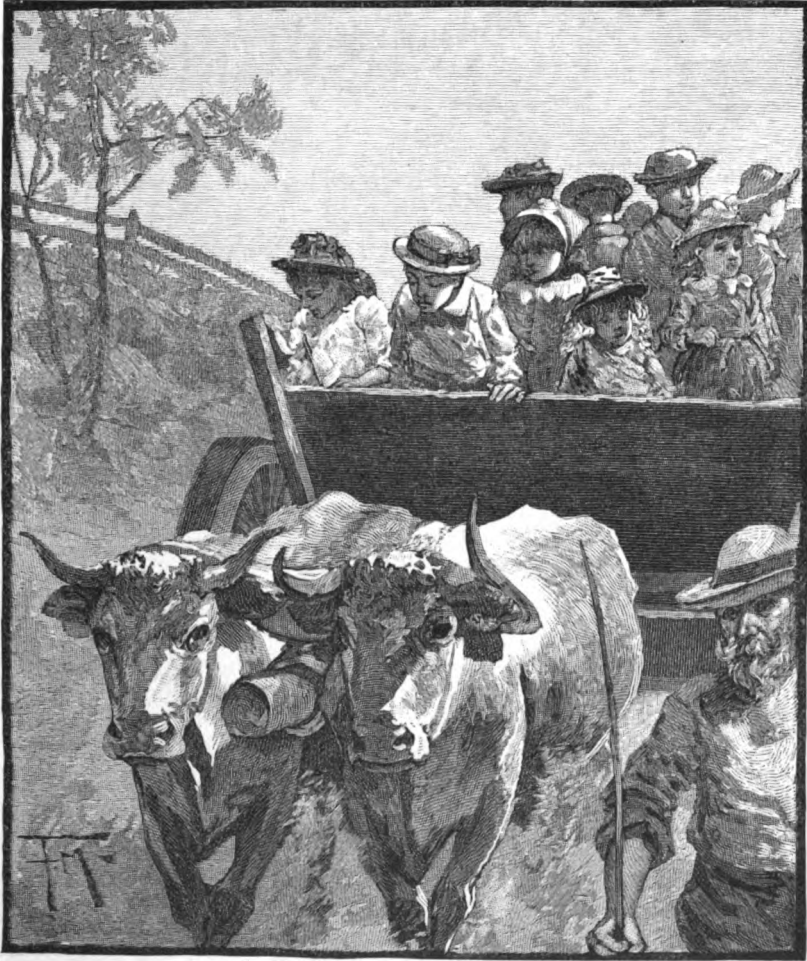


A FUNNY PICNIC.

It was the funniest picnic you ever saw. We went in an ox-cart. There were fifteen of us. Old uncle Joe drove. Two great oxen drew us. We stopped at the Mill Bridge, under a beech-tree, by a spring, and ate our lunch. The girls had a swing, and the boys all went swimming about a mile off.

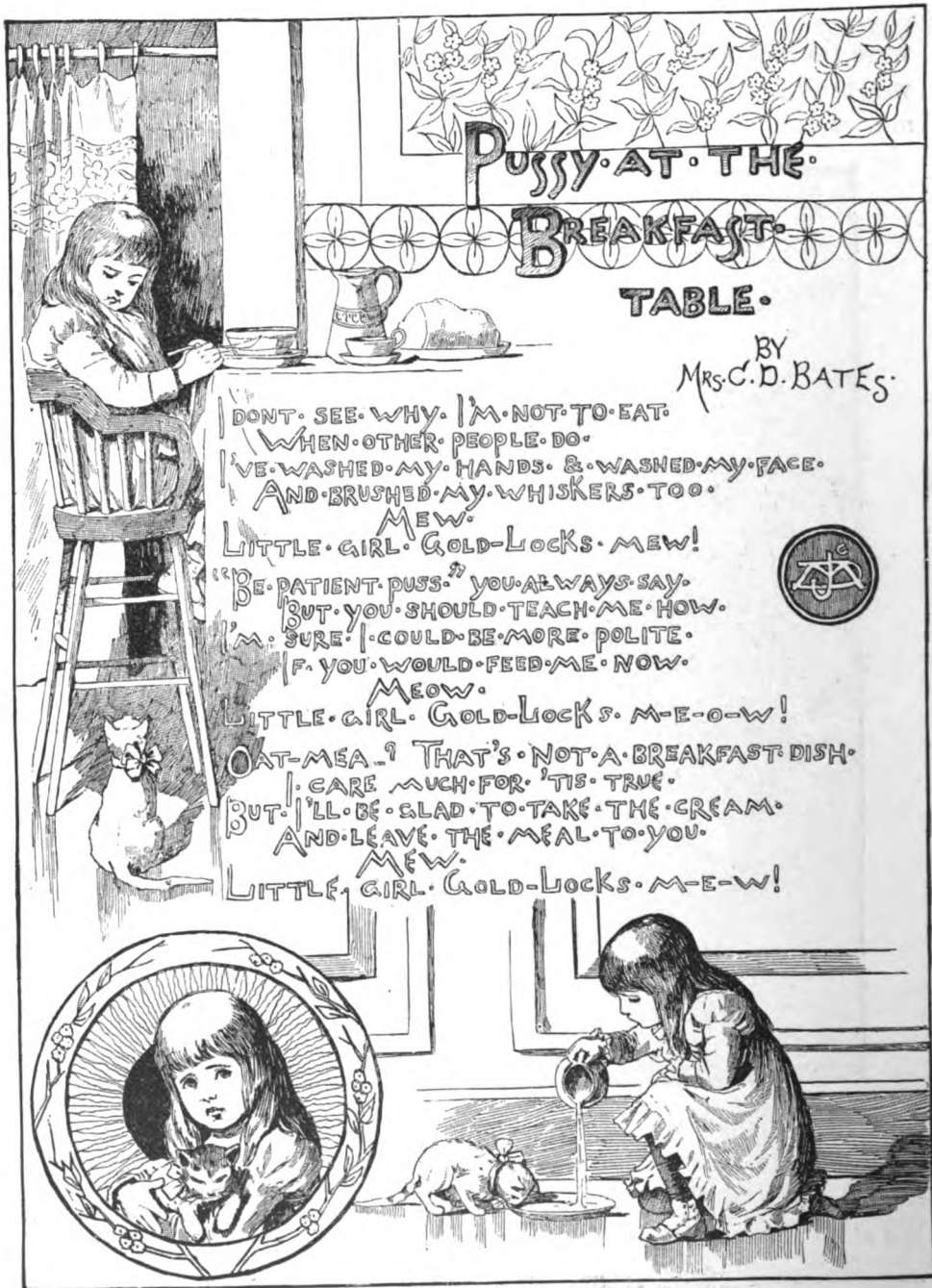
A rain came up. We huddled under the cart, except four boys who got under the oxen, and tried to make us believe it was nicer than under the cart. They even wanted some of us girls to crawl under the oxen too — the idea! When the rain stopped, we got in the cart again, and Uncle Joe made Romulus and Remus (those

were the names of the steers) go home as fast as they could. And we could not sit down, for the cart was all wet. The boys whistled and were noisy. Some of us caught colds and had to take medi-



cine, and wished we had not gone. The others said it was just splendid. It was a funny picnic, and the best part of it was the cake and the broiled chicken and the doughnuts and the sandwiches. We slept that night just like kittens, we were so tired.

R. W. L.



PUSSY AT THE BREAKFAST

TABLE.

BY
MRS. C. D. BATES.

I DONT SEE WHY I'M NOT TO EAT
WHEN OTHER PEOPLE DO
I'VE WASHED MY HANDS & WASHED MY FACE
AND BRUSHED MY WHISKERS TOO

MEOW

LITTLE GIRL GOLD-LOCKS MEW!

"BE PATIENT PUSS," YOU ALWAYS SAY
BUT YOU SHOULD TEACH ME HOW
I'M SURE I COULD BE MORE POLITE
IF YOU WOULD FEED ME NOW

MEOW

LITTLE GIRL GOLD-LOCKS M-E-O-W!

OAT-MEAL? THAT'S NOT A BREAKFAST DISH
I CARE MUCH FOR 'TIS TRUE
BUT I'LL BE GLAD TO TAKE THE CREAM
AND LEAVE THE MEAL TO YOU

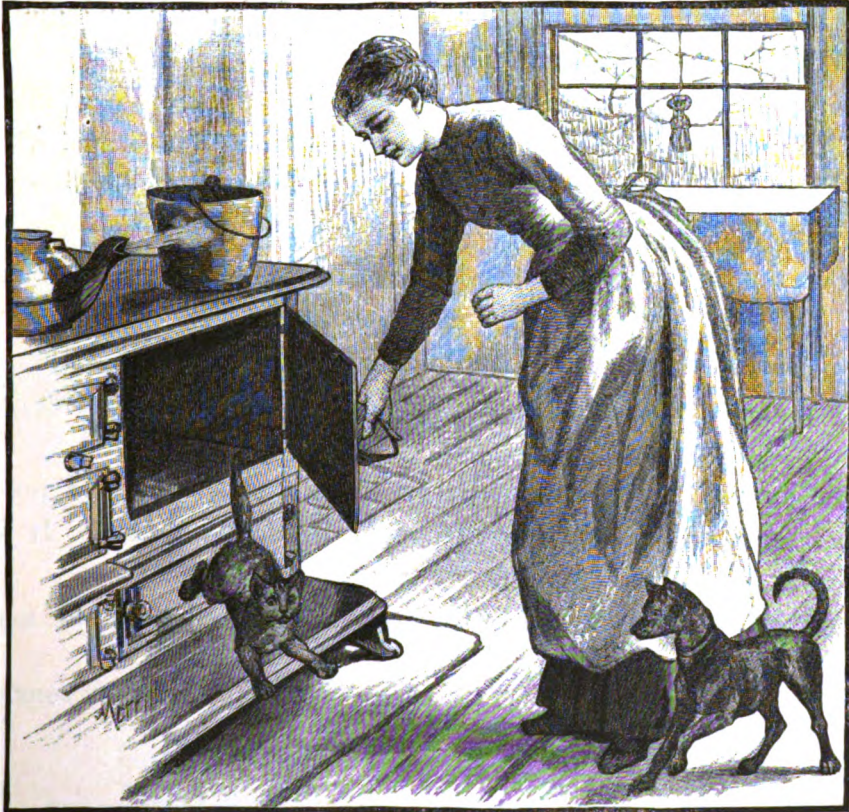
MEOW

LITTLE GIRL GOLD-LOCKS M-E-W!



TOPSY'S BEDROOM.

It was a winter night. Topsy, the gray pussy, sat purring on the kitchen hearth. Sarah sat down by the stove and warmed her feet in the oven, before she went to bed.



Topsy was left alone. The fire went down, and the kitchen began to grow cold. Topsy woke up. She wanted to go upstairs and jump into Sarah's bed.

So she tried to open the door with her paw; but Sarah had latched it.

Topsy mewed with vexation. She went back to her place on the

hearth. The moon shone into the room. Topsy saw the oven door open. She purred at this. "I have it now," she meant; "I'll sleep snug and warm."

Into the oven she crept. She rolled herself into a ball, put her head on her paws, and purred herself to sleep.

Next morning, Sarah came down before light. It was washing-day, and she was in a hurry. She shut the oven door, and did not see Topsy. Then she made her fire.

Topsy's bedroom began to prove too warm. Poor little cat! She tried to push the door open; but she could not. "Mew, mew," she cried. The fire snapped and crackled, and Sarah did not hear her. She scratched the door, and mewed as loud as she could.

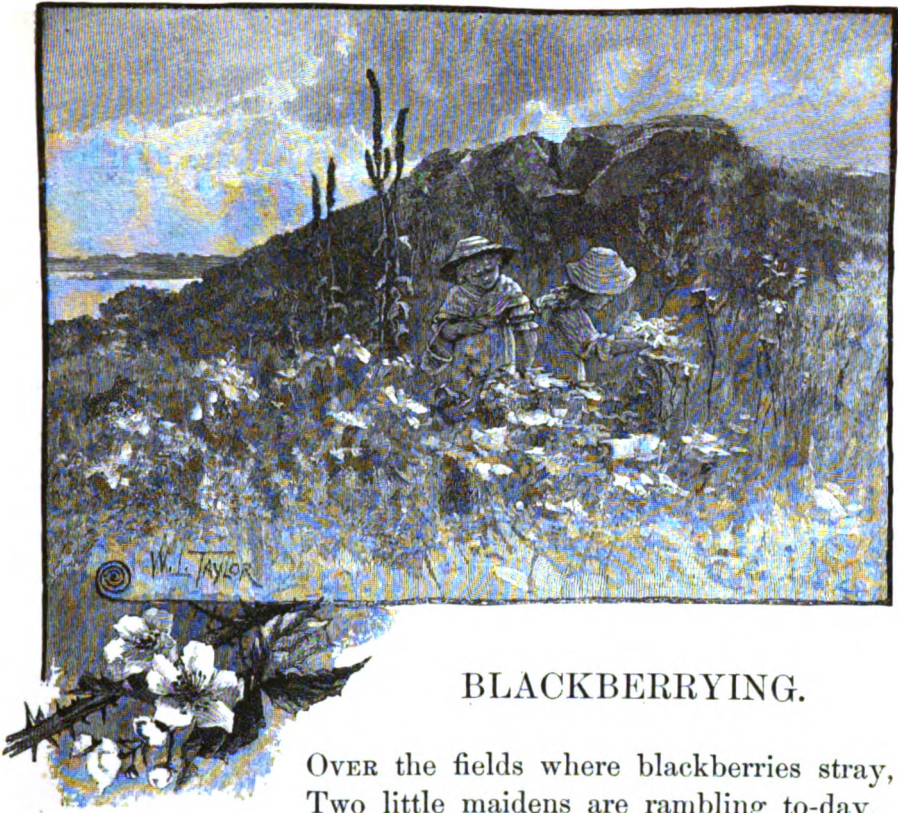
Spot, the little dog, ran in from the barn. He wanted his breakfast. "Mew, mew," cried Topsy. Spot heard her. "Bow, wow, wow," barked Spot. He pulled Sarah's dress with his teeth. He ran to the stove, and looked at Sarah, and barked. She came, and opened the oven door.

Out jumped a very smutty pussy. She was a very glad pussy, though; and she rubbed herself against Spot, and purred. It was pussy's way of thanking him.

Afterwards, Sarah looked in the oven mornings before she made her fire.

MRS. MARY JOHNSON.





BLACKBERRYING.

OVER the fields where blackberries stray,
Two little maidens are rambling to-day.

Black eyes and blue eyes bent to the ground,
Searching each nook where a berry is found.

Little brown fingers stained to the tips;
Sweeter than berries the soft rosy lips.

Gayly they chatter, the wee maidens sweet,
Wild rose and daisy beneath the small feet.

Brown curls and golden almost entwined,
As two little maidens one berry must find.

Under the sunny skies, laugh as you go
Over the fields where the blackberries grow.

LUCY RANDOLPH FLEMING.



ARCH THE FIDDLER.

You ought to see Arch, the colored fiddler of his county, and of many counties around, in old Virginia.

He has many friends, old and young, rich and poor, white and colored. All look pleased when Arch is coming. He has white teeth, and a merry smile. He can dance and sing as well as any of the young folks.

He carries his violin, "Old Susan," as he calls it, in a cloth bag. When he is playing, he talks to it as if it were alive. No one can dance a jig like Arch. When he is singing comic songs, he enters into them with all his heart.

Not long ago he was getting into a buggy with a loaded gun in his hand. The gun went off and shot him in the arm. It will be some time before he can play again. Everybody is sorry. Many people go to see him and carry him nice things. A gentleman who was near by put him in his carriage and took him home. We hope, as the wound is slight, we shall soon see Arch's merry face again.

M. T. HUNTER.



The Two Dollies.



Signs of The Seasons

Words by M. E. N. HATHEWAY.

Music by T. CRAMPTON.

Grazioso. p

Voice and Piano.

1. What does it mean when the goldfinch flies
2. What does it mean when the crickets chirp, And

Over the hills, singing sweet and clear? When violets peep through the blades of grass? These are the signs that
off to the south-land the wild geese steer? When apples are falling and nuts are brown? These are the signs that

Spring is here. What does it mean when the berries are ripe? When butter-flies flit and
Autumn is here. What does it mean when the days are short? When leaves are all gone and

honey-bees hum? When cat-tle stand under the sha-dy trees? These are the signs that
brooks are all dumb? When corn-fields are white with the drifting snows? These are the signs that

ritard.

Summer has come; These are the signs that Summer has come. *p pp*
Winter has come; These are the signs that Winter has come.



BROTHER JONATHAN.



VOL. II.

LONDON: GRIFFITH AND FARRAN.

No. 22.

BROTHER JONATHAN.

MR. BROWN had a large farm, and a great many horses, oxen, cows, pigs, hens, and chickens. Mrs. Brown had a cat and kittens, and a dog. But they had no little children. They had had a dear little girl. After they lost her, Mrs. Brown always wanted a child in the house, wishing to do for her what she would have done for Alice.

Last spring when she went to Boston she borrowed her sisters three children to take home. She kept them with her all summer. Such nice times as those children had! Alfred, the oldest boy, said he did n't believe the man who wrote "There's no place like home," had any Aunt Mary Ann to visit.

Mr. Brown let them be real farmers. When he planted, they planted their own little garden too. After the seeds were in the ground, they watched every day for the sprouts to appear. There were many other little eager eyes watching the ground. No matter how early the children got up in the morning, the crows were always ahead of them.

At last they became so very greedy that Ezra, Mr. Brown's man, said he must rig up something to scare them away. He

took two bean-poles and crossed and tied them together near the top. He stuck the long ends through the legs of an old pair of trousers. A stick lashed across the other poles made shoulders to hang a coat on. Then he stuffed out the clothes with straw and tied a rope around the waist.

When this "scarecrow" was placed in the garden and had a ragged hat put on it, it made a frightful-looking old fellow. The crows did n't venture to do anything more than scold at him as they flew over the garden. Ezra named him Brother Jonathan.

Every forenoon the children played "make calls." They would first see Mrs. Brown, who never failed to have a supply of doughnuts or cookies to give her little visitors. Then they would go out and call on Mr. Brown and Ezra and carry them some sweetened water. They would always end by going over to shake hands with Brother Jonathan, ask him how he had slept, and what he thought the weather would be for the day.



TEN LITTLE TOES.

BABY is clad in his nightgown white,
Pussy-cat purrs a soft good-night,
And somebody tells, for somebody knows,
The terrible tale of ten little toes.

RIGHT FOOT.

This big toe took a small boy Sam
Into the cupboard after the jam;
This little toe said, "Oh no! no!"
This little toe was anxious to go;
This little toe said, "'Tisn't quite right;"
This little tiny toe curled out of sight.



LEFT FOOT.

This big toe got suddenly stubbed;
This little toe got ruefully rubbed;
This little frightened toe cried out, "Bears!"
This little timid toe, "Run up stairs!"
Down came a jar with a loud slam! slam!
This little tiny toe got all the jam!

CLARA G. DOLLIVER.

A LADY-BUG'S HOME.

"LADY-BUG, Lady-bug, fly away home,
Your house is on fire, your children will burn."

Emma was softly singing the words over and over to herself. Auntie heard her in the next room. "What is it, Emma?" she called.



"It's a lady-bug, Auntie," said the little girl, "and I've told her to go home ever and ever so many times, but she won't go."

Emma carried the lady-bug carefully on her finger in to show Auntie.

"Perhaps she has n't got any home, Auntie; can't I make her one?"

"Yes, dear, if you like," said Auntie.

So she found a tiny box for the lady-bug, and Emma put in a wee soft piece of cotton-wool for a bed; and then the lady-bug had a home, though there were no children in it.

Emma watched her new pet carefully for several days. She tried to feed it with little crumbs of bread and small drops of water, but the lady-bug would not touch them. She crawled about the box sometimes, but never once offered to fly away.

One day Emma brought the box to Auntie and said sorrowfully: "See, Auntie, dear, I think she's dead."

"So she is, pet," said Auntie, putting her arm around the little girl. "I think the lady-bug was sick at first, and that is the reason she would not fly away when you told her."

"Oh, I don't think so, Auntie," said Emma, earnestly. "I think that her children were on fire, and got all burned up; and now she has died because she was so sorry for them."

"Well, darling, perhaps that is it," said Auntie.

EVA F. L. CARSON.



SURF RIDING.

ONE day all the little Kittredges, who lived at the Sandwich Islands, went down to the beach to bathe in the surf. Maurice took his surf-board with him. He had spent a long time in the morning getting the board ready. It was nothing, after all, but a long narrow board rounded at one end.

Maurice had never tried to ride on a surf-board, but he had seen the natives do it many times, and he felt sure it was great fun. He tried to get Maude and Rose to ask him to make them some boards; but they said they did not want any.

"What are you afraid of?" asked Maurice. "It is just as easy as anything."

After they were all in the water, Maurice waded out quite a long distance. Then he waited for a big roller to come in, holding his

surf-board high in both hands just as he had seen the natives do. Then he gave a leap on to the end of the board, and down he went under the water, board and all. But he came up all right, and tried it again. This time he had better luck. He was just in time



to catch a lovely white wave that came rushing along, and away he went with it, up upon the sandy beach.

This was such capital sport that Maurice laughed loud and long. After this he went out again and again, and every time a merry wave would catch him and send him speeding up to the shore. Once the wave was too quick for him and forced the edge of the board against his chest, pounding him cruelly. Poor Maurice gave a dreadful gasp and cry. He thought for a

moment he should never get his breath again. But he struggled to the shore, and in a moment felt as well as ever, and away he went into the waves with his surf-board again.

Maurice says now that his American cousins may say all they have a mind to about coasting. For his part he can get all the fun he wants on a surf-board. He says he is going to keep trying till he can stand up on the board and ride in on the crest of a wave, as the natives long ago used to do.

HILLO, HAWAII.

AUNTIE RIA.



IN THE MEADOW.

Down in the meadow, all the long day,
My little Bess plays among the sweet
 hay.

She dances along with a step so light
Over clover-tops red and violets white.
She plays bo-peep in the heaped-up hay,
She cares to do nothing but laugh and
 play.

At noontime she eats her nice lunch by the brink
Of the brook where the bobolink comes down to drink.

“Haw, Whitefoot! gee, Brownie!” Bess dances with glee;
She never gets tired of dancing, you see.

Here come the fat oxen with hay-cart behind.

Now rake up the hay, and, “Bess, do you mind,

 And not be in the way,

 But rake up the hay

 With your own rake, I say,

 As fast as you may.”

And now on the top of the load, safe from harm,

Our Bessy rides home with papa to the barn.

F. A. H.



BEAVERS AND THEIR HOUSES.

WHAT queer little things beavers are! What strange houses they can build! They make a sort of cabin of branches of trees and mud. The mud answers nicely for mortar.

They have large, strong teeth. When they are cutting the branches for use they gnaw them off with their teeth. They make the sticks just as nearly the same length as they can. They dig up the mud with their paws, for they are great diggers. When they are ready to build their cabin, they use their flat tails just as masons use a trowel. With it they spat and smooth the coat of mud as they put it on.

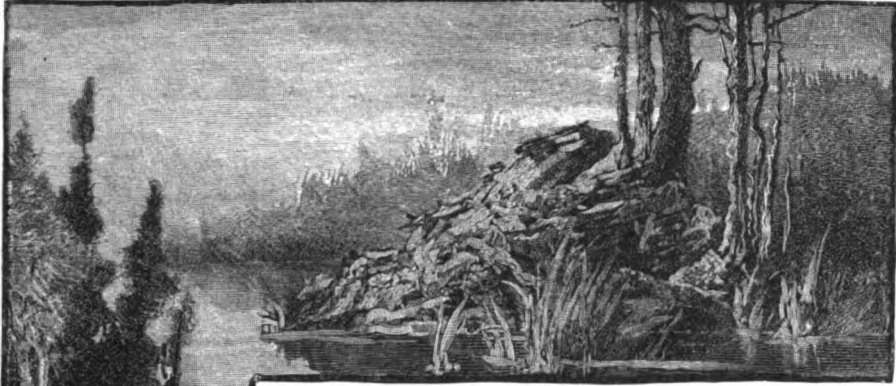
The beaver's tail is very short, and well adapted to this purpose. As the wall of the cabin rises higher, it is hard for the builder to reach the top. What do you think he does? Why, he props himself up on it and goes on with his work.

These little creatures lead an idle sort of life during most of the summer months, and keep by themselves; but the last of August they form into companies and begin to cut down their timber.

The beavers always select a place for building close to a stream of water. To get to the entrance, they must go down under the water. In order to keep the water over the doors just high enough, they make a perfect dam. This dam is also built of branches and mud. For fear the branches might move and get out of place, they fix stones upon them, sometimes of large size, to keep them down.

Do you see how they can understand all this? If they did not have a dam, the door of the cabin might be closed up with ice if the water got low in the stream in winter.

In this cabin there are two little rooms. They are shaped like an oven. The beavers live in the upper one, and in the lower they store



away their food. They eat the roots and branches of different vegetables in the winter. They often lay up food in very large quantities.

This wonderful little animal is about three feet long. His tail is eleven inches long. He uses it as a rudder in swimming, as well as a trowel. This rudder, with his web feet, enables him to swim much faster than he can walk.

So you see that God gives to every creature certain tools to do his own work.

MRS. G. HALL.





COALS OF FIRE.

"I'LL never play with you any more," said John one day to Katie. But his mother said he must do good for evil. So he gathered



some strawberries and carried a nice large dish of them over to Katie the next day. Katie had been in the wrong. As John gave her the dish of berries, her mother said, "Coals of fire;" but Kate thought them better than that. At any rate, I have heard that she tried hard to treat her cousin John well after that, and soon learned to love him very much. You see, John was sorry for his rude words,

even though she was in the wrong and not he. He won his hasty cousin by kindness. Kindness does tell, strawberries or no strawberries.

R. W. L.

TWO LITTLE INDIANS.

HARRY and Philip were at the sea-shore. They lived in a pretty cottage and had very merry times. One day they came to their mamma and wanted a tent. They wished to have it put on the rocks close by the sea. When their papa came home he made a tent for them.

It stood below the cottage, where you could hear the water splash on some large rocks. Harry and Philip were little fellows, only six and seven years old. They wanted to be Indians and sleep in a tent.

Some real Indians had a camp on the shore not far away. They made baskets and sold them to the ladies and children. Philip and Harry visited them and went home much pleased.

"You will get tired of your tent when it grows cold," said their mamma.

"You will come creeping into the house as soon as it is dark," said the nurse.

The boys opened their large eyes, but did not answer. When the stars came out, they went into their tent.

"Can we leave the door open so we can see the water?" asked Philip.

"Yes," said mamma.

So the door was left open, and all was still inside the tent. The door was only a bit of canvas. When bedtime came, papa and mamma walked down to see how the little ones were. There they were, fast asleep, with a smile on each little brown face. Without pillow or bed, they were as happy as two kings.



“‘Only a blanket just like the Indians,’ was their wish, and they have one about them,” said papa.

“They may take cold here,” said tender-hearted mamma; so they were carried into the house and put to bed.



How grieved they were in the morning! how sorry because they were not really, truly Indians! But some one said, “They are brave little fellows, and will make fine fearless men some day.”

Brave, good men are needed in our large world.

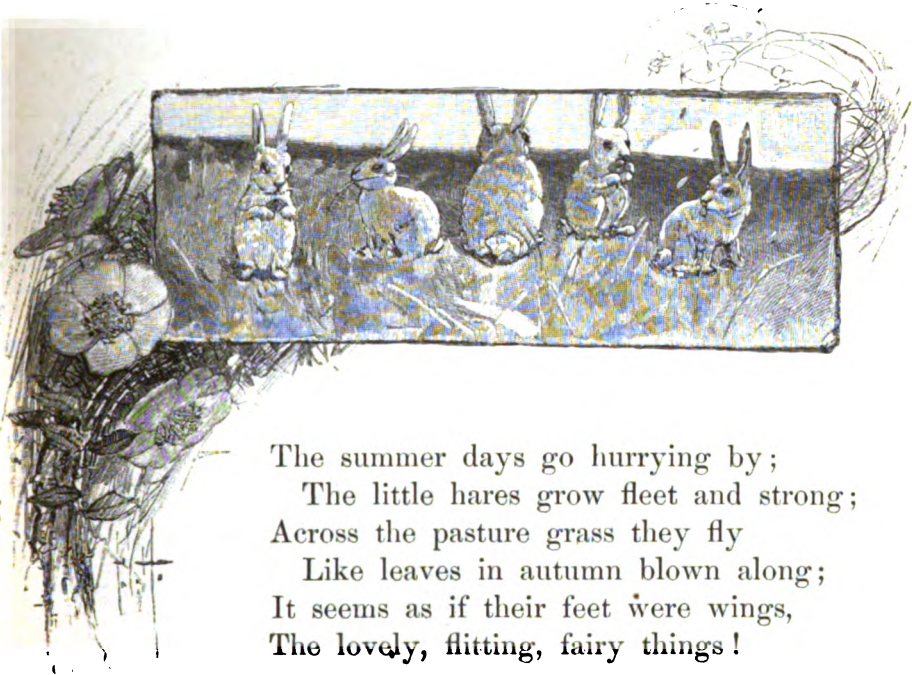
KATE TANNATT WOODS.

THE LITTLE HARES.

THE gray-leaved hardhacks, stiff and high,
 With white and rosy plumes are dressed;
 And underneath them, warm and dry,
 Some wild field-hares have made their nest;
 A mother and her little ones, —
 Four brown, soft, tiny, baby Buns.

The long-eared mother comes and goes;
 The little hares lie still all day,
 And sleep with open eyes, till blows
 The sunset wind; then, out to play
 They lightly leap without a sound,
 And still as shadows frisk around.

They breakfast with the break of light—
 One has a grass-blade springing new;
 One a red raspberry; one a white,
 Sweet clover blossom, wet with dew;
 And one, the daintiest feast of all,
 Pink leaves a brier-rose let fall.



The summer days go hurrying by;
 The little hares grow fleet and strong;
 Across the pasture grass they fly
 Like leaves in autumn blown along;
 It seems as if their feet were wings,
 The lovely, flitting, fairy things!

Among the bushes, through the fern,
 They wander here, they wander there;
 They change their course, and wind and turn,
 And quite forget the mother hare.
 Their hardhack-sheltered days are o'er;
 The Buns are baby Buns no more.

MARIAN DOUGLAS.



HOW PETER WAS LOST.

PETER was a doll. He was made of rubber, and his arms and legs were jointed. He could move them just as if he were alive. Peter was a very well-behaved boy, but he was almost three years old, before any one thought of giving him a bath. Last summer, when he went to the sea-shore with George and his mamma, he went in bathing on the beach. After that he had a good many baths with George in the bath-tub. Peter never told us how he liked

bathing, but I know a little boy who cries when his head is under water as Peter's was.

One day George and his mamma were going in the horse-cars to see a sick little boy. George wanted Peter to go too. Mamma said Peter might go, if George would take care of him. Peter got along very nicely until they left the car. We have to walk up two hills to get to George's home. We stopped at a market. Just then mamma looked at George and said, "Where's Peter?" And then, oh dear, what a time! Peter had been left in the horse-car, and was riding all alone down the street, and the car was out of sight!

What should we do? How could we ever get our dear Peter back again? The horse-car goes a long way around because it cannot go up the steep hills. Then it goes along on a street not very far from George's house. Mamma said, "Hurry to our house, George, and stay there! I will go across and try to find the horse-car that Peter is in. George stayed at home with Auntie, looking out of the window to see if Peter came back.

Mamma almost ran over to the street, and pretty soon she saw a horse-car coming. She stopped the car, and asked the conductor if he had a rubber doll for a passenger.

You ought to have seen the conductor and the ladies in the car laugh, when Peter was handed out. There he was, sitting on the seat just like a real boy. I think he felt rather ashamed of his blue gingham dress and bare feet. The other boys wore white dresses and nice shoes and stockings.



How George did laugh and scream when he saw mamma coming over the hill with his darling Peter in her hand! He has n't taken any horse-car rides lately; but he has had a long journey on the steam cars, up to grandpa's in the country. He was safe in a trunk with some other dolls that time. George said that his folks had to ride in the baggage car!

MARY JEWETT TAYLOR.



DOLLY'S COMPLAINT.

My name is Lady Ethel;
How d'ye do? How d'ye do?
My hair is curly yellow,
My eyes are glassy blue.

I came with gay old Santa,
So my name he should know,
And he called me Lady Ethel,
Two long, long years ago.

My little mamma loved me,
 From the day that I came ;
 So I would n't mind her spankings,
 If she would n't change my name.



At first she called me Ethel,
 Then Queen Bess, Rosa Belle,
 And Dolly Polly Adeline, —
 And they did pretty well.

But since her fine French doll came, —
 Oh, I think 't is so mean !
 She sets me in the corner
 And calls me Evergreen !

ELLEN SOULÉ CARHART.



WHAT THE SUNFLOWERS SAID.

THE sunflowers stooped to see her,
As she sat beneath their shade,
And nursed her tiny kitten, —
This winsome little maid.

Her eyes were black as midnight,
Her lips were soft and red,
And curls of glinting sunshine
Adorned her fairy head.

“Ah, she is very lovely!”
Said a flower of smaller size
To those that hung above her
And gazed with wondering eyes.

“But see her hair so yellow,
In curls adown her back,
(Ours too, if straight, is golden,)
And her eyes, like ours, are black.

“Now I am sure,” she whispered,
“If but her tongue I knew,
And I should ask the question,
‘Are you a sunflower too?’

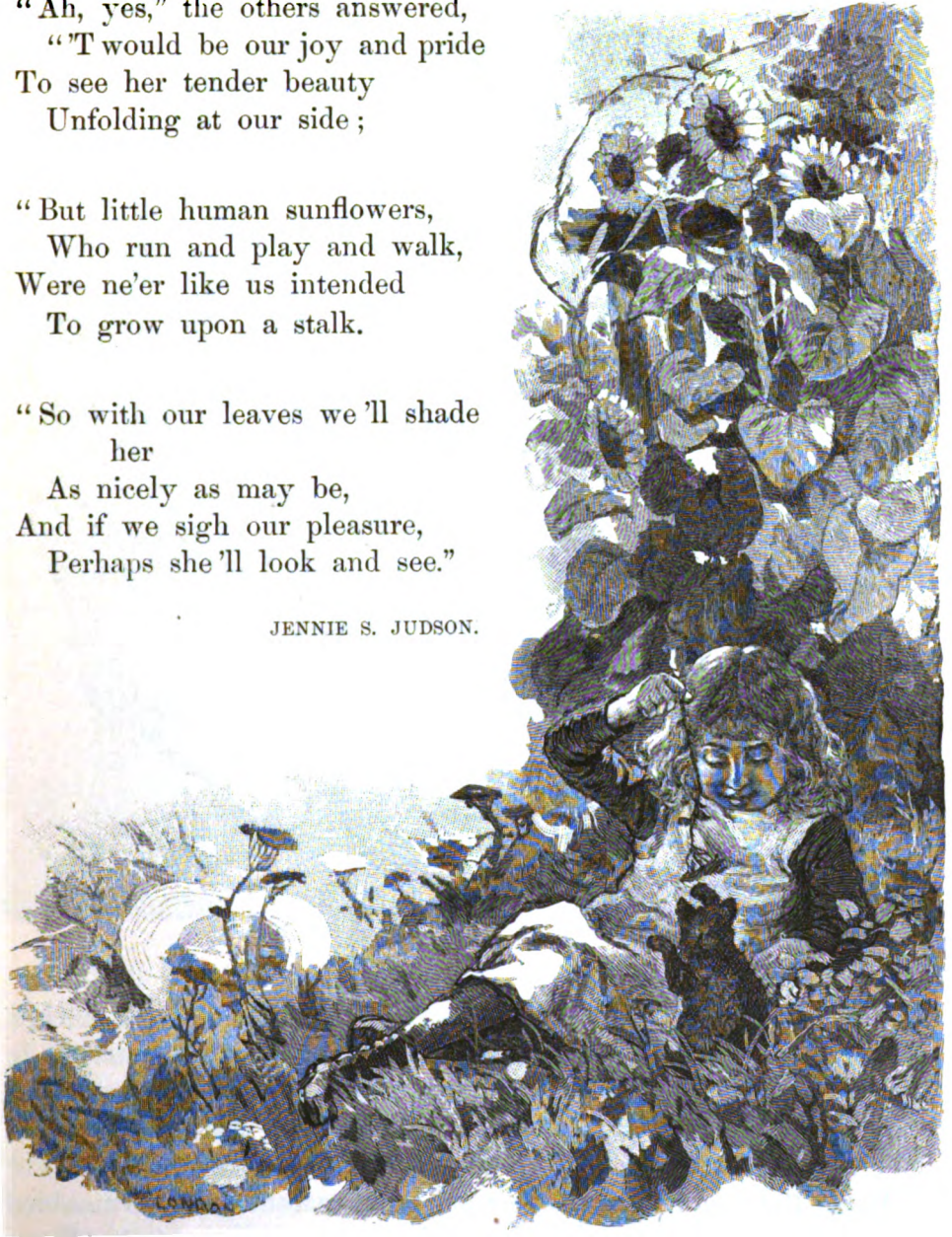
“That ‘Yes’ would be her answer,
And then I’d quickly say,
‘Come bloom with us, bright darling;
Now please don’t say me nay.’”

"Ah, yes," the others answered,
"T would be our joy and pride
To see her tender beauty
Unfolding at our side ;

"But little human sunflowers,
Who run and play and walk,
Were ne'er like us intended
To grow upon a stalk.

"So with our leaves we'll shade
her
As nicely as may be,
And if we sigh our pleasure,
Perhaps she'll look and see."

JENNIE S. JUDSON.





QUEER CONVEYANCES.

Our little ones in the country may have smiled to see a chicken mounted on the old hen's back while she sat sunning herself in the yard. Perhaps the young thing with few feathers sang a soft "Cree-cree," to tell that he enjoyed his position. At night he would better like to be brooded under the mother wings.

When Biddy got upon her feet and went marching on, off tumbled chick. Now he must use his own legs or be left behind. Those bits of legs may well be weary sometimes with long journeys about the farm.

One or two species of birds are known to fly long distances, carrying their young on their backs.

Small birds take passage across the Mediterranean Sea on the backs of large and stronger ones. They could not fly so far. Their strength would give out, and they would drop in the water and drown.

Along the northern shore of the sea, in autumn, these little birds assemble, to wait the coming of cranes from the North, as people wait for the train at a railroad station.



With the first cold blast the cranes arrive, flock after flock. They fly low over the cultivated fields. They utter a peculiar cry, as of warning or calling. It answers the same purpose as the ringing of the bell when the train is about to start.

The small birds understand it so. They get excited. They hasten aboard, scrambling for places. The first to come get the best seats. If the passengers are too many, some will have to flit back to the hedges till the next train. How they chatter good-byes, — those who go and those who stay.

No tickets have they, but all the same they are conveyed safely.

Doubtless the great birds like this warm covering for their backs. In this way the small birds pay their fare. And it is these last who must be out in the wet if it storms.

The little passengers are of different species, like Americans, Irish, Germans, and Chinese travelling together in cars or steamships. Their journey takes them through the air, high above the wide sweep of waters. They are close companions on the way.

By and by they reach the beautiful South country. There they build nests and sing sweetly, as they build here and sing for us in our happy summer-time.

Indeed, God cares for the sparrows.

LAVINIA S. GOODWIN.



THE TWO GOATS.

TOBY had a brown and white goat, of which he was very fond. He had a little cart also, and used to drive out with his goat. Tommy was Toby's playmate, and lived not far away. He liked very much to ride after Toby's goat.

Tommy's birthday came in December, and what do you think his papa gave him for a present? Why, another little goat; only this one was all white, and had black horns. It was called Snowball. Tommy was very happy, and thought he would go at once and make a call on Toby. There was snow upon the ground, and so Tommy put Snowball to his little red sled. He set out in fine style. Oh, how proud he was of his handsome team!

As Tommy turned the corner, he saw Toby coming in his goat-cart. Toby shouted with surprise when he saw Tommy's goat. The boys hurried to meet each other. The path was wide, and Tommy tried to turn out, and make room for Toby. But Snowball

would not turn. He wanted to have his own way. Tommy pulled first one rein and then the other. It was of no use. Snowball went straight ahead.

"You must turn out, Toby," shouted Tommy.

"I can't," answered Toby, "my goat will not mind me!"



In fact, both goats wanted to do as they pleased. They began to run, with their horns pointed out ahead.

"Whoa! whoa! whoa!" shouted the two boys. It was no use; the goats would not obey.

Bump, they went against each other with all their might. Over went the sled. Over went the cart. Toby and Tommy tumbled headlong into the snow; but, after all, nobody was hurt.

It is a bad thing for goats and boys always to have their own way.

PENN ANDINCK.



OW JESSIE HELPED MAMMA.

TINKLE, tinkle, tinkle! That was the telephone bell. Mamma dropped Neddy and her sewing, and ran down-stairs.

"Halloo! Is that you, papa?" — "Yes, — of course, all right" — "Good bye," said mamma; then she rang off, and went up-stairs again.

"Papa has just sent word that Aunt Kate and Uncle Joe are in town, and will be here at dinner," she said to Lucy. "The cook is sick in bed, and I must make a

cake to eat with the frozen custard. Jessie can go down stairs with me, and you must take care of Neddy until I come back."

"All right, mamma," said Lucy, "but I wish I could help you make the cake."

"Some other time, Lucy; but to-day help mamma by keeping Neddy out of mischief."

"Me help mamma make cake to-day," said Jessie, "me and my dolly."

Then they went into the kitchen. Mamma put her two little helpers in a high chair, and then got the things ready for the cake.

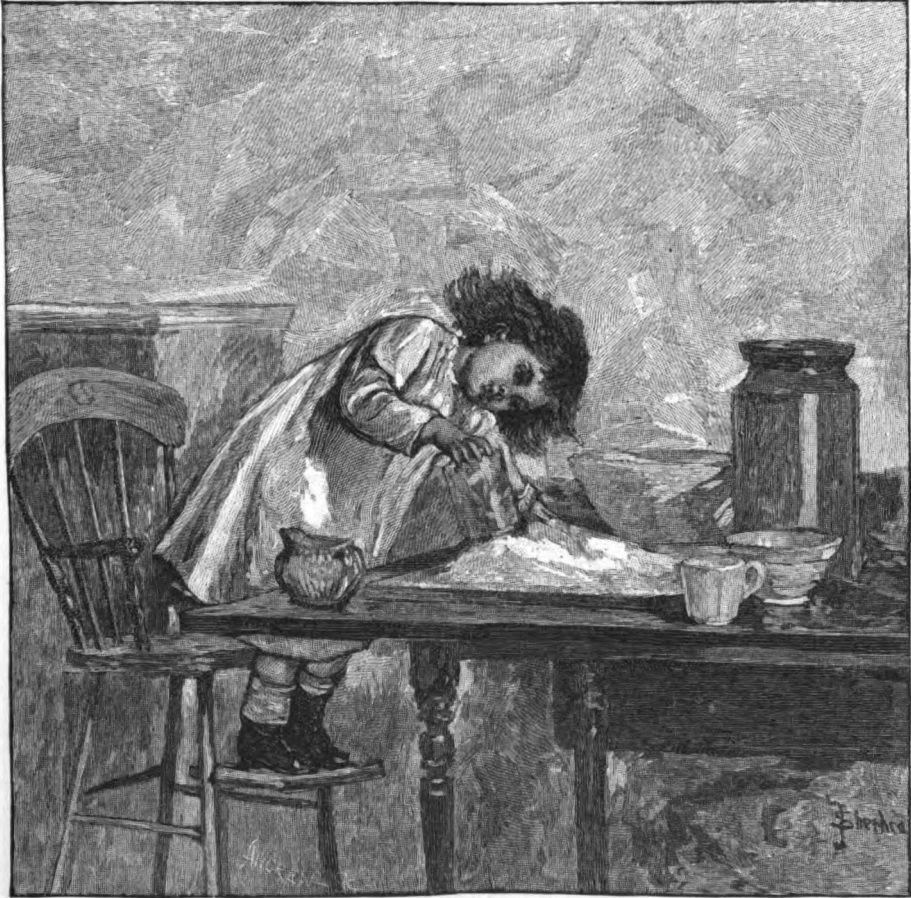
"One cup of sugar, four eggs, a cup of butter, three cups of flour," said mamma, as she put them on the table, "and two spoonfuls of baking powder stirred into the flour."

Just then the milkman came, and mamma ran to get the dish for him. The box of baking powder stood by the snowy heap of flour within Jessie's reach.

"I s'pect I must help mamma," she said.

Mamma came back soon, stirred up the cake, poured it into the pan, and popped it into the oven.

"Uncle Joe always likes cake, and I think that will be a nice one,



don't you, Jessie?" giving the dear little girl a kiss on the tip of her floury nose.

"I think so too, mamma, 'cause I helped."

Pretty soon mamma opened the oven door. What in the world was the matter with the cake? Up! up! it was going, over the top of the pan, higher, higher, until it dropped down and ran all over the bottom of the oven. Mamma was used to Jessie's ways of

helping; so she only groaned, and shut the oven door. Then she looked into the baking-powder box. It was empty! Jessie had put half a pint of baking powder into three cups of flour!

No wonder the cake tried to climb out of the oven. It was too late to make another. Mamma told Uncle Joe about it. He laughed so hard that Lucy thought he would choke. Then he said, "If you will come and be my cook, Jessie, I'll give you three dollars a week." But Jessie shook her curly head, and said, "I can't, 'cause I have to help mamma."

ELIZABETH BARNETT HILL.



WILLIE'S RIDE.

WILLIE was visiting his grandmother, who lived in the country. He thought he was quite a man, but he was only seven. His grandmother had a very nice horse named Dobbin. Sometimes John would put Willie on the horse's back while he led him to water. He

was never allowed to ride him alone, though he often wanted to do so.

One day every one in the house was busy, and no one thought of Willie. He thought of himself, the naughty boy! and this is what he did. He went to the stable just to look at Dobbin. John was not there. Willie thought he would take a little ride. He managed to untie the halter and climb upon Dobbin's back.

Slowly he walked the horse out of the stable, into the yard, and to the road. No one saw him. He wanted but one thing, a whip! Just then he saw a tree with a little branch growing on it that would do. He rode up, and with some trouble broke it off. Then he struck Dobbin a sharp blow,—harder than he meant to. The good old horse was much surprised. He kicked up his heels and started at a quick pace down the road. Willie could not stop him. He did his best, but the old horse was too much for him. The poor little boy was very much frightened. He dropped his whip and clung to Dobbin's neck.



Soon they came to a large mud-puddle in the middle of the road. Willie could hold on no longer. He slipped off, and fell with a splash into the muddy water. Dobbin turned and trotted home.

Willie's mother happened to look out of the window as Dobbin came into the yard. She ran to see what it meant. Willie was missed, and his frightened mother and grandmother ran down the road to

find him. They were much relieved to see a muddy little figure coming toward them. He was too muddy and too much ashamed to look at them, but he was not hurt.

Not very much was said ; but for one month Willie, the seven-years-old, almost a man, had to be followed about by a nurse, because he could not be trusted!

A. M. T.



the ninepins would n't fall down. The whole family of dolls was put to bed in a corner, very sick with the measles, and a veil hid their plump faces.

Mamma was writing letters at her desk. The house was very still, — too still. Daisy began to fret.

“I want to swing in the hammock, mamma.”

But the rain answered her by driving against the window-pane. The wind sent brown leaves in showers to the cold ground.

“I wish I had a music-box, like Cousin Ernie,” sighed the little girl.

Mamma laid down her pen.

“Come here, Daisy,” she said, “and bring your ‘Goosie Book.’ I’ll be your music-box. Now take hold of my hand and wind me up, — so, round and round. This is a medley music-box. Every time you want the tune to change, just turn this other handle. So, now we are ready.”

And away went the music. Some of the tunes were very gay, some very slow, some very high, some very low. They changed so suddenly when Daisy turned the handle that she laughed and laughed till she almost cried. This is the way Daisy’s queer music-box sang Mother Goose : —

“Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye ;
Four-and-twenty blackbirds

Baked in a —
“Hi, diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the —

“Hot cross buns !
Hot cross buns !
One a penny, two a penny !
Hot cross —

“Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled
peppers ;
And a peck of —

“Taffy was a Welshman,
Taffy was a thief ;
Taffy came to my house, and stole a
piece of beef ;
I went to —

“Rock-a-bye, baby, on the tree-top,
When the wind blows the cradle
will —

“Hickery, dickery dock !
The mouse ran up the clock.
The clock struck —

“Ding, dong, bell !
Kittie’s in the well.
Who put —

“Little Robin Redbreast sat upon a
tree ;

Up went the pussy-cat, down went —
“See, saw, Margery Daw ;
Jennie shall have a new —

“Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he ;
And he called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his —

"Pea porridge hot,
 Pea porridge cold,
 Pea porridge in the pot
 Nine days —
 "Old man of Tobago,
 Who lived on rice, gruel, and sago,
 Till —
 "Simple Simon met a pieman
 Going —
 "To market, to market to buy a fat —
 "Little boy blue, come blow your horn;
 The sheep's in the pasture, the cow's
 in the corn;
 Where's the little —
 "Jack and Jill went up a hill
 To fetch —

"The man in the moon
 Came tumbling down,
 And asked —
 "Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, where have you
 been?
 I've been to London to visit the
 queen.
 Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, what d'ye do
 there?
 I frightened —
 "Little Jack Horner sat in a corner
 Eating a Christmas pie —
 "When the pie was opened, the birds
 began to sing.
 Was n't this a dainty dish to set
 before the king?"

There the medley music-box stopped short. No winding would start it again, and mamma said she thought it played only once a day. Just then the postman came with "Our Little Ones," and papa found a very happy little Daisy when he came home to dinner.

ELLEN SOULÉ CARHART.





A PEEP AT THE MENAGERIE.



A PEEP AT THE MENAGERIE.

OF course you have seen a menagerie, where they have so many wild animals in cages.

Did you ever think that the great shaggy lion, with his eyes shut, might be dreaming of the good old times when he and his mate and cunning little cubs were so happy, hidden snugly away in the tall grass? Or he may, perhaps, have been thinking how nice it was to eat those pretty giraffes which he used to hunt and suddenly spring upon from behind some bush or tree.

Now the old fellow does not have to find his own dinner, for it is brought to him every day. Twice a day he has all he wants to eat. When he is done eating, he licks his chops, yawns once or twice, and then lies down to sleep, perhaps to forget that he is shut up in a cage far away from his native land.

He sleeps a great deal of the time, and so I don't think he can be so very unhappy. Do you?

The lion in his own home does not often hurt any one unless he is hungry or hunted. When he is very hungry he shakes his mane and whips his sides with his tail. When he does this it is very dangerous to be anywhere near him.

There are no lions in this country except those shut up in cages. They live wild only in Asia and Africa.

Most animals kept in cages are very fond of the men who feed and care for them.

One day a rough man quarrelled with one of the keepers in a menagerie. The lions and tigers tried to break out of their cages and help their keeper, they were so afraid he would get hurt. They made a great noise, and roared so loud that the people came from other parts of the menagerie and helped put out the quarrelsome man.

The giraffe, the animal which the lion is fond of hunting, is the tallest animal in the world. Is it not strange that he is also one of the most gentle, — as gentle as a kitten?

He lives on grass and hay, and his neck is so long that when he is fed, his dinner is placed in a box or pail which has to be put much higher up in his cage or stall than a man's head, so that he can eat out of it easily.

CULMER BARNES.



THE LONG SLEEP OF SOME CREATURES.

ALL animals have their time for sleeping. We sleep at night; so do most of the insects and birds. But there are some little creatures that take such very long sleeps! When they are all through their summer work they crawl into winter-quarters. There they stay until the cold weather is over. Large numbers of frogs, bats, flies, and spiders do this.

If they were only to sleep for the night, the blood would keep moving in their veins, and they would breathe. But in this winter sleep they do not appear to breathe, or the blood to move. Yet they are alive, only in such a "dead sleep."

But wait until the spring-time. The warm sun will wake them all up again. They will come out one by one from their hiding-places.



I have told you that this sleep lasts all winter. But it often lasts much longer than that. Frogs have been known to sleep several years! When they were brought into the warm air they came to life and hopped about as lively as ever.

I have read of a toad that was found in the middle of a tree fast asleep. No one knew how he came there. The tree had kept on growing until there were over sixty rings in the trunk. As a tree adds a ring every year, the poor creature had been there all that time! What do you think of that for a long sleep? And yet he woke up all right, and acted just like any other toad!

MRS. G. HALL.

IN THE LANE.

A LONG ride, and a merry one,
Down to the end of the lane,
Till old Jerry's nose is close to the gate,
Then trot, trot back again.



Polly, Dolly, and Joe, and Dan,
With frolic and fun brimming over:
I'm certain one or more will fall off,
If Jerry should stop to nibble the clover.

But Jerry goes sedately along,
With Polly, Dolly, and Joe, and Dan.
Perhaps, after all, they will not fall off,
For they hold to each other as tight as they can.

L. A. FRANCE.




THE PUMPKIN-STALK FLUTE.

FREDDIE BROWN had a present on his last birthday. When he went out into the barn, he found a little calf only a few hours old. Mr. Brown thought it must be meant for his little boy, as it came on on his birthday. Freddie was glad to have a calf for his own. Every day he thought of some new thing he should buy with the money when she had grown to be a cow and he could sell her

milk. He made such a pet of the calf that she soon knew him, and learned to follow him about.

It was hard work to find a good name for the pet. A great many had been thought of, but none of them seemed to be just right. One day Bossy followed Freddie into the kitchen. Mrs. Brown was making cookies. The calf stood looking at her as though she were trying to find out just how much sugar, butter, and flour were used. Mrs. Brown laughed, and said Fred ought to call the calf "Yankee," she was so inquisitive and independent. That just suited Freddie, and so Bossy got a name.

Some days Yankee stayed in the pasture with her mother. Then she seemed to miss her little playfellow. Her mother was too old and grave to frolic much. One day, when she was feeling lonesome, Yankee thought she heard another calf not far away. She was glad to have company, and ran to the place where the sound came from. There she found, not another calf, but her little master with a neighbor friend. She stood looking at them a long time.

Freddie had cut a pumpkin-leaf, and trimmed it down close to the stem, until it looked like this: 

He made a slit about an inch long in the stem near the top. Then he put it into his mouth so far that the slit was covered, and blew. This made the noise Yankee had mistaken for another calf.

When Freddie was tired of that sound he cut a little round hole near the other end of the stem, and blew again. This time he made a different noise. When he put his finger on the hole and blew, he made the same noise that he did at first. Then he cut more holes, and found that he could make so many different sounds that he had quite a good pumpkin-stalk flute.

J. A. M.





PONTO AND THE MOON.

PONTO, our puppy, does nothing but play,
In tricks and gay frolic he passes the day,
And at night he goes out to the top of the hill
And barks at the moon with a hearty ill will.

He seems to believe 'tis the terrible eye
Of a monster watch-dog up in the sky;
And it makes him angry to have it there,
Gazing at him with its bold, bright stare.

So instead of staying within his warm house,
And resting and sleeping as still as a mouse,
He sits out of doors and keeps barking aloud,
Till the moon goes down or hides under a cloud.

But puppies get wiser the older they grow,
And Ponto will soon have more wisdom, I know:
He'll care less for frolic and tricks by and by,
And he will not be vexed with a dog in the sky.

M. E. N. HATHEWAY.

A BED OF NEEDLES.

MR. DONALD MITCHELL had a dear little daughter. She was as brown as a Gypsy. Her bright eyes were full of fun. Her name was Veda. When she began to write it, she said she was just half of a W.

Veda's papa bought a place in the country. He had lived in the city all his life. The country seemed like a beautiful new world to him.

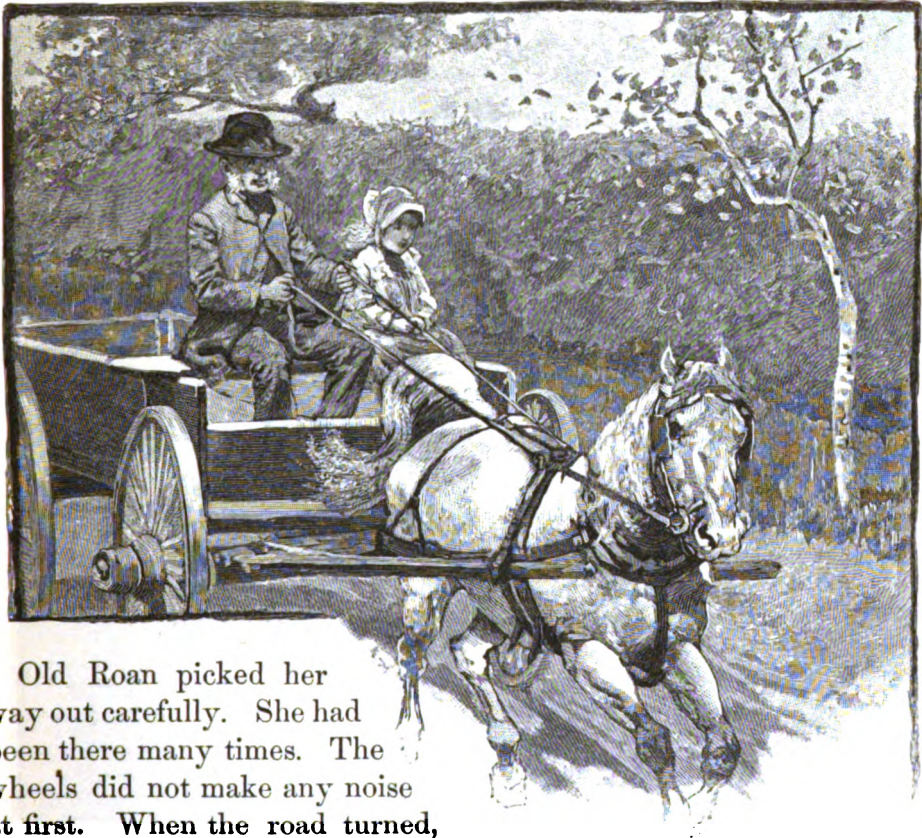
One day he went into the woods in the wagon, and took Veda with him. The housekeeper gave them some lunch in a basket.

It was a long way to the woods. Veda was not tired at all. The birds sang, the sun shone, and even the trees seemed happy. After Veda was weary of playing in the woods her papa made her a bed.

He gathered "pine-needles," or "besoms," and made a soft cushion. He spread Old Roan's blanket on them. Old Roan was the name of the horse.

Veda soon fell fast asleep. Her papa took out a book and began to read. Then he felt sleepy too. He put his head down by little Veda's on the pine needles. He had put a load of wood on the wagon, and he was tired.

They slept and slept. Old Roan looked at them. Still they slept on. Soon the sun began to go down. The woods grew dark and still. Veda and her papa slept on. "This will not do," Old Roan seemed to say. "I must go home and get my supper."



Old Roan picked her way out carefully. She had been there many times. The wheels did not make any noise at first. When the road turned, Old Roan turned. Suddenly a great noise was heard. Something went crash, crash, bang! Veda's papa sprang up, and Veda opened her eyes. Roan had grown hungry and started for home. The wheel struck a stump, and the load fell down, breaking one of the wheels. What could they do? Only wait until help came. James would come for them. The stars came out one by one, and the moon rose, before James came.

When he reached the woods he whistled. Mr. Mitchell answered it. When James saw Old Roan looking at the broken wagon with a pitiful face, he laughed aloud. Veda was fast asleep again on her

bed of needles. Her father took her in his arms, and they all rode home in the carriage which James brought.

All the next day Veda talked about her sweet, strange bed. She did not like to have the pine needles used for bedding for the horses.



James told her that his mother kindled fires with them. Sometimes he put them on the strawberry-bed.

"Oh dear, said Veda, I want them all for my bed!"

There will be enough for all, for the pine trees drop their leaves every year.

KATE TANNATT WOODS.

Piggy's Spoon

by M. E. N. HATHAWAY



FARMER John's pig had a snug little house,
With a door-yard under the sweet-apple trees;
He slept on a mattress of clean warm straw,
And ate from a trough, and lived at his ease.

One morning, as piggy was drinking some milk
The heedless maid Kitty had hastily brought,
Before he had time to wonder, "What's that?"
A spoon in his teeth was clumsily caught.

"Oho!" said Piggy, "I guess what this means;
They want me to learn to eat with a spoon;
A fine beginning, and I have no doubt
They're planning to dress me in clothes very soon.

"They'll furnish my house with tables and chairs,
And I shall have blankets and sheets for my bed!"
Oh, how Piggy squealed and capered about
As he dreamed of his marvellous fortune ahead!



Next day Farmer John found the lost silver spoon,
And carried it back to the house whence it came;
His wife, when she saw it, was thoroughly vexed,
And Kitty, the heedless one, bore all the blame.

And because of the marks that Piggy's sharp teeth
Had left on the handle and never would fade,
For many a day, and for many a year,
It was called "Piggy's spoon" by mistress and maid.

MARY E. NATHE.



HIDE-AND-SEEK.

THE children were having a merry game of hide-and-seek. They were in grandpa's barn, half a dozen of them. It was summer-time. It was Kitty's turn to hide. She crept along like a little mouse, her bright eyes peering in every corner.

"Oh, I've found a cubby-hole," she said to herself. "Here's grandpa's old sleigh. I'll curl down, and pull the blanket over me. They won't think of that for ever so long." She put one little foot on the runner, and lifted the other.

"Cluck-cluck-cut-dar-cut!" screamed Moppet, the yellow hen. Two broad wings flapped right in her face. Moppet, very much disturbed, flew over her head. Kitty was startled for an instant; but when she saw it was only Moppet, she laughed.

"I declare, she has made a nest there," she said to herself, "and grandpa did n't know it."

There was straw in the sleigh. Kitty took the blanket out carefully, and looked under the seat.



Kitty took the blanket out carefully. Sure enough, there was a warm, cosy nest. In it were ten white eggs.

"Ah, Moppet," said Kitty, "so you wanted to play hide-and-seek too. Well, I've found you."

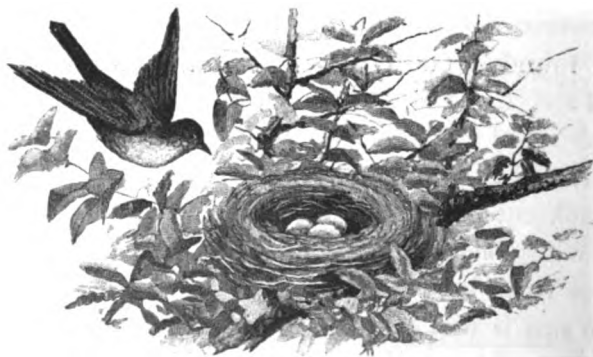
But Kitty knew she ought not to disturb the eggs, or keep Moppet away from them. Do you know why? Because no little chickens would be hatched if she did.

So she went away without touching them. Moppet came back in a minute or two, and settled down again, contented.

In due time she took her walks abroad with nine little chicks

around her. Six were yellow, one was brown, two were white. Kitty helped grandma take care of them, and she gave her the two white ones for her own.

MRS. MARY JOHNSON.





POLLY PICKLE.

POLLY was a monkey. Not a real one: — I don't mean that. For Polly was a nice little girl, and her name was not Pickle either; it was Bodine. When I say she was a monkey, I mean she was like one. I don't mean that she looked like one, for she did not. She looked like other nice little girls, and of the four Bodine girls, she was the prettiest. What I mean is, that she copied what she saw others do. And that is the way she got her funny name, — Polly Pickle.

One day she saw her mother put up preserves. Polly, next day, got some currants and mashed them in a saucer, and put them on the stove. The heat of the stove cracked the saucer, and the currants all spilled out. The cook smelled them stewing on the stove, and scolded Polly. But all Polly said was, "Pickle — pickle." She didn't know the difference between preserve and pickle. So for a long time we called her Polly Pickle. And that is why we did so.

R. W. L.

IN THE NURSERY: MORNING:

I




Shoulder to shoulder they march along,
To the rollicking air of an old camp song;
Jasper is captain, eager and grand,
As he pompously issues his words of command;
First in the ranks comes curly-haired Ray,
With bright-eyed Bennie and sweet little Fay,
And following close, with martial tread,
Are blue-eyed Bertie and Baby Fred; —
“Forward! march!” and away they go,
Shoulder to shoulder, to meet the foe.





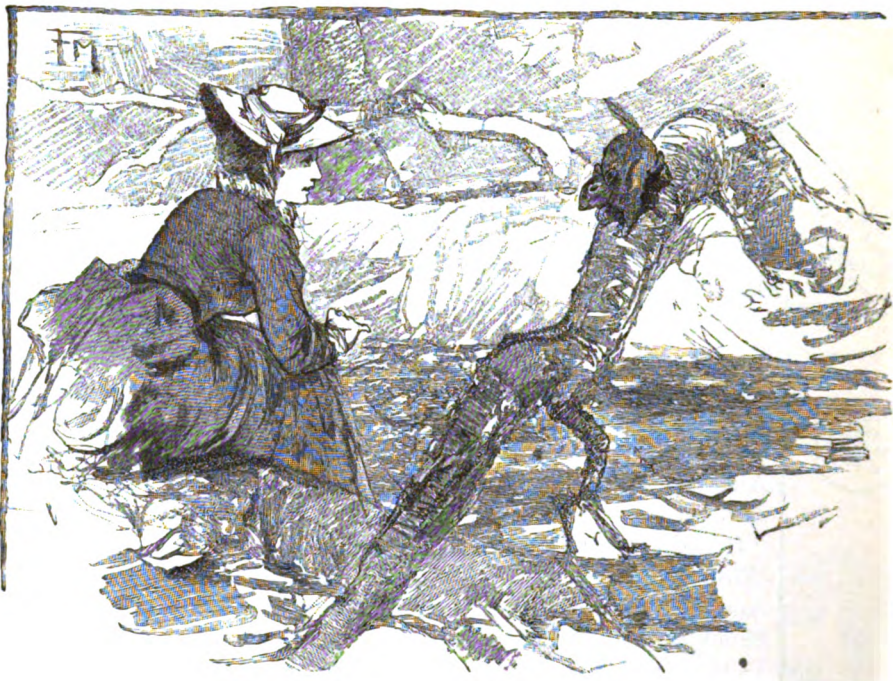
EVENING :

II



Shoulder to shoulder they drowsily lie,
While mother sings softly a lullaby ;
Prayers all said, and stories all told,
Though " Just one more ! " pleads Bertie, the bold ;
Jasper and Bennie are deep in thought,
And Ray still muses on battles unfought,
And little Fay wonders, with half-shut eyes,
" If birdies ever fly up to the skies ; "
While Baby Fred's soft, tiny hands unclasp,
And from mother's strong fingers loose their grasp ; —
Shoulder to shoulder, away they creep,
To the Palace of Dreams, in the Land of Sleep.





SUSIE'S LETTER ABOUT CHIPMONKS.

My mamma has been very sick, and the doctors have sent her way up in the mountains to Lake Tahoe. She has written me such a pretty letter! I want all the little girls to read it. Here is the nicest part of it:—

“Do you know we have such funny little chipmonks up here! The other day I was sitting under some great big pine-trees. A saucy little chipmonk passed so close to me that she almost ran over my foot. She seemed a little frightened at first, but in a moment she turned round and winked at me with her bright little eyes.

“I thought I would be polite, so I said, ‘Good morning, Mrs. Chipmonk!’ She nodded her head, and said, ‘What are you doing in my woods?’ I answered, ‘I am enjoying them, just as you are.’ ‘Humph!’ she said, ‘where do you come from?’ I told her, from Oakland. ‘Any chipmonks there?’ said she. I told her there were plenty of squirrels, and lots of little children. ‘Children, indeed!’ said she; ‘I don’t think much of them. Why, when they roar it

sounds like an earthquake. It would take a forest full of nuts to feed them.' I told her I thought children were nice, and that I had a whole nest full of them at home. She tossed up her head and said, 'Come with me, and I will show you something pretty.' So I ran after her as fast as I could, for she went like the wind. We soon came to a hollow tree that had been partly burned down. There, in a cunning little nest, were four darling little baby chipmonks. As soon as they saw their mother they began to squeak, squeak, and call out, 'Oh, we are so hungry, give us some nuts!'

"I told mother chipmonk I would take care of them while she got their breakfast ready. 'Very well,' said she, 'but don't let a wood-rat or a hawk come near. He would gobble my babies right down. Don't touch them, for your hands are too big, and have no nice soft fur on them, and you would only hurt my babies.' I promised to be careful, and off she started. She was soon back again with some nice acorns and soft pine nuts. She fed them, and then told me that they were all going to take a nap, and that I had better be going.

"The next morning I met her again, and tried to talk with her. She told me she had no time to gossip, and she thought if I had a nest of children at home I had better go and take care of them."

Don't you think, Dear Nursery, all little girls should read this letter? I read all the Nurserys, and my name is

SUSIE.



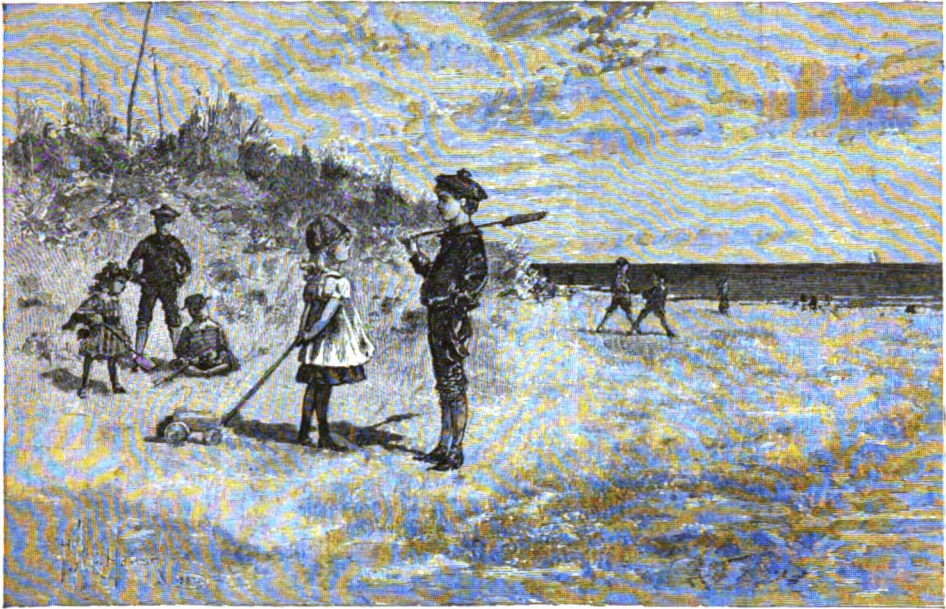
THE TWO BUCKETS.

A BUCKET stood on the curb of a well,
And called to his comrade down below,
"Up here in the cheerful light I dwell;
How can you bear to be down so low?"



It scarce had spoke, when a maid appeared,
And seized the bucket that stood on the brink:
Deep, deep in the well it disappeared,
While the other rose as quick as a wink.

CELIA DOERNER.



ON THE BEACH.

DORY and Dolly spent a whole day at the beach. Dory used his shovel, and Dolly carted the sand he dug up in her little wagon. It was a pleasant day, and there were plenty of people on the shore.

Among them was a very old man. His clothes were all in rags. He said he had to take care of his sick daughter and his little grandson. He had been sick himself, and not able to work. He had come to the beach to dig clams, for they had nothing in the house to eat.

Dory helped him with his shovel. While he was at work, Dolly ran down to him with a silver dollar in her hand. She had found it in the sand she had in her wagon. She and Dory talked it over. Dory told her about the poor old man, and they agreed to give the dollar to him.

They walked down to the water, where he was turning up the clams. He looked very sad; but when the dollar was put into his hand, he smiled, and looked happy. Dory and Dolly were as happy as he was, for "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

UNCLE FORRESTER.



TRICKSY BUNNY.

WILLIE BURRILL kept a squirrel,
Very brisk and full of play,
And, because her ways were funny,
He had named her "Tricksy Bunny,"
And he fed her twice a day.

Gray for Sunday, gray for Monday,
She wore velvet, work or play;
Silken hose and gloves, of tender
Gray, clad feet and fingers slender,
And she tossed a plume of gray.

To behold her on his shoulder,
 Sitting pertly, without fear,
 You might laugh, and call her saucy,
 But she hopped up there because he
 Would hide beech-nuts in his ear!



Willie's pocket, — he would stock it
 With ripe hazel-nuts or grain,
 And Miss Tricksy would go searching
 To its deepest, before perching
 On his head, to flirt her train.

Full of courage, she would forage
Up his sleeve and down his back,
From his store of flag-root, jack-stones,
Peg-tops, marbles, strings (and waxed ones!)
Gathering hickory-nuts to crack.

Prudent, funny Tricksy Bunny
Hid her nuts in mamma's shoe,
Sometimes in her jewel-casket,
Her lace cap, or stocking-basket, —
Yes, and hid herself there, too!

Willie Burrill took his squirrel,
One "Emancipation Day,"
And, with heaps of grain to feed her,
Went into the woods and freed her,
Dropped a tear, and stole away!

Tricksy tarried there and married,
And she keeps house up a tree;
But comes down to romp with Willie
When he whistles for her shrilly, —
And who now is glad as he?

GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

WHAT BECAME OF THE RING.

NED was generally a good boy. Everybody liked him except the boy he thrashed for throwing stones at a little girl. She thought he was the nicest little boy she ever saw. But he was naughty sometimes.

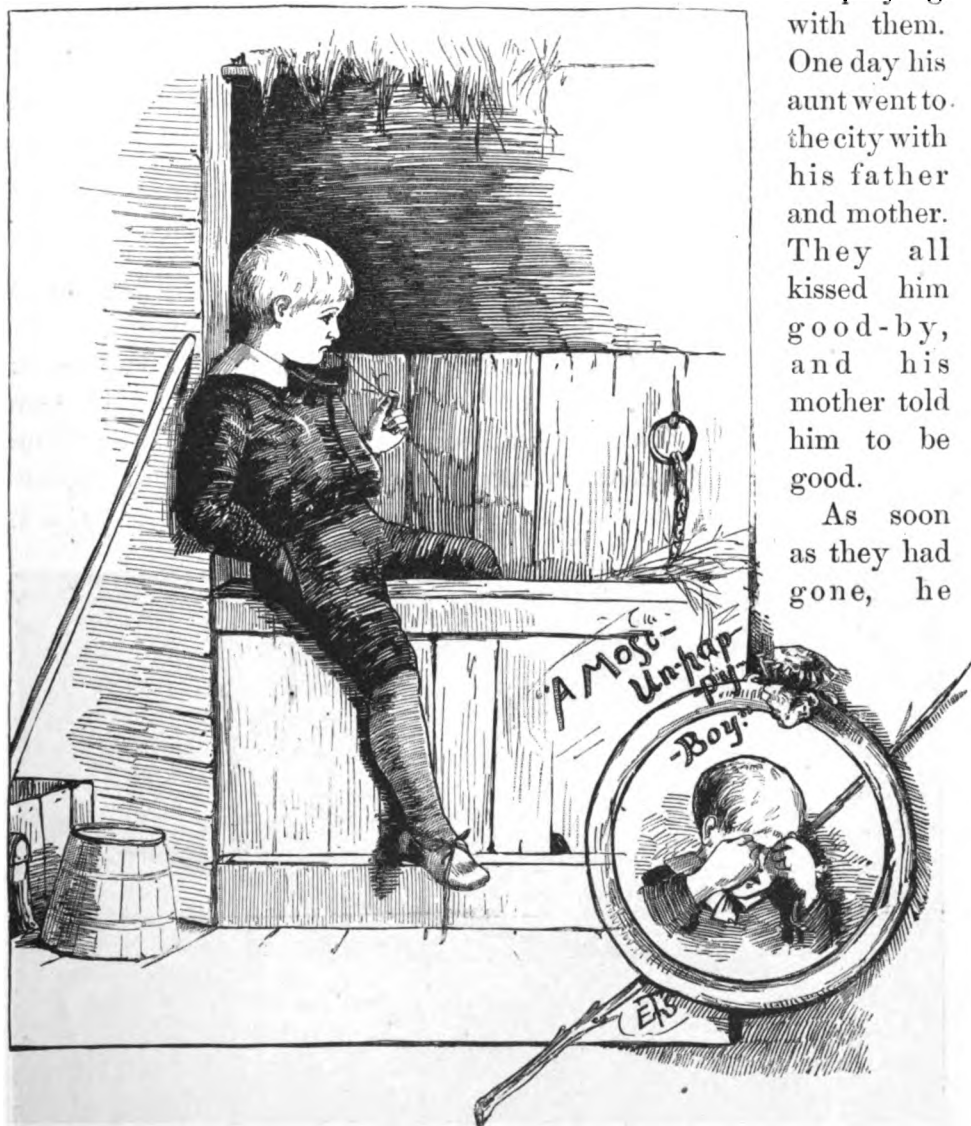
Ned lived in the country, and had no brothers or sisters; but he was very happy. He played out of doors when the weather was fine, and when it rained he played in the house. But he did not play all the time. He learned lessons with his father, and ran of errands for his mother. He was fast growing to be a wise, useful boy.

Sometimes his aunt came to stay with them. Ned was very fond of her. She had a great many handsome rings, and Ned was very fond

of playing with them.

One day his aunt went to the city with his father and mother. They all kissed him good-bye, and his mother told him to be good.

As soon as they had gone, he



went up-stairs. The door of his Aunt's room stood open. He went in, and saw the largest and brightest of her rings lying on the bureau. He put it on his finger, and wished it was his own. He thought he would pretend it was, and carried it down into the yard with him.

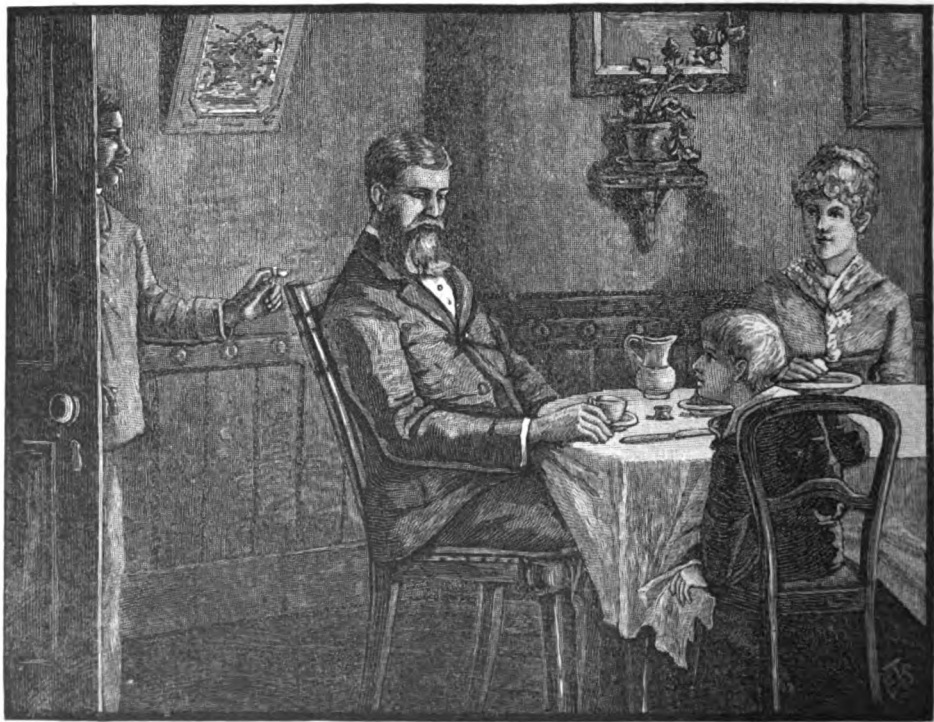
He was playing near the well, and stretched his hand out over the top to see the ring sparkle in the sunlight. It slipped from his finger and fell into the well. All the rest of the day he was a miserable boy. He did not go into the house when his father and mother came home, but stayed in the barn till the tea-bell rang.

The family were at the table, talking about the lost ring, when he came in. They wondered where it was. Ned said nothing. In a few minutes John, the hired man, came to the door.

"This belongs to some one here," he said, and held out his hand. There lay the ring! They were all astonished, and asked where he found it. He told them he had taken the ring from the bottom of the bucket at the well.

All wondered how it came there. Ned hoped they would never know. But his father had a way of finding out things. He soon knew all about it! Ned went to bed that night much earlier than usual. Not because he wanted to, but because he was sent! Something else happened to him, no matter what!

A. M. T.





BY THE SEA.

LITTLE girl Bessie went down on the beach
With doll "Angelina" to play;
Oh, was n't it fun to build houses in sand,
And watch the bright ripples so gay?
Little girl Bessie and dolly at last
Grew tired of watching the sea;
So dear little Bess made a bed in the sand,
As soft as a sand-bed could be.

"Now lie down, my dolly, and rest you awhile, —
Lie down, Angelina, my dear;

You're dreadfully tired, and so you shall sleep,
And no harm will come to you here."
Then doll Angelina to slumber was left,
While her little mamma was at play;
When lo! on a sudden a merry wave came,
And—washed Angelina away.

With many a tear, mamma Bessie stood near,
And for her lost darling she yearned.
When the very next wave, with a rush and a roar,
The wet Angelina returned.
"Much obliged, I am sure," little Bessie then said,
"For giving my child back to me;
But you waves are so rude, I have made up my mind
That I don't care to play by the sea."

MARY D. BRINE.



COCOANUT ISLAND.

I WANT to tell you about the little Kittredges' picnic on Cocoanut Island. This is a very small island in Hilo Bay. It has many cocoanut-trees on it; and there are lovely little coves behind the island where the waves break softly on the white coral sand. The children and their mamma and some little friends went in a boat



rowed by natives. Maurice had a fishing-line over the side of the boat. Once he thought he had a fish, but it was only a big piece of sea-weed that he pulled over into the boat.

After they got to the island Maude and Rose were busy for a long time picking tiny shells out of the sand,—so tiny that lots and lots of them would only fill a phial as large as your little finger. They are

pink, and purple, and white, and yellow, and are very lovely ; but to see just how pretty they are, you must look at them through a

microscope. Maude calls them fairies' shells.

Maurice bathed four times, and once he jumped from high rocks into deep water. This he thought was great fun.

The natives climbed up the trees and brought down soft cocoanuts. The milk looks like water, but it is very sweet and nice. In a soft cocoanut there is a tumblerful of water, and the meat is so tender you can take it out with a spoon. This is very nice too. At last the sun began to go down, and mamma said the

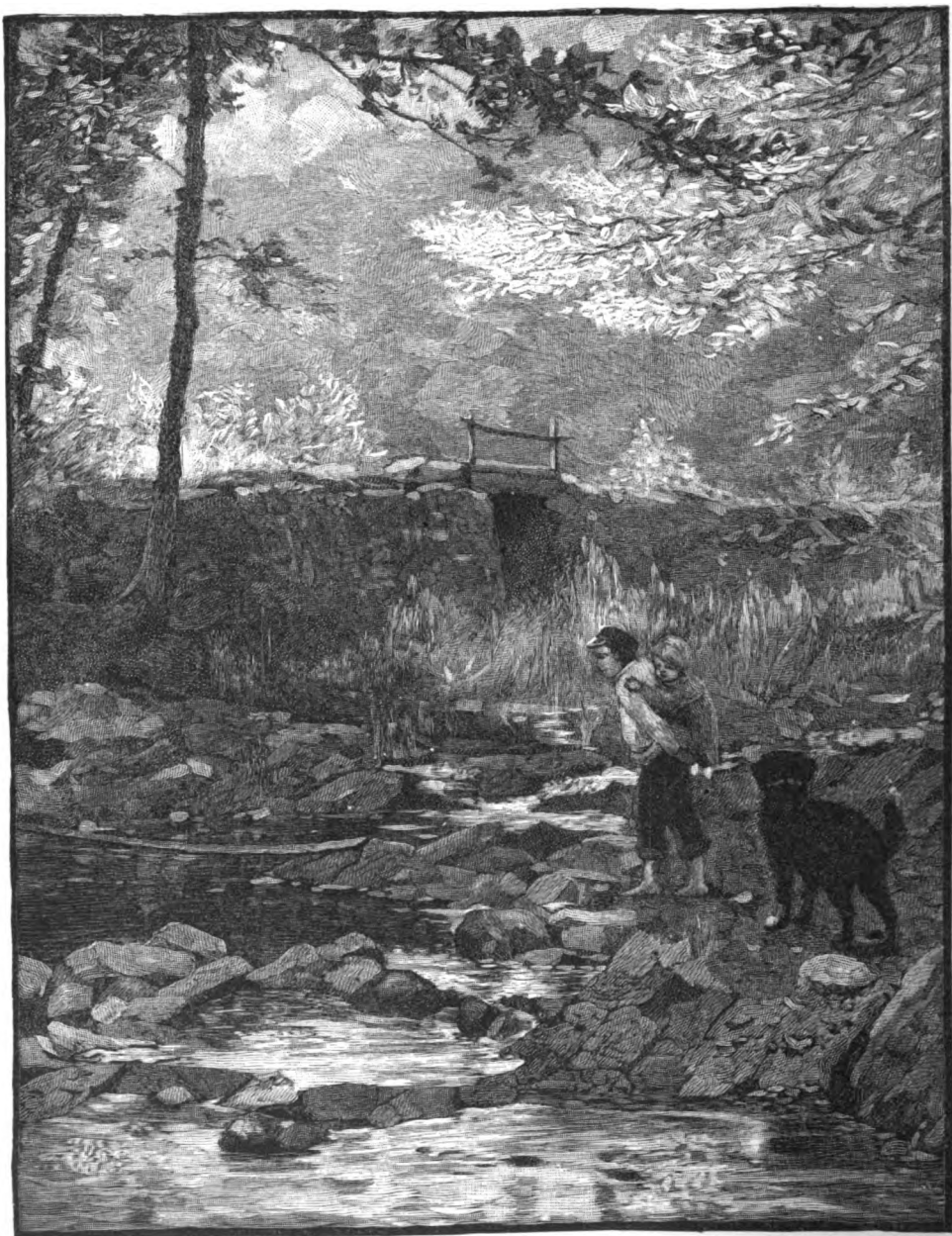


children must go home. Maurice found a long bamboo pole which he took into the boat with him. He said he thought the boat would go faster with a mast to it. So he held it up like a mast all the way.

HILLO, HAWAII.

AUNTIE RIA.





SONG OF THE BROOK.



VOL. II.

LONDON: GRIFFITH AND FARRAN.

No. 24.

SONG OF THE BROOK.

BUTTERCUPS, daisies, and clover
Whisper and laugh and nod ;
The little white clouds, sailing over,
Are bright with the smile of God ;
The flower bells all are ringing,
As I flow through the meadow singing.

The tall trees, bending over,
Woo me with tender grace ;
As a child in the arms of its mother
I hide my dimpled face.
Joyous the life upspringing,
As I flow through the woodland singing.

To the lily above me gleaming
The sweet old story I tell ;
Lost in her happy dreaming,
She hangeth her silver bell,
Strength from the glad hills bringing,
As I flow through the valley singing.

The glad waves rush to find me;
I greet them with loving glee;
Leaving all toil behind me,
I rest in the sunlit sea;
I hear its music ringing,
As I flow to the river singing.

MARY B. FERRY.

THE BABY-MONKEY.

LAST summer I went to see a baby-monkey. He was about ten days old, and was in a cage with other monkeys. He was a cunning little fellow, and his mother was very fond of him. The other monkeys took great delight in pulling the baby-monkey's tail to make him cry. The mother would escape with her baby from her tormentors by running up a swinging rope.

I gave the baby-monkey an almond. It was not a "paper-shell," and it was too hard for him to crack. What do you think the mother-monkey did? She took the almond from her baby,



cracked it, and threw away the shell. Then gave the kernel to the baby, I hear you all say. She did not do anything of the kind. She ate it herself, much to my disappointment, but more so to baby's, no doubt.

FRANK H. STAUFFER.

THE SUGAR DOG.

WHEN Charley's birthday came, his aunt gave him a little dog made of sugar.

It was white, with pink ears, and a pink nose, and a pink tail that curled over his back.

"Now, Charley, see how long you can keep him," said Aunt Sarah.

"Oh, I shall keep him ever so long. I shan't want to eat a dog; and I'm going to name him Pink," said Charley.

The next morning Charley said, "Aunt Sarah, don't you think my doggie would look better if his tail was a little mite shorter?"

"No indeed," she answered. "I think it looks best just as it is now."

"Well, you see, I want to play that a bad man caught him and cut his tail off; and that's the reason I want to make it shorter," said Charley.

So Pink's curly tail was soon broken off and eaten up.

In the afternoon Charley said, "I'm going to make believe that a big poodle is coming along to have a fight, and he's going to bite my dog's ears off."



So in a little while Pink's ears were broken off and eaten up.

"How pretty he was yesterday, and now you've spoiled him!" said Aunt Sarah.

"No, I have n't spoiled him," said Charley. "He's a real nice dog now; and he's just as good to play with as he ever was. See what long legs he has, and how straight he stands up!"

"Perhaps he'd look better if his legs should be made shorter," said Aunt Sarah, with a laugh.

Charley did not answer, and he put the sugar dog away in a drawer. Aunt Sarah did not see him any more; so one day she said, "What has become of Pink? I wonder if that big poodle has been along and bitten him again."

"Now I'll tell you all about him," said Charley. "You know you said that perhaps he'd look better if his legs were shorter, so I made believe that he fell down and broke off two of them. And then he couldn't stand on the other two, any way, and he looked so awful bad that I could n't bear to see him, so I ate him up, every bit of him. I don't think folks ought to make dogs out of sugar, for you can't make them keep very long, can you, Aunt Sarah?"

M. E. N. HATHEWAY.

THE SELFISH GIRL.

I KNOW two little sisters whose names are Ida and Jennie. Ida is seven years old, and is a very kind, good girl. Jennie is five years old. She is cross and selfish, and always doing something to tease some one. Everybody loves Ida, and all of her playmates like to have her go to see them.

But when Jennie visits any of her playmates she is always getting into trouble, and they are glad when she goes home.

Whenever presents are sent to these little girls, Jennie is afraid that her sister will get something better than she receives. A visitor once gave her a silver dime and Ida a nickle five-cent piece.

As soon as Jennie saw that her sister's piece of money was larger than hers, she was sulky and began to pout. So her sister ex-

changed with her, and they went to the store to spend their money. Then she was cross again because the storekeeper gave her sister more for the small piece of money than he gave her for the larger piece.

One day these little girls' father brought them two fine-looking peaches. One of them was rather smaller than the other, and had a little speck on it.

"Perhaps I ought to give Ida her choice," said the father, "since she is older than her sister."

"No, I want my choice," cried Jennie. "I want the larger one." And she eagerly snatched it from her father's hand. He then gave the other one to Ida.

When they sat down to eat their peaches, Ida found hers sweet and juicy; but Jennie's was so sour and bitter that she had to throw it away.

When Ida saw that Jennie's peach was not fit to eat, she was about to offer her half of her own, but her father said, "No; Jennie must go without, as a reward for being so selfish."

Those who try to get the best of everything generally fare the worst in the end.



H. L. CHARLES.



* Fly Away Little Birds *

FLY away, little birds,
'Tis your season to go;
The winter is coming,
With cold winds and snow.

The flowers have gone
From the meadows around,
To live in their seeds
And their roots under ground.

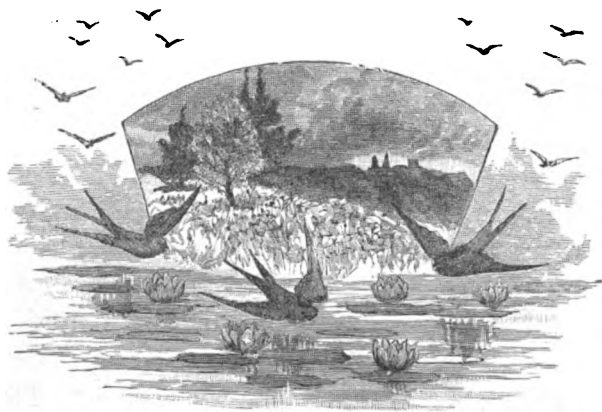
The leaves have turned red
On the bushes and trees,
And fall from the branches
In every light breeze.

The moth lies asleep
In the bed he has spun,
And the bee stays at home
With his honeyed work done.

So now, little birds,
You must hasten away
To the South, where the sunshine
And blossoms will stay.

But return with the spring,
When the weather is fair,
And sing your sweet songs
In the warm pleasant air.

M. E. N. HATHEWAY.



THE WINTER SLEEPERS AND THEIR FOOD.

THERE are some kinds of animals that hide away in the winter, that are not wholly asleep all the time. The blood moves a little, and once in a while they take a breath. If the weather is at all mild, they wake up enough to eat.

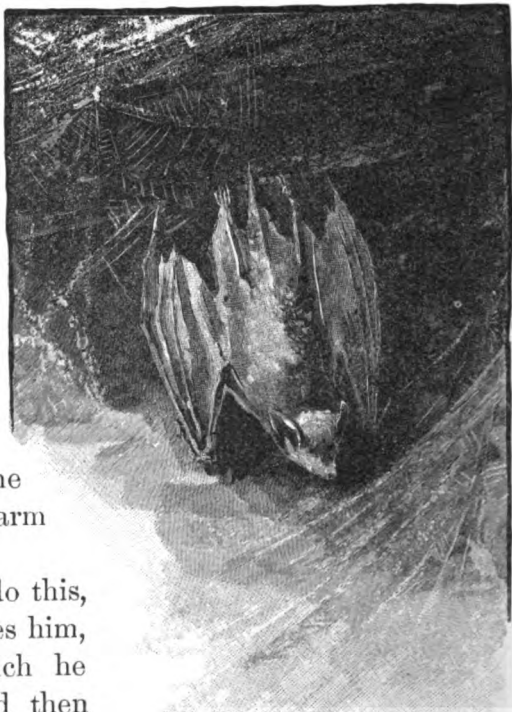
Now isn't it curious that they know all this beforehand? Such animals always lay up something to eat, just by their side, when they go into their winter sleeping-places. But those that do not wake up never lay up any food, for it would not be used if they did.

The little field-mouse lays up nuts and grain. It eats some when it is partly awake of a warm day.

The bat does not need to do this, for the same warmth that wakes him, wakes all the insects on which he feeds. He catches some, and then eats. When he is going to sleep again he hangs himself up by his hind

The woodchuck, a kind of marmot, does not wake; yet he lays up dried grass near his hole. What is it for, do you think? On purpose to have it ready the first moment he wakes in the spring. Then he can eat and be strong before he comes out of his hole.

How many things are sleeping in the winter! Plants, too, as well as animals. What a busy time they do have in waking up, and how little we think about it!



claws.

does not wake;

MRS. G. HALL.

MAJOR AND THE KITTEN.

MAJOR is one of our neighbors. He is a great dog, and his father was a Saint Bernard. There is not time now to relate all that Major knows; but one little story ought to be told.

Every day Major takes a tin pail in his mouth and goes after the milk. He always brings it home safely, without spilling. This is more than some boys can do. Sometimes when Major comes out with the pail of milk he finds the gate closed. This does not stop him. He gives a sharp look, and leaps over the fence, milk and all.

One day Major's master went away, with all the family. The dog was left to guard the house. There was a little kitten at home, also, and by noon she grew very hungry. No dinner had



been left for her. She began to mew in distress. Now what do you think Major did about it? The poor kitten could not eat the dog's

bone, or perhaps he would have given her a piece. As it was, he took her in his mouth, and carried her to the farm-house where he got the milk. The people at the farm praised Major very much, and poured a saucer full of milk for the hungry kitten. When kitty had drunk enough, the faithful dog picked her up again, leaped the fence, and trotted home with her. Now was not this a very kind, as well as wise, act for a dog?

KHAM.

THE PET CHICKENS.

THERE were two of them. One was speckled, black and white, and the other was brown. They belonged to two little girls in Northern Vermont. These little girls had fed them, cared for them, petted them, since they were very little chickens. They loved them because they had cared for them, and had no other pets. What do you suppose they did with them?

"Papa, have you any money?" asked little Amelia, who was only six years old.



"Yes," said her papa, wondering what she was thinking about.

"Well, papa, Mamie and I want to send our pet chickens to the dear sick lady that you and mamma were talking about last night. I've got three five-cent pieces; but that won't be enough to pay all the postage, will it?"

"What — you don't mean to send away your pets?"

"Yes, papa."

"To have them killed?"

The little lips trembled, and the tears began to come.

"We don't want them killed, but the dear lady is very sick. We want our pets to make her better."

"But they are all the pets you have."

"Yes, papa, but we want the dear lady to get well."

So the pets were called, and kissed good-by, and put in a cage, and the cars carried them a long way off, to be killed, to make the dear sick lady well.

It was hard to part with them. The yard was very lonely when they were gone. And then, to think of them in a cage, alone upon the noisy cars, going, they knew not where, to be — but that they could not think about. Their pets must die, they knew; but how, and whether it would hurt them much, they asked each other. The



big tears were rolling down their cheeks, and their own hearts were aching as if they would burst.

Yet they were not sorry they had sent their chickens. When they heard how much the lady relished the fresh, sweet broth, and that she was really better, they clapped their little hands and said, "Our pets did make her better, papa! Our pets did make her better!" And out they went to their play, happier than if the yard had been full of pet chickens all their own.

Our Heavenly Father saw their deed of love, and blessed both it and them.

A. C. S.

HOW I GOT THE POND-LILIES FOR MOLLY.

I WILL tell you about something that happened when I was a very little girl. Papa lived in the country. I used to run about the fields from morning till night. I knew where the straw-

berries grew. I knew where the squirrels lived, and where the robins built their nests. One morning in July sister Molly said to mamma, "I wish I had some pond-lilies to wear in my

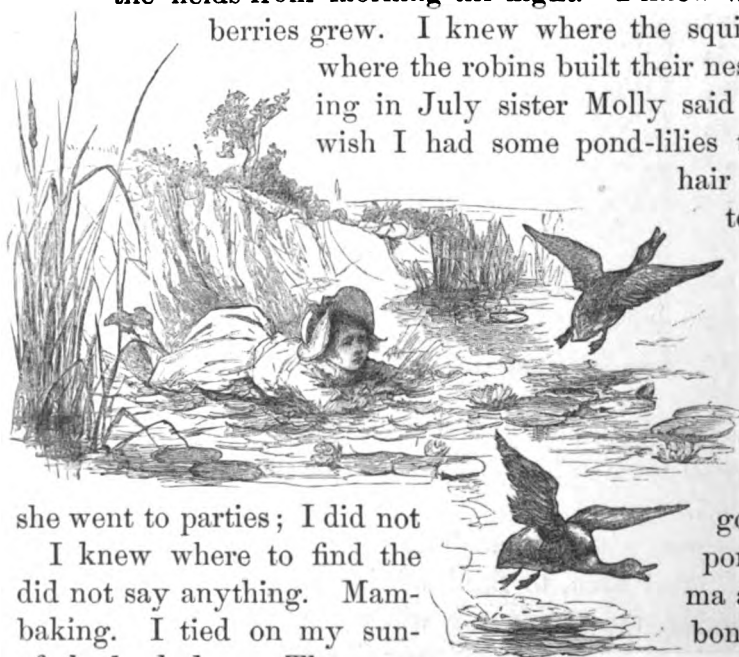
hair to Belle's party to-night." Molly

was ever so much older than I. Her dresses were long; she tied up her hair with a ribbon;

she went to parties; I did not

I knew where to find the did not say anything. Mambaking. I tied on my sun-of the back door. There was

very far away, where the pond-lilies grew. This pond was called



go to parties. pond-lilies, but I ma and Molly were bonnet and ran out a small pond not

the Clay-Pit. The banks were slippery. Papa's ducks often went down to the Clay-Pit to swim. They were there that morning.

Some of the lilies grew near the edge of the pond, where I could reach them easily. I picked a few of these. A little farther away was a very fine, handsome lily. I reached out to get it; I lost my balance, and over I went into the water among the lilies and the ducks.

The ducks flew out and I caught hold of a bush out. The water in the Clay-Pit was not very clean. My eyes and ears were full of muddy water; but I held my lilies tightly in my hand.

I hurried home, and where mamma and Molly were baking. The water dripped off my clothes on the floor. Mamma was just taking a squash-pie out of the oven. When she saw me, she dropped the pie said, "Oh!" on the floor and you been,

"Where have child?" she asked.

"To get some lilies for Molly to wear to Belle's party," I said.

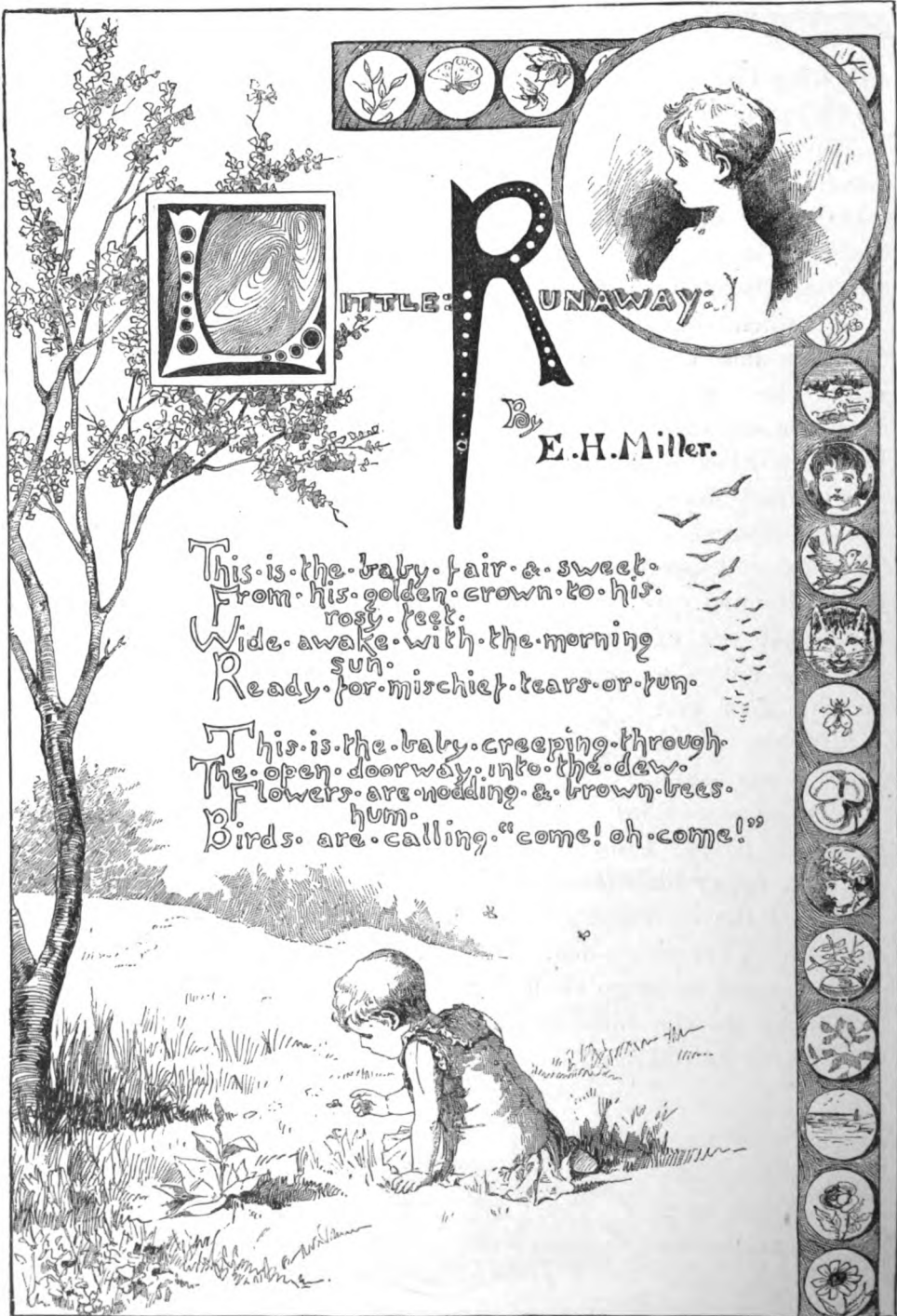
"You funny little mousie!" said Molly, and kissed me. She did not mind the mud one bit. Mamma put me to bed and gave me a cup of nice, hot ginger-tea. It was very sweet.

"You must never go alone for pond-lilies again, Bessie," she said.

Molly wore the lilies in her hair to Belle's party. She looked very pretty indeed.



F. A. H.

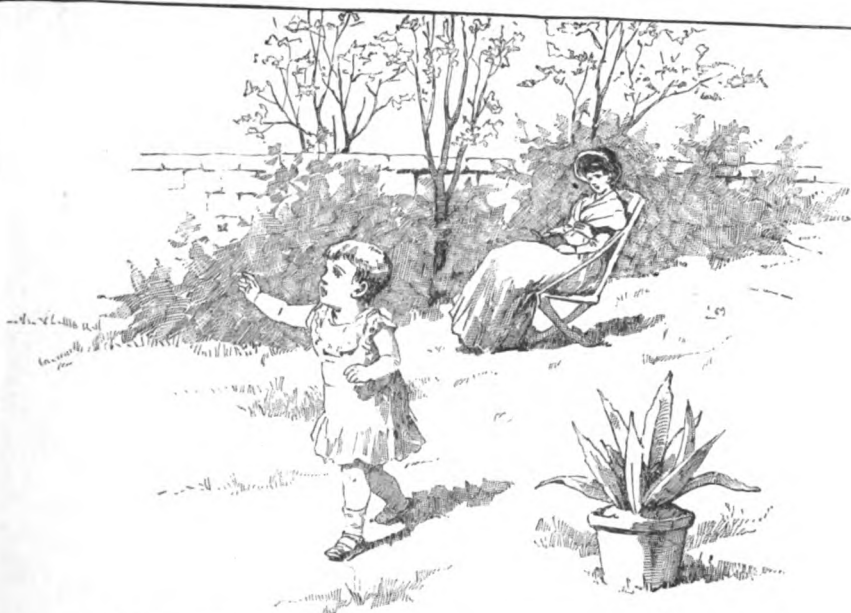


By E.H. Miller.

TITLE: RUNAWAY:

This is the baby fair & sweet.
From his golden crown to his
rosy feet.
Wide awake with the morning
sun.
Ready for mischief tears or fun.

This is the baby creeping through
The open doorway into the dew.
Flowers are nodding & brown trees
hum.
Birds are calling "come! oh come!"



This is the baby wild with glee.
Chasing the velvet tumbled tree.
Well for him that the never
Sounds his trumpet & flies away.



This is the baby fast asleep
Down in the clover nestled deep.
"Here is a bird," the robin cry.
Fallen down from a nest
in the sky.





CUNNING MICE.

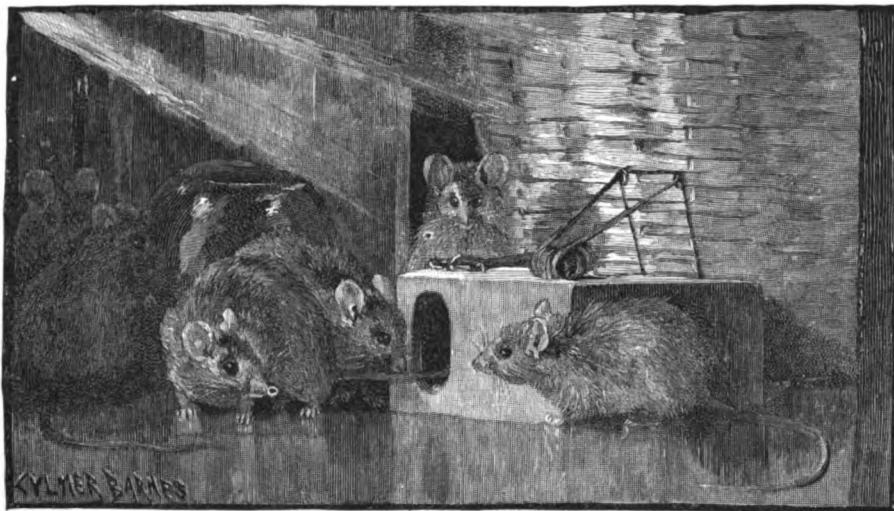
UP in the garret in our house there used to be lots of mice. But they never were any trouble until one day papa put some corn there to dry, so that he could use it to plant in the spring. When he went to look at it, not long after, he found that much of it had been carried off by the mice.

So he told me that he would give me a penny for every mouse I would catch. I was delighted, and immediately got our old trap, put some cheese in it, and placed it in the garret.

The trap had but two holes, and so could catch but two mice at a time. But I thought that a great many, when for three mornings I had found the trap full, and had been paid six cents for the mice. I thought how rich I should be if I found two mice in the trap on every morning for a year. But it did not happen so, unfortunately for me.

One morning, when I went to look at my trap, I found it sprung and the cheese all gone, but there was no mouse. I set the trap again, and the next morning it was the same way, — trap sprung, but no mice and no cheese. I told papa about it, and he was so much surprised that he said he would watch for the mice the next night and find out how they did it.

Well, he went up to the garret long after I had gone to sleep. First, he heard a little squeak, then in the bright moonlight he saw a little gray mouse, with large ears and bright eyes, looking



out from behind a barrel. Then the little fellow came out, looked around to see that there was no danger, and then gave another little squeak, when three or four more came out and all went to the trap, peeked into it, and saw that there was more supper for them. But they did not any of them put their heads in to eat it. The largest mouse put his tail into the holes, and, hitting the cheese, sprung the trap; then he pulled out his tail, got the cheese, and shared it with the others.

They all seemed quite happy in thinking how nicely they were cheating that little boy whom they saw so carefully setting the trap to catch them.

CULMER BARNES.



STRAWBERRY TIME.



A BUNCH of strawberries,
Ruby red,
Hanging high over
Baby's head.
No, Baby, no ! you must not
grasp ;
You'd crush them in your
heedless clasp.

Shut your eyes beneath
Your curls ;
Open your mouth with its
Six white pearls.
If Baby had her way, I
know
Where all the berries ripe
would go.

L. A. FRANCE.

FREDDIE'S PUZZLE.

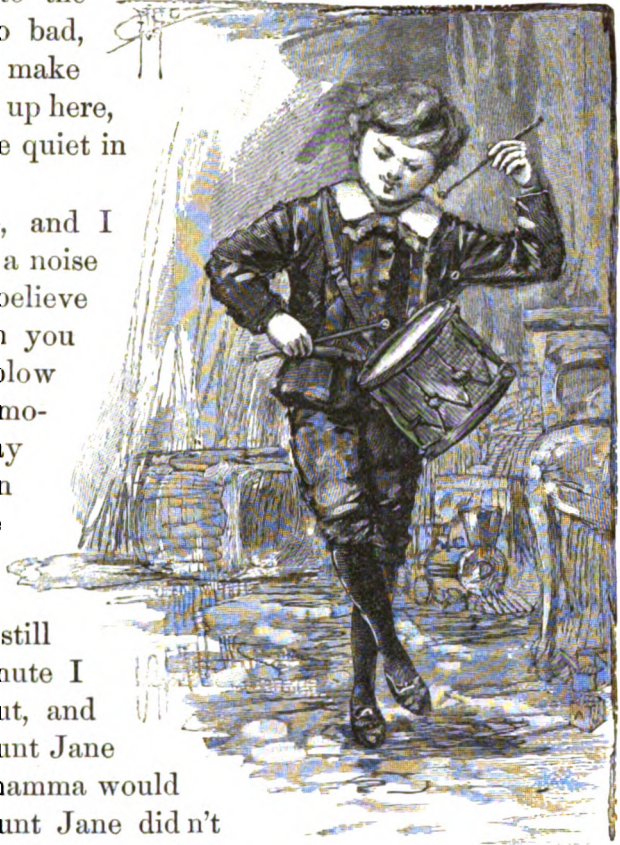
I WONDER why little boys like to make a noise, and why it is so hard to keep still sometimes, and easy enough other times.

I was n't sent up into the attic because I was so bad, but mamma said I could make all the noise I wanted to up here, and I would have to be quiet in the sitting-room.

And now I'm here, and I don't feel like making a noise at all. But I do not believe it is as much fun when you are all alone. I like to blow the whistle on my locomotive, and drum, and play wild Indian; and then mamma says, "Be more quiet, Freddie; you are such a noisy boy!"

I try real hard to be still sometimes; but the minute I forget, I jump, and shout, and act like a crazy boy, Aunt Jane says. I don't believe mamma would mind it so much, if Aunt Jane didn't always say, "Well, I never saw such a noisy boy in my life!"

Perhaps when I grow older I shan't feel so much like shouting and hammering. I think I'll go down stairs now, and try to be still five minutes. Oh, there goes Willie Brown with his drum! I'll get mine, and we will have a drumming match in the garden.



ANNIE D. BELL.



TIBBY TAB'S NEST.

ONE day, late in the fall, Aunt Phœbe was getting ready to go to the city to pass the winter with her sister. Her pet cat, Tibby Tab, was to be sent to a cousin's, as usual. Tibby did not like that, for she was very fond of her mistress.

Aunt Phœbe's trunk was packed and locked. She had a large hand-valise, in which she carried some things. When tea-time came, she left the valise open and went down stairs.

The next morning the carriage came for her before she was quite ready. She had to tumble some of her things into the valise, and it was taken out with the trunk. Aunt Phœbe took her seat in the carriage. Before she had reached the great gate she heard Tibby Tab cry, "Mew! Mew-mew!"

Aunt Phœbe said to Timothy, "Tibby is in this carriage."

"No ma'am," said Timothy: "she cannot be."

"But I hear her; stop a moment."

"Mew-mew!" was heard again, but nothing could be seen of Tibby. Aunt Phœbe looked under the seat and turned over the cushions. Then there was another "mew," and a scratching. It

came to Aunt Phœbe's mind to look into the valise. There was Tibby! She jumped out very quickly.



Aunt Phœbe was glad that she had not stifled, and drove around to her cousin's to leave Tibby. This was the kitty that wanted to go to the city with her mistress.

MRS. E. ORR WILLIAMS.





O—oh! O—oh!
 Here we go,
 Now so high,
 Now so low;
 Soon, soon,
 We'll reach the moon;
 Hear us sing,
 See us swing,
 Up in the old oak-tree.

O—oh! O—oh!
 To and fro,
 Like the birds,
 High and low;
 See us fly
 To the sky;
 Hear us sing,
 On the wing,
 Up in the old oak-tree.

L. A. B. C.

BERTIE'S BATH.

BERTIE's papa was master of a large ship that sailed on the great ocean. When Bertie was about four years old he and his mamma went to sea

in the ship with papa. Bertie saw many curious things; but now I want to tell you of a funny bath he took.

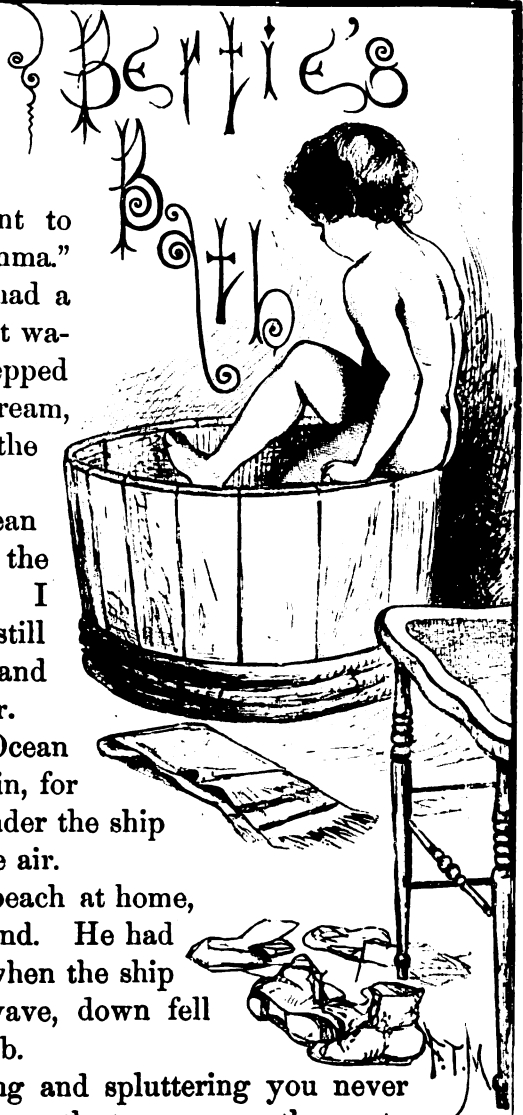
One day he said, "I want to bathe in the ocean water, mamma." The next morning his papa had a man fill the bath-tub with salt water from the ocean. Bertie stepped into the tub, gave a little scream, and climbed up and sat on the edge of the tub.

"Ha!" he said, "the ocean water here is colder than the ocean water at the beach. I think I'll get out." But he still sat on the edge of the tub, and looked solemnly into the water.

Now it seemed as if Old Ocean meant that Bertie should get in, for just then a big wave rolled under the ship and tossed her bow high in the air.

Bertie was thinking of the beach at home, where he had played in the sand. He had forgotten he was at sea. So when the ship was tossed up on the big wave, down fell Bertie, souse, into the bath-tub.

Such a splashing and dashing and spluttering you never heard! When he opened his mouth to scream, the water rushed into it. At last he scrambled up and stood in the tub, and mamma wiped his face. Just as he was going to cry, he saw that



she was laughing, and he could not help laughing himself. In a minute he said, "The water doesn't feel so cold now; guess I'll get in again."

In he plunged, and had a nice play. He had many baths after that, and never minded the cold water. I think Old Ocean taught him that when he had a thing to do, it was best to do it at once. What do you think?

A. M. J.

LOST AND FOUND.

COMPANY was expected at Vine Cottage. Jennie's mamma had been busy all the morning. She found small time to look after her little girl.

Noontime came, and with it Jennie's papa from his store. The store was not far from Vine Cottage, and on the same street. It was in a small country town, where grass and tall, rank weeds were allowed to grow on each side of the streets.

Mamma's eyes opened wide with surprise when she saw papa enter without Jennie. "Where's Jennie?" were the first words that greeted his entrance to the kitchen.

"She has not been near me to-day, the darling," said papa.

"You surely cannot mean this!" exclaimed mamma. "She is always with you at the store when not at my heels."

"When did you last see her?" asked papa, anxiously.

"She came to me about ten o'clock, and asked for her little pink gingham sun-bonnet. I tied it over her bonny brown head, and she scampered away, throwing back kisses to me," said mamma.

"Three hours ago! Bless her little feet, where may they not have carried her in that time?"

Papa's eyes grew misty as he ordered a search to be made for the little lost one. Every nook in the old house was searched. Millie, the cook, even looked into the great stone churn, though it was one third full of rich sour cream.

Mamma's eyes were red and swollen. No chip had been left un-

turned, under which Jennie might be concealed. Once Sue thought they had found her "swate gossoon; but jist ye wait a bit!"

Pinned between a pair of fine sheets, in Jennie's little bed, was the old house-cat, Tom.

He had on Jennie's nightgown and cap. It was no wonder he had been mistaken for his little mistress.

Papa says, "I wonder where Rover is!"

Sure enough, where was Rover? Papa found him locked in the store. He remembered his coming and his strange behavior. How his small, yellow legs did fly when the door was opened,—up the path which led through the tall, rank May-weeds to the house! Papa followed as fast as he could. Rover stopped half-way up the path, and looking towards papa, whined.

Coming up, papa saw something that made him glad. There, cradled deep among the white blossoms, lay Jennie, fast asleep. Kisses awoke the wee maiden, and she rubbed her sleepy eyes.

And now, whenever I walk through country lanes, I recall with a smile the noonday nap I took — There, little people, I've let the old cat out of the bag, but never mind.

MOTHER CAREY.





AN AFTERNOON AT THE CIRCUS.

TOMMY and Nellie, when they went out to walk with mamma, saw ever so many great pictures pasted on the walls. They were pictures of lions, tigers, elephants; of wild Indians, strange birds, and funny men.

The children were delighted with them, and mamma told them that all these strange sights could be seen at the circus. It was coming to town in a few days. Tommy asked no end of questions. He talked about the circus all day, and dreamed about it at night. He wanted to see the strange things; and Nellie said she must go if Tommy did. They played circus, and by turns each of them became lions, elephants, wild Indians, and Zulus.

Tommy straddled the chairs, as the great rider did the three horses. He played the clown, and tried to be funny.

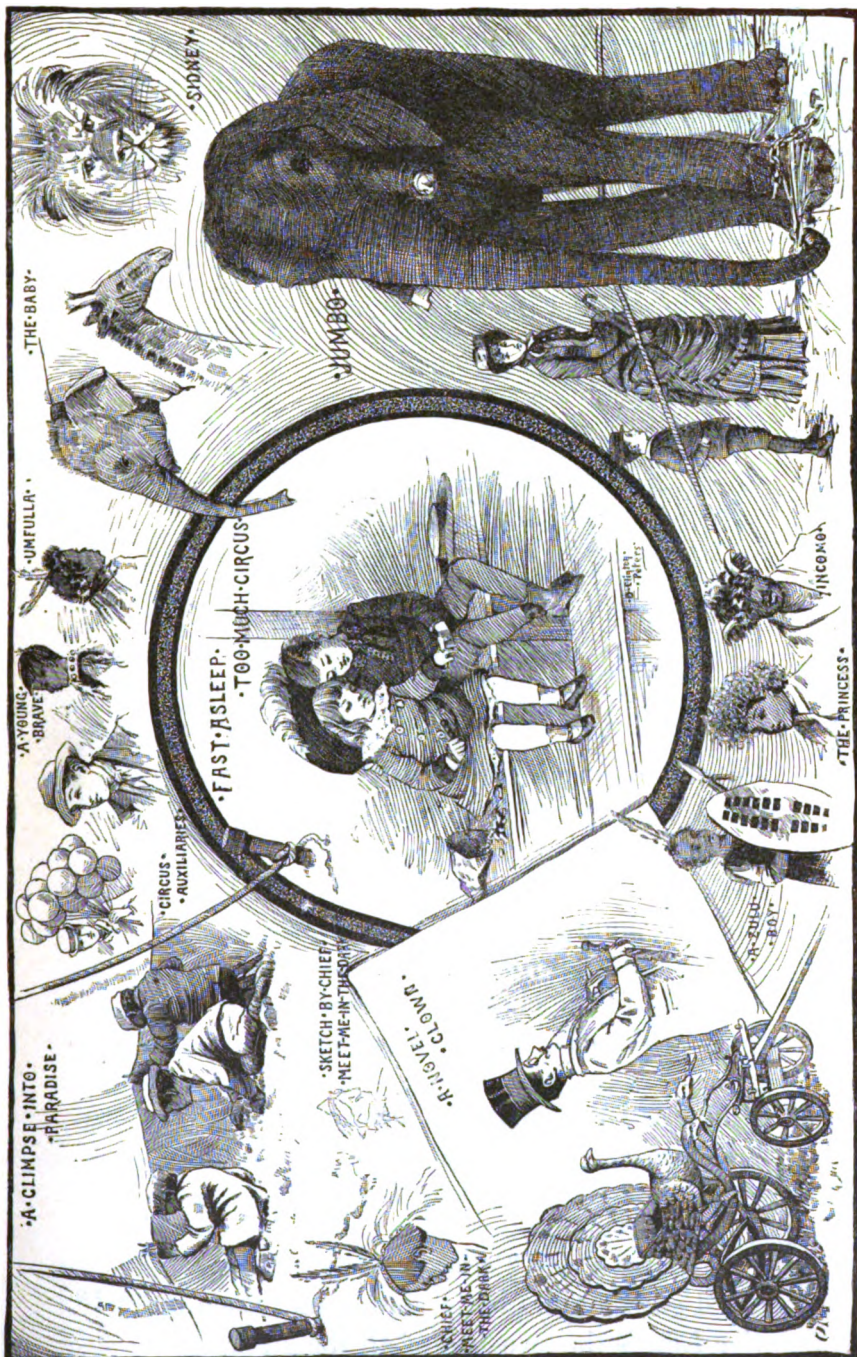
Both of them were wild with delight when mamma said she would take them to the great show. They thought so much of it, they could not go to sleep at night.

They went in a horse-car. The show was in a great tent. Thousands of people were around it. Many men, women, and boys were selling things to eat, drink, and play with. A band of music was in front of the tent.

Tommy saw a lot of wild boys trying to get under the cloth. Some of them did so, and got in without paying. But Mrs. Wilde paid for herself and the children.

In the tent they walked about, looking at Jumbo, the baby elephant, the Zulus, the wild Indians. Sidney was the name of a lion. Near him were some giraffes, tall enough to look in at the second-story windows of a house. The peacock carriage pleased them. Tommy tried to talk with the Zulu boy; but neither could understand the other.

The tent was very large, and it made a long walk to go all over



it. They were very tired when they went into the second tent to see the circus. They ate peanuts and candy, and laughed when the clown stood on his head.

They saw the men turn somersets over the backs of the elephants; but when the three-horse rider came out, both Tommy and Nellie were fast asleep. It was too much circus for them.

The next day, and for a whole week after, they talked about the circus, the elephants, and the wild Indians

UNCLE FORRESTER.



CHESTNUT TIME.

OH, the merry October day,
When over the hills, and far away,
Swifter than ever the birds can fly,
Baskets in hand, the children hie, —
Going to hunt for the chestnuts brown;
For then Jack Frost has been to town,
And opened the chestnut burrs at last,
Spilling the nuts out, many and fast.

Hither and thither the children run,
Like two-legged squirrels, full of their fun!
But little fat Effie, so slow is she,
That sadly she asks, "Will no one help me?"
"Of course I will," cries spry little Dick;
"I'll gather you plenty, and gather them quick!"
For Effie's the sweetest of all the girls,
With merry blue eyes and golden curls.



So Dick gathers up all the nuts around,
The largest and brownest that can be found;
And little Miss Effie, so slow and small,
In her white apron receives them all.
“Now what can I do for *you*?” asks she.
Master Dick blushes. “Oh, never mind me;
Except — say, Effie, I wish you’d do this —
Play I’m your *brother* — and — give me a kiss!”

MARY D. BRINE.



Voice and **Piano.**

Cheerfully. Music by T. CRAMPTON.

1. And how do you get to Toy-land, To
 2. So - ci - e - ty's fine in Toy-land ; The
 3. Bold jumping-jacks thrive in Toy-land ; Fine

Words by GEORGE COOPER.*

all lit - tle peo - ple the joy-land ? Just follow your nose, And go on tiptoes ; It's on - ly a minute to
 dollies all think it a joy-land ; And folks in the ark Stay out after dark, And tin soldiers reg - u - late
 castles adorn this joy-land ; And bright are the dreams, And sunny the beams, That gladden the faces of

Toy-land. And oh ! but it's gay in Toy-land, — This bright merry girl-and-boy-land ; And woolly dogs white, That
 Toy-land. There's fun all the year in Toy-land, To sorrow 't was e'er a coy-land ; And steam-boats are run, And
 Toy-land. How long do we live in Toy-land, — This bright merry girl-and-boy-land ? A few days, at best, We

nev - er will bite You'll meet in the highways in Toy-land.
 steam-cars for fun, They're wound up with keys down in Toy-land.
 stay as a guest, Then good-by for ev - er to Toy-land.

* NURSERY, No. 176, Vol. XXX.

